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ABSTRACT

The theme explored in this personal narrative is that of the life of a rhetorician, in writing and in speech. The narrative muses about what goes into the making of a rhetorician, questioning whether it might be ritualized education, proceeding along lines of traditional methodology, or whether it could be informal education, hit-or-miss, with its nature neither clearly nor cleanly defined--the question is whether the manner of education makes a difference. The narrative contends that education is of various kinds, whether in school or out. Besides the personal details of a long life, it is hoped that vital revelations of ways in which rhetoric and public affairs interrelate will emerge. The narrative recounts the public affairs dealings with the small nation of Korea while it was the storm center of world controversies; it illustrates a rhetoric constantly on call, serving both as weapon and shield. The narrative brings documentary evidence to the witness chair to show historic decisions balanced between opportunities and disaster. (NKA)

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COMMUNICATION QUARTERLY

A PUBLICATION OF THE EASTERN COMMUNICATION ASSOCIATION

CQ

VOLUME 45/ NUMBER 2/ Spring 1997

"The Way It Was—All The Way"

A Documentary Accounting

Robert T. Oliver

FORWARD

James C. McCroskey

CS 509757

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FORWARD

When the Executive Council of the Eastern Communication Association approved the publication of *"The Way It Was--All the Way,"* I was asked if I would do a forward for this work. I presume I was asked because I was one of Dr. Oliver's last graduate students and am familiar with his life and his many contributions to the fields of Speech and Communication and to the larger society. I am grateful for this opportunity.

Since his present effort chronicles his life and his works do date, it would not be appropriate for me to attempt to provide a biography here. Instead, I wish to speak primarily to those who are totally unfamiliar with Dr. Oliver and have no idea why they should read this work.

Robert T. Oliver was born in 1909, the same year that the Eastern Communication Association (as it is now called) was established. That was five years before the national association was formed. There are few people alive whose lives have encompassed the entire history of all of our professional associations, and fewer still who have made either the quality or the quantity of contributions to this field that Dr. Oliver has.

Dr. Oliver has served communication as a university professor, a prolific writer, and a counselor and ghostwriter for a head of state. These three professions have all received his full-time attention, sometimes simultaneously. At the time he retired, he had published more articles in the field's journals than anyone else in the history of the field. When he retired as a university professor, over thirty years ago, his work did not decline. He continued, as he had managed to do for years before, to publish approximately one book a year. His writings have had a profound impact on this field. His book, *The Psychology of Persuasive Speech*, changed the direction of the study of persuasion for decades. His book on intercultural communication literally started that area of work in our field. He was the founding editor of *Today's Speech*, now known as *Communication Quarterly*.

As a graduate student I knew Dr. Oliver in his professional roles as author, teacher, and department chairperson. He was my initial doctoral advisor when I arrived at Penn State. He served as the model for me to attempt to emulate for the remainder of my career. He taught me that prolific publication was much more a matter of hard and consistent work than some "gift" that came to one. He taught me that being a department administrator need not be allowed to interfere with one's personal commitment to teaching or research. He taught the only course I ever had with "communication" in the title. He taught me that taking a humanistic orientation to scholarship had much more to do with one's philosophy of life than it had to do with mundane matters of research methodologies. And, most of all, he taught me that when one accepts scholarship as their life's work, there are many ways that work can be accomplished--and that many of those ways are outside the formal halls of the academy.

Dr. Oliver writes as a scholar, and as a teacher. This effort, like his works that have come before, is a scholarly one, one that is an "easy read," and one that is very much a major contribution to the literature of this field.

James C. McCroskey

PREFACE

My real autobiography, as I see it, consists of the books and articles I have written, the work I have done in Speech Communication, and in the nature of the relationships between the Republic of Korea and the United States.

If my writings are read in chronological order, what I was interested in at specific times, what kinds of readers I have sought to influence, what I tried or hoped to achieve, and what degree of understanding I had at that time all become clear. If or when I was wrong, it clearly shows. If I were right, did I depict that with reason and examples?

Over the years, what changes are manifest? In what ways did my understanding of Speech Communication, of the nature of education, of the domestic politics and international relations of Korea, and of American foreign policy, deepen and expand? When I engaged in controversies (as happened), did I try—and either succeed or fail—to respect and to understand my opponents?

All of these are relevant questions, and all of them are answered (for they cannot be concealed) for the insightful reader who knows where to look—both in the lines and between them—in what I have written.

So, my autobiography has already been written, and rewritten, as more writings have appeared. Why, then, this book? I ask myself, and the answer is clear. One obvious reason is that virtually nobody is going to read, or reread, all that I have written. So what? Shall I try to do it all over again, in small space—this one more time, more cogently, hopefully with more clarity? This at least is my intent. .

My hope is to clarify for the new generation of scholars what I have tried to accomplish over the years—in Speech Communication and outside of academe, in the hotly contested realm of public affairs—with the trust that some of them, at least, will find encouragement and hope, and possibly some guidance, for pursuing their own aims.

I am including interpretations by others, in the hope that what they emphasize will help to interest readers to look once more for "the real Robert Oliver" amid the broad array of what I have brought into print and partly into being. I want my readers also, for their own sakes, to know both the rewards and the costs of such undertakings. There have been plenty of both.

As I think back over my past life, searching in memory for the incidents and circumstances that directed its course, the fact that seems most curious to me is the patchwork character of memory. Some incidents, some people, some circumstances stand out with absolute clarity. Interspersed are passages, perhaps of months or even years, when little remains for me to see. I can't tell why this difference exists. Perhaps it is this way all through life: what seems most important is what is most vividly experienced and remembered. But what is most important is not always easily apparent.

I do know that the most vital elements in my life have been my relations with my three wives, the first of whom I lived with for thirty-three years, and the second for twenty-eight years, and the third subsequently. Many of the most vividly remembered scenes are those with one or another of my two sons, as they were growing up. Only a few hints of these aspects of my life find their way into these pages. Like family photographs, everyone has intimate experiences and memories, and they are of interest largely to the family members themselves. They belong, perhaps, for conversation in family reunions.

In this enlarged conversation with my readers, it seems to me that what matters is what I have done, and the why and how of it. My experiences inside governments—governments that were in alliance and in serious contention at the same time—may reveal modes of operation of some consequence. And after writing more than fifty books and many scores of periodical articles—not pot-boilers but serious writings aiming to serve serious purposes—there may be point in describing both the why and the how of its being done.

The *inwardness* of a man is indispensable for full understanding of him. But it is the *outwardness*—what was done, and why, and how—that is part of the public record. In one phrase, I am a rhetorician who has labored to justify this role both in academia and in public affairs. Academia concerns all of us, for we all have been both helped and hindered by our education. We know that formal education is not working very well and we want it to be better, for the sake of our children, and because we know that education is formative in our civilization.

Rhetoric must seem a strange word to most people outside of academic circles. If I say, "Rhetoric is what makes human discourse work," that might make it a bit more meaningful. Newspaper reporters seem to believe that "Rhetoric is what keeps public affairs from working." They will report that action by Congress on important legislation has been stalled by "empty rhetoric." "Mere words" is another journalistic term for rhetoric. This is far from reality.

When a baseball strike brings the baseball season to an early end, there is urgent public demand that the two sides "get together and talk it over." When a strike closes automobile plants and puts thousands out of work, the demand is the same: "talk it over." When a marriage gets stalled and seems headed for divorce, the marriage counselor urges the couple to "talk it over."

Actions that seem unreasonable need to be explained. Stubborn individuals need to be persuaded. Diplomacy is the solving of international problems by talk instead of by war. In all the entanglements of personal and public life, it is rhetoric that searches out the adjustments, the compromises, the understandings that harmonize differences and solve disputes.

My life has been that of a rhetorician, in writing and in speech. This is the theme

I explore in this book. I think it sheds light on the role of discourse in private life and in public affairs.

What goes into the making of a rhetorician? Is it ritualized education, proceeding along lines of traditional methodology? Could it be informal education, hit-or-miss, with its nature neither clearly nor cleanly outlined? The same question could be asked of a chemist, or of an electrical engineer, or of virtually any professional. What difference does the manner of education make?

We can assert with fair confidence that irregular and unsystematic nurture will lead to a different sort of maturity than a guided growth that is cultivated carefully in accordance with approved rules. And we may at least suspect that traditional education, while accomplishing much, may also shield the mind from grappling with questions that may have more relevance than appears.

We do know that differing kinds of growth produce differing types. We also know that education is of various kinds, whether in school or out. As for what kind is best, one standard is to judge by results. And the results will be differently appraised.

As a rhetorician, I have not fitted the customary pattern. Neither has my role in public affairs fitted into customary patterns. I have been unusually active in several related but different fields. In the following chapters I try to define what I have tried to do, and how, and with what measurable results. I trust there will emerge vital revelations of ways in which rhetoric and public affairs interrelate. My public affairs dealings were with a small nation while it was the storm center of world controversies, with rhetoric constantly on call.

This is my story of what the controversies were, of how I was involved in them, and of how rhetoric was both my weapon and my shield. Historic decisions were balanced between opportunities and disaster. In what ways did rhetoric affect the outcome? I have brought documentary evidence to the witness chair, much of it hitherto not available.

Robert T. Oliver

CHAPTER 1

I was a country kid and a city kid, and I don't know which left the guiding marks that brought me through. Maybe it was the city, where I learned that being bright wasn't enough. You had to be smart, too. For there were always people around who wanted to use you, and some of them knew how to do it. Maybe it was the country, where I had lots of time to be alone and to think for myself about what it all meant. One thing I did learn. If you have to be poor, it's better to do it in the country than in the city.

In the country is where I was born, on a small, run-down farm outside a small, run-down village named Sweet Home in the Santiam Valley in northwestern Oregon. We moved from there when I was three so I don't have much of it in my memory. But one thing I do recall, vividly. That is standing on the edge of a broad pond on which several ducks were swimming and throwing chips of wood at them. Years afterward, when I returned to the site, the only possible place for a pond to have been was a small depression across which I could easily step. So much for the validity of unsupported memory. Mine in general is supported by extensive diary notes that I have kept.

My father was a comfortable man who enjoyed being Sunday School superintendent and leaning on a rail fence talking with whoever happened to come by. My mother was a sharp-minded, ambitious woman who provided most of the family income by selling fish from a wagon she drove around the neighborhood—until, that is, the wagon upset, spilling her and landing a box of frozen fish on her left shoulder, which left it permanently impaired. We moved a hundred miles north, to a stump ranch in the Columbia County foothills that nudged against the Columbia River.

There were other stump ranches around us, a mile or two apart, on packed clay roads, muddy and rutted when it rained, as in Oregon it often does, that converged into a graveled high road that led into Houlton, seven miles from where we lived. A stump ranch is a small, typically forty-acre, hunk of clay that is pocked by stumps six to eight feet across, left from the lumbering that denuded the land in the pioneering days. Brush grew wherever the stumps made way for it; alder trees and hazelnut bushes mixed among thumb-thick and iron-hard vine maples. An ambitious family in three or four years could whack away enough brush to give them a ten-acre planting space among the stumps. A hard-working generation could clear the whole forty acres on which the next generation could make a fair living. An average well-developed farm (but ours was well below average) would have eight or ten milk cows, sixty to a hundred chickens, half a dozen pigs, and a pair of work horses. The barns were three or four times as large as the houses. The cows and the pigs could be turned loose to fend for a living in the unsettled area that surrounded the farms, though edible grass was scarce, for it had to squeeze its way amid the prolific growth of inedible fire weeds. I was four to five years of age while we lived there, and my memories are more numerous and possibly more accurate than the vivid one from Sweet Home.

I remember walking with my Dad down the iris-margined walk from our house to the graveled road, to say good-bye as he left, never to return, shortly after the birth of my two younger siblings, Kenneth and Orva. Afterward he provided nothing, ever, to my mother, for whom he had sired four boys and three girls. The seven of us dug potatoes to sell in town and picked strawberries, peas, raspberries, and hops to earn what the family had to have. My mother recited poetry to put us to sleep at night, and she told us again and again how lucky we were to enjoy the independent life of the farm. She taught us also to be proud of our family, for her father was the founder of the Columbia County Fair, of the Yankton Grange, and of the community Baptist church.

I remember that on a lazy summer afternoon I lay down atop one of our bee hives, gently patting the side of the hive to encourage the bees to come out and buzz around me. Within minutes I was rescued by my fearful mother. But I was not stung, and I think that even at that childish age I gained an insight that if you don't harm others, they probably won't harm you. I remember playing with Alney Davis, whose family lived a mile down the road, and of being mortally fearful of ghosts said to be lurking around an abandoned and fallen-in house that I passed in the dark on the way home. I remember family swims in a small creek at the back of our place, and I remember being held under water by my elder brother, Egbert, when I might have drowned had not my sister Lois pulled me out in time.

I remember also at the age of five going with my older brothers and sisters to attend the one-room school that was two miles down the road. The red-headed young man who taught us paid very little attention to me except to spank me when I needed it, but I learned well beyond my age reading, spelling, and simple arithmetic from observing the older children in their seven grades. It proved to be an unsystematic but effective way of learning how to learn. We moved often, back to the lumbering town of Aberdeen, Washington, and the logging camps around it, where my mother earned a scanty living for us by serving as a logging-camp cook and as a chamber maid in scrabbly hotels, and where I attended various schools, including a first year of high school.

Searching always for ways to live better, we moved during those years, back and forth, between Aberdeen and Houlton. For one of those years in Houlton my brother Egbert and I lived alone in a bare apartment above the town grocery store, after my mother left with the other children to take a job as cook in a logging camp a few miles out of Aberdeen. Egbert was in high school, in St. Helens, and stayed after school to practice with the football team. In the adjoining apartment was a wonderful spinster woman who snuggled me in her lap and read me nature stories and the poetry of John Kendrick Bangs, which taught such worldly wisdom as

> I love to watch the rooster crow,
> He's like so many men I know

Who brag and bluster, rant and shout
And beat their manly breasts without
The first damn thing to crow about.

Two incidents will suffice to illustrate the meaning to me of country and city, for both of them are indicative of much beyond themselves.

My oldest sister, Lois, married a one-armed man named Dave Sickles, who was generally pleasant but worked little. The reason, he explained, was that he had only one lung, the other having been destroyed by the kick of a mule. One day, when I was about ten, he and I set out to remove one or several large stumps, depending on how the work went. Our method was to shovel out a small tunnel underneath one of the largest roots of the stump, and then to insert into it several sticks of dynamite. To trigger the explosion, a small cap was inserted among the sticks, and a fuse extended out two or three feet from the stump. We tamped dirt to close the end of the tunnel, lighted the fuse, and then scurried away to take shelter behind another stump. The expectation was that the exploding dynamite would tear the stump sufficiently that we could build a fire within the broken interior, cover it with dirt, and in the course of a week or a month the stump would be largely consumed, leaving only its roots to be dug out later. Dave and I sat behind our stump shelter for as long as five minutes, and there was no explosion. Dave explained that the fuse must have been pulled away from the sticks of dynamite. It would have to be pulled all the way out; then the dirt would be cleared away to let another be inserted. Supposedly the job would be safe, but there was always the chance that digging around the dynamite could set it off. Dave explained the problem to me fairly and fully. Then he said, "One of us has to dig out the dynamite sticks. It can't be me, for I'm a married man with a family to support. So you'll have to do it." So I did, trembling with fear, and remembering that it was he who had inserted the fuse so carelessly that it hadn't worked. We blew the stump, but it ended my taste for that kind of endeavor. It also ended my respect for Dave Sickles. Some fifteen years later, he was sent to the Oregon State Asylum for a life term, for sexually abusing his daughter Mary.

My city experiences were in Aberdeen, tucked on the shore of Gray's Harbor, between Hoquiam and Cosmopolis. These three closely joined cities, with a total population of some 35,000, contained seventeen lumber mills, supplied by about 27 logging camps. The time was during World War I. Most of the loggers and lumbermen were young and unmarried, doing this work to avoid the draft. Whore houses to supply the needs of the men were mostly centered in Aberdeen, with the legitimate businesses largely in Hoquiam and Cosmopolis. After school, I sold newspapers, the *Aberdeen World*, from a stand located on one corner of the main street. The ships that crowded into Gray's Harbor for lumber were mostly served by foreign-speaking crews, mostly Scandinavian, who didn't buy papers. Across from me, on another corner, the papers were sold by a boy of my age named Leonard, the son of a policeman. I was reading extensively in fairy tales and in the animal stories of Burroughs. Leonard, who read no more than his scanty school textbooks, praised me liberally for all my reading and invited me to sit on his corner, where only he was allowed to sell papers, and tell stories to him. I enjoyed the telling and he enjoyed the listening, but the arrangement was one-sided. When evening ended our sales, he would have a dollar or two of profit, I perhaps fifteen or twenty cents. This disparity I cheerfully endured, for I was gaining skill in using words and in building narratives toward a climax. And I enlarged the money I could take home to the family by setting pins in a bowling alley until it closed at 11:00 p.m. The little I did earn from paper sales, I got by walking the halls of whore houses, making a few sales to departing customers. One afternoon I remember especially well, for a berserk Finnish lumberman slashed several men to death with his knife, and subsequent sales of the *World* were sensational.

Recounting recollections from childhood is not the purpose of this book. Then what is it? Some fifty-five books of mine have been published, each of them with some serious purpose. I do not delude myself that many people out there are yearning for another one. What I am doing, sitting here at my old manual typewriter at the age of eighty-five, when I could be doing exercises that just might lead to a few more years, is to explain myself. I have had a full life, comprising at least three full-time careers. I have been called "prodigiously prolific." According to the famed astro-physicist Stephen Hawking, writing in his well-known book *A Brief History of Time*, I am famous. "Fame," he wrote, "is being known by more people than you know." Many who know me only by reputation, or by what I have written, may be interested in how it came to be. Could anyone do it if only he/she wanted to? I believe so. "Work" is not the answer, though demonstratively I have worked much harder than most. The real answer, I think, I found in the writings of Harvard's fabulous professor of psychology William James. The average person, James wrote, never uses more than about twenty per cent of his potential abilities. This intrigued me. Why not, I asked myself, use maybe as much as forty or fifty per cent? That became my driving aim. This is something that Mister or Miss Average Person can determine to do. There can be no missing the results. The Founding President of the Republic of Korea, Dr. Syngman Rhee, put it to me this way. "The muscles of your body get flabby and weak if you don't use them," he said. "The same is true of the brain."

With all the work I have done—"prodigious" is not a misleading term for it—I can still claim that I have seldom worked at all. For I have adopted a self-indulgent principle: "Do as you like." If you adhere faithfully to this principle, you never do a day's work in your life. But you may get to be called eccentric, if what you want to do is different. Let's see how this works out. Unlike my sterner-minded colleagues, I have not tried to predetermine the course of my life. I have not waited for assurance that I could succeed at a task before getting started at it. I have been willing to risk getting my education in public, that is, learning more and more as I went along. I clipped from a newspaper a little verse that suited my temperament and put it under a corner of the glass top on my desk:

> Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
> But he with a chuckle replied
> That maybe it couldn't but he would be one
> Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
> So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
> On his face. If he doubted, he hid it.
> And he started to sing, as he tackled
> The thing that couldn't be done
> And he did it.

Trying to live in this manner accounts for my having three distinct professions and for my having more than fifty books and many scores of articles published. To detail how it has worked out is the aim of the following chapters. For now, I'll take it a step at a time.

In my early childhood I took it for granted that, like my father before me, and like all the country people I knew, I would be a farmer. None of my city experiences caused me to change my mind. But during my years in high school, I learned that there are more seemingly profitable ways of earning a living. The part of high school that I most enjoyed was being on the debating team. Perhaps because of this, for a brief period I toyed with the thought of being a preacher, the only profession I knew that was propelled by the winds of talk. And judging from the preaching I heard, it seemed to be easy. I asked our local rural preacher about it. Was it a reasonable goal for me? If I had the call, he told me, there was no reason why not. But, he warned me, don't go to college. If I did, it would spoil my faith. This answer was not puzzling but definitive. Offhand, I couldn't think of anything I would not rather know than not know. If religion, as this preacher and I knew it, would be ruined by expanding knowledge, I was left with no further doubt. I would go to college. After all, my "call to preach" was less than passionate.

How was the immediate problem. But I knew it could be solved. For one thing, my brother Egbert, who had gone back to Aberdeen, married, and had earned both status and income as foreman of a small crew in one of the lumber yards, had already gone on to the University of Washington. Whatever he could do, I told myself, I could do as well or better. Beyond this, even while our family income was less than $300 per year, my mother had always assured us that anything we really wanted, we could get.

The way was opened for me by two men in St. Helens, where I attended high school, the "big town" of some three-hundred inhabitants some seven miles from our hilltop farm. A lawyer named Day and a physician named Ross voluntarily, without asking me, co-signed a one-year note for me at the local bank. With this in hand I entered Pacific University in the small town of Forest Grove, Oregon, with very little else except the clothes I wore. These were mostly purchased from the Goodwill Store in nearby Portland. This hundred-year-old school, with its 175 students, had standards, both in its student body and its faculty, too low to be a challenge. But in its own impoverished way it offered opportunities. I earned my room in McCormick Hall by serving as its janitor. I earned my meals in a downtown cafe by washing dishes. I earned what spending money I needed by helping in care-taking the campus, for fifteen cents per hour. And I had two professors, Alan Gunn for literature and Carlyn Winger for Speech, each of them just two years older than I, who helped me to set high goals.

Alan Gunn, the English professor, was a homosexual who kept a "boy" in his apartment. Traditionalistic and provincial as we were, this never posed any problem or was even talked about. The mayor of Portland, incidentally, who was then in his eleventh term, was a Negro, to use the term then current. Neither was this a subject of concern. Before World War II brought many of both kinds pouring in for shipyard work, we had far too few of either homosexuals or African-Americans to cause us any concern about either of them. As the song from *South Pacific* reminds us, "You have to be taught to hate"; and we lacked the kinds of experience that taught us hatred. Gunn was admirable, as I viewed him, in every way. He was always neat, always meticulous in speech and dress, never hurried, and he was the first true intellectual I had known. That is, he was interested in knowledge and ideas for their own sake, not for what use they might be. His teaching of literature was both intensive and genuinely appreciative. His teaching was less to ensure that something was read than that it was appreciated and enjoyed. For one semester, he took us through Boswell's *Johnson*, only this and nothing more. This biography has remained with me ever since as a source of pleasure, and our class discussions of it imbued me with a love for eighteenth-century England that has resulted in two of my books and in the enrichment of several more. After leaving Pacific I proceeded to earn a master's degree in literature at the more prestigious universities of Washington and Oregon, and a minor in it for my doctorate program, but never did I find another teacher truly the equal of Gunn, though Robert Horn at Oregon and Harry Hayden Clark at Wisconsin (both much more widely knowledgeable than Gunn) came close. Alan Gunn was reclusive and I never came to know him well. But his insistence upon making what you read a genuine part of yourself has stayed with me all my life.

Carlyn Winger was definitely a different type. He was not an intellectual but a doer. His total immersion in his work was phenomenal. He taught fifteen to eighteen hours a week—not unusual in that time. He also selected, directed, cast, and produced a three-act play every semester. And he coached teams in debate, extemporaneous speaking, and oratory. I was not enthralled by his teaching, for in those days Speech teaching amounted to a skimming of the surface, without penetration into the meanings and problems of communication. I was impressed by his unfaltering industry, by his immersion in his work, and by his perception that each student has to be taught as an individual. As a debate coach, he was unique. He would devote as much time to us in our study and practice sessions as we would take. But he seemed never to teach, merely to goad. As we undertook to develop our cases for or against independence for the Philippines, or for increased authority for the League of Nations, or on other topics far beyond our experience or capacity, he would patiently hear us out. His own contribution would consist largely of negatives: "this is drivel," "this shows that you don't know what you are talking about," or "this is far from convincing," and the like. Then he would say, "Go to the library to dig out more facts and think about what they mean. When you are ready, call me in again to hear what you have to say." "Don't expect me to dig up the facts you need or to do your thinking for you," he would say. "You are the debaters. It is your job." In those days debate was a major community interest, and we would have audiences numbered in scores or even hundreds of listeners. Every contest was concluded by a decision, either by the audience or by a selected judge. My reward was the praise I got for my summing up of the two cases and pin-pointing why our arguments were decisive. My dress was so shabby that Winger used to assign a teammate to make sure that I would be presentable. But up and down the Pacific coast, so Winger assured me, there was none who equaled me in closing the case. That was one reason I liked him. The other was that he taught me how to shave and how to comb down my hairlick so that it stayed in place. I'm still grateful to him. He wanted me to succeed and we have kept in touch all through the years. He is my friend.

What Pacific University meant to me is more than college means to most. As it is for students generally, it marked my transition from dependence to independence. In curious ways I was helped by its limitations. In a larger, more impersonal and sophisticated university, I would have been conscious mostly of my own limitations and probably would have been submerged. At Pacific I could exert all the capacities I had.

The faculty came to know and to have confidence in me. If I skipped their classes or ignored their assignments, they knew I was in the library, industriously pursuing education in my own way. What passed generally for education, I believed, meant spending a specified number of years taking courses in specified subjects while reading enough of what professors assigned to us so that we could answer to their satisfaction the questions they chose to ask. I wanted an education that was better than that. Reading my way through the library stacks, I felt the demand to know more and more. Whatever knowledge is gained, I came to feel, is like a series of small islands, surrounded by a vast sea of ignorance. In this sense, the more knowledge one gained, the larger the sea of ignorance became. Education became a self-generating, compulsive process. There were more islands to explore. The more one knew, the greater the need to know more. In college I made few friends, but I did fall passionately and heedlessly in love with a girl named Mary Laack, who chanced to give me some favorable attention.

After my freshman year I got a job in a chicken slaughterhouse, which paid $9 for a six-day week of nine-hour days. My sister Doris rescued me by getting me hired as assistant to an accountant in the St. Helens County court house. I paid off my $150 loan and returned to Pacific. During the next two summers I joined Egbert in Seattle, at the University of Washington, earning my room, meals, and money for books as I did at Forest Grove. My sister Doris provided the money I needed for tuition. My college years were 1929-1932, the very depth of the Great Depression. There simply were no real jobs.

Staying in school was one way of being usefully employed. While at the University of Washington the summer after my sophomore year at Pacific University, I took advanced courses in literature, in which most of the students were working for their master's degrees. To my gratification, I found myself doing well enough to be at the head of the class.

In my second summer in Seattle I had two experiences that determined the course of the remainder of my life. A very learned but very dull professor taught the metaphysical poetry of the seventeenth century. Most of his students were bored and inattentive. I was eager to learn all I could and led most of the class discussions. I also slipped out of class early many times, in order to get the mail, which usually contained a letter from Mary Laack, my sweetheart—whom later I married. Professor Williamson must have forgiven my leaving his class early, for he secured a graduate assistantship for me (without our ever discussing it) for the year after I completed the A.B. degree. With the two summer sessions, this occurred after my third year at Pacific.

The other cardinal event of that summer was a talk I had with the head of the English Department. I went to his office to ask him about prospects for getting a job teaching literature in college. He drew out my file, noted the top grades, and that I was on the debate team. "There are lots of English majors," he told me, "and we never have requests for more than a few of them. I see that you are a debater. We don't get many requests for Speech teachers. But we don't have majors in Speech, either. Why not shift into that subject? You like it, and you will have a better prospect for jobs." I took his advice and made up my mind that instead of teaching English, I would teach Speech. It was a very casual decision about something as important as the choice of a lifetime profession. But in the Great Depression, the number one problem was getting a job.

After finishing my third year at Pacific, getting an A.B., and also getting engaged, I went to Eugene, Oregon, to the University, to pursue my M.A. with the aid of the graduate assistantship. I learned with dismay that the $450 which it paid was an illusion, for $400 of that was retained for tuition. I had just $50 with which to live for the college year. The prospect was difficult but not impossible. I was used to it. I found a room I could have for doing work in the yard. For food, I used the $50 (or a large part of it) to buy fifty pounds of rice, a five-pound bag of sugar, and a case of evaporated-milk cans. In my room was a potbellied stove on which I could cook the rice. All during the year, I ate rice, with sugar and evaporated milk on it, three times a day. I would cook enough rice for breakfast, for lunch, and for dinner. It wasn't bad. After a year of that diet, I had a taste for rice that has lasted all my life. I knew little or nothing of nutrition, but I did know, vaguely, that rice was the principal food in all parts of Asia. And if those millions of people could live on it, so could I. There was a large walnut tree in the yard of the house in which I roomed, and my landlords generously allowed me to gather some of the nuts, with which to fortify my diet. So far as I can tell, I suffered no defects from the diet. The student-edited university newspaper, *The Daily Emerald*, as an aid for the more impoverished students, printed a nutritionally balanced diet that cost just one dollar a day. I sometimes looked at it, but it was far outside my financial means.

To earn my graduate assistantship, I taught a class in public speaking—taught it very badly. I scarcely knew what it was that I should be teaching, and John Casteel, who chaired the courses in Speech and who really wanted to be a preacher and finally became one, was too confident of my assumed abilities to give me any supervision or guidance. The courses I was taking were all in English literature, for there was no thought then of doing graduate work in Speech. As it was then taught, it had scarcely enough content to justify the undergraduate courses. Since it seemed obvious (most pointedly to the students) that public speaking was not likely to lead to a postgraduate profession, it occurred to me that it would be wise to teach conversation, which is manifestly among the most useful and valued arts. There were no textbooks for it, so I wrote an article on teaching it and sent it off to the *Quarterly Journal of Speech*. The editor, Dr. Andrew Thomas Weaver, Head of the Speech Department at the University of Wisconsin, accepted it gladly—but he published it under the title "Conservation in the Speech Curriculum," which presumably limited the number of its readers. I followed this with a "Bibliography on Conversation," listing some 300 titles, by such as Jonathan Swift, William Hazlitt, and Renaissance books of courtesy. These two publications made me an "authority" on conversation though I never had taught it and didn't know how it could be done. Subsequently, those two pieces, published in the official journal of the national Speech profession, had a decisive effect on the course of my life, for they induced Weaver to grant me an assistantship to support work for my doctorate degree.

On June 10, 1933, after classes ended, Mary Laack and I were married. I had no job and no money. She had a little. We rented a one-room apartment, and she went to Portland to spend the summer as a housemaid. With no job, and none available, I spent the summer reading and writing. I sent off a questionnaire on the influence of the King James Bible on their writing to most well-known contemporary American writers. With only the cheapest of paper, and with my typewriter ribbon so worn the letters were hard to read—and with no self-addressed and stamped envelopes included—these inquiries brought in almost a score of replies, some brief, but half a dozen showing such depth of generosity by the writers that they proved of lasting value. Based on them, I wrote an article on "The Influence of the King James Bible on Style" and sent it to the prestigious magazine *The Sewanee Review*. Its publication brought me no money but prodigious satisfaction. In it was a single sentence from Hendrik Willem Van Loon's two-page letter, which served as my guide through the subsequent years. The sentence read, "To be a writer requires slow effort, painfully slow effort, and a little natural ability." How true this has proved to be.

Mary and I were reunited in the fall. My teaching may have improved some, but beyond enthusiasm I had little to bring to it. I wrote a rather lengthy master's thesis comparing the style of England's metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century with the neoclassical style of the eighteenth century. The course I liked best by far was on eighteenth-century literature, taught by Professor Robert Horn, which fortified my feeling that was the century in which I felt most at home.

During the spring I and the dozen other students who were completing work for their master's degrees eagerly pursued every possible job in teaching English. There weren't many. None of us got a job. One opportunity that I remember was an opening as an instructor in a small college in Idaho. I wrote the most careful letter of application that I could. It was returned to me with no answer except that my own letter was enclosed, with a single typographical error encircled in red. This was the cruelest blow that in all my lifetime I have received.

I had no job, and no possibility of getting one. And I had lost my last chance, by my own fault. Mary and I closed up our apartment and took the bus to Vancouver, Washington, where my mother lived with no income any more than we had ourselves. She did have a spare bed in which we could sleep. And she had news. In Vancouver a man named John Todd had announced that he was opening a junior college. He would need teachers. I went to see him in his office in an old, two-story, red-brick house. When I entered his office, he scarcely looked up. "I have come," I told him, "to see if there is a job teaching in the new junior college." He swung around in his chair, not toward but away from me. "If you want it," he said, "the job is yours." The lump in my throat almost prevented me from saying "Yes!" "There aren't any students yet," he said, "and no money, but you can help to round up some, and your pay will be part of what we get from them."

I went out swelling with satisfaction that was punctured with disbelief. What kind of man was this Todd? What kind of college was it that had no students? What kind of job could it be, when I was not even asked what my credentials were? It took only one more day for John Todd to close up his desk and leave. "The college," he said, "is yours." That same day a lanky young man named Lawrence Rakestraw came in and handed me a check for $75. "This is what the advertisement said the tuition would be," he told me—"for the year." I accepted his check and the deed was done. Vancouver would have a college. It had to, for one student's tuition was paid.

The next weeks were busy. The brick building was owned by a retired man named Hidden, and he had told Todd, as a gesture of community goodwill, that the building could be used free for the college, provided it was named Hidden Hall. It was. Three other Vancouver college graduates were unemployed and came in to help get this one started. Together we drove around Vancouver and surrounding towns, seeing every high school graduate we could find. By September we had signed up a total of ten. We faculty members conferred and I was elected dean. To use the title of president would have been laughable. We drew up a curriculum. I would teach English, one course in composition, one in literature, another in social ethics, and one in public speaking. A Vancouverite, Ralph Hanna, who lived with his parents, was a language major and taught Spanish and French. A young man with his master's in psychology, who lived with his parents in Portland, came to teach a course in psychology. An unemployed woman taught sociology. Mary taught a course in personal hygiene. She also supervised the library, which consisted of around a hundred books that we instructors donated from our own shelves. This was our "college," and we instructors were determined that poor as it was we would make sure that the students learned as much as they could have in any university around.

And I believe that they did. We did what we could to make it seem like a college. Larry Rakestraw brought in a small-sized ceramic penguin. I called it "The Blue Penguin," and we all, students and faculty together, solemnly named it as our school mascot. Several of the girls put together in mimeograph an annual, as our first year ended. We had a debating team, which I coached, and we held debates with several nearby colleges. Ralph Hanna and I drove (in his father's car) to Seattle, explained our circumstances, and asked the Director of Admissions to accept our students on transfer, with full credit, after their first or second year. He said he would. By this time we had decided on a name—at first Vancouver College, but then to indicate a wider scope, Clark College. And that is what it is today, Clark College, with state support and with an eighty-acre campus, 10,000 students, and an endowment of more than thirty-eight million dollars. This is what the future brought to pass.

For our second year at Clark we enrolled eighteen students. Our faculty was enriched by Homer Foster, who was halfway through his doctorate at Stanford University, and with no prospect for employment except with us. We also added a young postgraduate from Oregon State College, Willard Tyler, whose major was in chemistry. We faculty members sat in council and voted $300, which otherwise would have gone to us as salaries, with which Tyler constructed a basic laboratory in the Hidden Hall basement, which had a sink with water and a gas line with which to operate a Bunsen burner. It wasn't much, but Tyler assured us he could teach the basics of chemistry with it. He was a good man—so good that the next year he was hired as the head of chemistry research by the Goodrich Tire Company in Akron, Ohio.

During the second year, Mary and I determined that instead of continuing to live on $10 or $12 a month (in a one-room apartment on the second floor of Hidden Hall, with bathroom facilities down the hall), we would seek a graduate assistantship with which I could work on my doctorate. My several letters of application brought a favorable reply from Dr. Andrew Thomas Weaver, Head of the Speech Department in the University of Wisconsin. Had I secured an appointment in English, I would just as gladly have accepted that. So narrowly are our most important decisions—marriage, a vocation—determined. Before leaving Clark, I communicated with a young man, Lewis Cammell, who lived in New Jersey and wanted to be in the Pacific Northwest. He took my place as dean and remained on the Clark College faculty until his retirement. So did Homer Foster. Foster married the sister of Ralph Hanna, who died young from heart failure.

In Wisconsin, I was disappointed in the Speech Department. Three of its five graduate professors had awarded doctorates to themselves, for the field of Speech (which had started in ancient Athens as the most honored part of the curriculum) was just beginning to modernize itself, and there was no other way for them to acquire doctorate degrees. I soon found that they had no clear understanding of what a graduate curriculum in Speech should be. As a result, I and the dozen other doctorate candidates were left largely to pursue our own education as best we could in the library. For me this was a wonderful opportunity, allowing me to shape my own course, as had been true also at Pacific University. I took my minor in American Literature, and luckily had as my professor Dr. Harry Hayden Clark, one of the best in his field. During my second year at Wisconsin he took me on as his research assistant, a valuable learning opportunity.

Dr. Henry Lee Ewbank was appointed to be my adviser, and during the first weeks I asked him whether I could write as my dissertation a history of English eighteenth-century oratory. "Too broad," he told me," but don't think about it until you have completed your course work, passed your foreign-language examinations in French and German, and have also passed your Qualifying Examinations." I didn't consult with him further, but during the next months I planned and wrote a dissertation on the careers of Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, William Pitt the Younger, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The day after I passed the Qualifying Exams I took the manuscript to Ewbank's office and laid it on his desk. Probably I am the only doctorate student who has ever completed his dissertation before it was supposed to have begun. Ten years or so later, I rewrote a portion of the dissertation and it was published by Syracuse University Press as *Four Who Spoke Out* and proved to be well received. My doctorate work proved also to be an entry into writing as well as study. I wrote four major articles—one a psychological comparison of reason, emotion, and rationalization in thought processes, and the other three a summary and evaluation of thoughts on slavery by Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun. These were all published in *The Quarterly Journal of Speech*. I also commenced a series of ten or twelve articles on various subjects for *The Emerson Quarterly*. Foolishly, I tried out for a part in a play being produced by the theatrical division of the Department of Speech. Equally foolishly, the director selected me to play the leading role. Both mistakes were corrected after a few days of rehearsal, as both the director and I discovered I had no talent or taste for acting. I was dropped from the cast and returned happily to my proper role as student.

I was learning more and more about the field of study into which I had entered accidentally and in which I was remaining reluctantly. I was learning gradually and, I confess, hazily why it was of such importance that it was worth devoting one's life to it. Curiously, this understanding came to me more from literature, my first love, than from the courses in Speech. In Thomas Mann's magnificent novel *Magic Mountain*, I found him stating the basic fact that *Speech is civilization. It is silence that isolates.* Then he illustrated it in his moving story of deprived individuals. What they lacked was the ability to understand their fellows and to make themselves understood. An equally vivid statement of this same theme I found in Thomas De Quincey's autobiographical *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. As a small child he was made miserable by being sent away from the comfortable security and affection that he much needed at home, to the coldly impersonal discipline of one of the great English public schools. Shortly he fled from the misery of it all, and trudged the many miles to get back home. There he found his parents to be surprised and even outraged that he had done such a disobedient thing. He tried to explain to them but could not find the words. This failure remained in his mind all through the years, and in his book he wrote, "If another sphinx should arise and should ask of mankind, what alone among all the burdens borne by man is the one burden that is unsupportable, he would reply, it is the burden of the incommunicable."

In my own experience I was finding how true it is that complete and real communication is impossible. To make oneself fully understood requires presentation of a far broader range of facts than can be put into one set of words. And in any event the words uttered come out one by one and are heard and interpreted one by one, which means that fullness of meaning is unattainable. Professor Weaver put it to us in one of his lectures: "When two people communicate, full understanding is impossible. Failure to communicate is the rule."

When I got my Ph.D. degree in hand, I was freed from pursuing what other people thought was my education. I was on my own. And my zest was to seek for answers wherever they were to be found, not within the barriers that were built around fields of study to preserve their integrity from encroachments by outsiders. To ignore or to demolish those barriers has ever since been my guiding aim.

Has it worked? It has brought me rejection and criticism from defenders of traditionalism. But much more than I ever could merit has been the praise. The School of Speech of Ohio University outdid itself in the Honor Award in Communication that it presented to me in 1972—For Distinguished Service in Communication to Robert T. Oliver,

Who pioneered the psychology of persuasion and revitalized the study of rhetoric in the twentieth century; who moved his profession from the Speech classroom to the councils of international diplomacy; and who, through his more than three decades of enduring contributions has honored future generations of scholars by placing them in his debt.

Such commendation is a heavy burden to try to live up to. In the following chapters, I do what I can to explain how I have tried.

CHAPTER 2

Quite a few pages back I remarked that I developed my narrative skill telling stories, when I should have been selling newspapers, on a street corner in Aberdeen, Washington. If you are still with me, you well may ask yourself, "What narrative skill? Thus far there has been no narrative."

I'm sorry about that. I have not lived chronologically. There has not really been a story to tell. Something happens, or doesn't. It doesn't cause a ripple—until, perhaps, years later. My several career threads didn't happen sequentially but all together. Untangling them is the problem. Stay with me and that is what I'll try to do.

The Department of Speech in the University of Wisconsin accepted completion of my work for the Ph.D. degree in mid-January 1937. That evening my wife Mary and I did something neither of us had done before—we celebrated by going out to a nice restaurant for dinner. The next day, Dr. Weaver, chairman of the department, called me to his office with electrifying news. He had a call from Bradley Polytechnic Institute, in downstate Illinois, in Peoria, saying it had emergency need for an instructor in Speech. Not for next fall, but now. Immediately. I went down by Greyhound bus, sitting up all night, and was interviewed by the president the next morning. Briefly I answered questions about credentials. He told me I was hired and would start teaching within a week. Then he said, "Buy yourself a new jacket. You can afford to now."

I found a cheap apartment. Mary remained in Madison, to complete work for her own master's degree. I met the chairman of the English department, who would be my supervisor. I asked him if two or three hours would be time enough for preparing a classroom lecture. "I take at least ten hours," he replied. I heard what he said. My real education was commencing.

Very soon I met my first class and was under way. The students seemed to be of good quality—Midwestern farm folk, eager to learn and willing to work to succeed. They remind me of Korean students I have known. I felt as many newly-fledged Ph.D.s must—elated, with my own success assured. As Bradley's president told me, "I could afford it now." For the first time in my life. And for all the future time, for college professors very seldom lose their jobs. Once hired is lifetime security. (Or so it used to be, before there got to be so many of them.) I couldn't help thinking over the past years with a feeling of triumph. I had stayed the course and had won through. For years I had scarcely been able to earn enough for food. My clothes were all hand-me-down, purchased at the Goodwill Stores, which sold used garments that were given to them. Now I could afford the luxury of buying a book now and then, one that I just wanted to read. It wasn't luxury, by any means. But it was security. And that is what mattered.

Mary finished the work for her master's degree and rejoined me. It was a great satisfaction to make our first substantial purchase be something for her—an electric sewing machine that cost $90. I felt like a man of substance—able four years after my marriage finally to care for my wife. We faculty members would gather at times to discuss plans for family trips. We found that our budgets were much the same. While traveling we would allow $1 a day for each of us for meals: 10¢ or 5¢ for breakfast, 25¢ or 30¢ for lunch, and then for dinner a munificent 50¢ or more! .

After work, in the evening, came the best part of all. I could light up my pipe (which I adopted as a badge of success), sit down in an easy chair, and read a book simply because I wanted to, not because I must. And I made the worst mistake a husband can make. I neglected to think of the wants and needs of my wife. She, fortunately, had some interests of her own.

We bought a car—a second-hand Ford, and we planned to return "home" in the summer, crossing the continent back to Oregon. It was good to think about. But in the meantime, I did have my work to do.

I must have done it reasonably well. The students liked me, and my English Department supervisor got good reports. There were two problems that were worrisome—almost terrifying. The Speech instructor was expected to perform two extra duties during the spring semester. One of them was to organize and direct a historical pageant as a service by Bradley to the community. I had not the vaguest idea as to how to do it. But when I appealed to the president, he told me it was something I had to do. The other challenge was to direct and produce a three-act play. I felt a little more confident about this, for I had acted in plays in both high school and college. But my confidence was wholly misplaced. There was a Drama Club, but I was used to doing things myself and didn't know how to utilize it. This disappointed the student members and lost me a valuable ally I might have had.

The pageant went off adequately, for there were organized groups to manage its various segments of local history. About all I had to do was to preside over committee meetings and otherwise stay out of their way. The play meanwhile was an utter disaster.

I chose the play. I selected the cast. I conducted rehearsals. I did appoint a committee to arrange the stage setting. And I held rehearsals every evening. The leading man was in love and skipped some rehearsals, leaving others early. I didn't have the heart to discipline or replace him—for I agreed with him that to spend his time with his sweetheart was more important than the play. The day before the opening date for the play, the leading lady got total laryngitis. The cast and I agreed that it was better to get the thing over with than to postpone it. For the performance we had a girl with a clear voice sit in the front row and read the lines of the leading lady, and also supply cues to the leading man, who forgot many of his. After the last curtain fell and house lights came up, the head of the English Department sought me out and said, "Well, it wasn't much worse than we are used to."

How should I assess this first-semester start on my professional life? An utter failure? Probably not, for the learning I was doing about teaching was well worthwhile. During the months I was writing several articles, some drawn from my dissertation but others based on current work, and their publication brought me a special kind of respect from my colleagues, none of whom published anything at all. The word apparently was getting around, for in late spring I received an offer from Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, for a job partly in Speech, partly in English. I would be in charge of its courses in Speech and would teach whatever Speech courses I wished. I would also teach one section of a required course in world literature. When I tendered my resignation to the president of Bradley, he fairly pleaded with me to stay. But the "polytechnic institute" seemed to me far inferior to an old, well-respected liberal-arts college. And I thought I would like the East better than the Midwest. Had I remained at Bradley, how different my life would have been!

Teaching world literature was a challenge, for I had read very little in the Greek and Roman classics. I tried to keep ahead of the class. From Alan Gunn at Pacific University, I had learned the essence of teaching literature—be sure the students enjoy it and make it a part of their lives. For this, enthusiasm was better even than depth of knowledge. And enthusiasm I did have.

My Speech classes were a pleasure, for I was free to teach what I pleased. My basic aim was to impel the students to have something to say that really was important to them.

Then came my first book contract! On a fall afternoon in 1937, soon after my arrival at Bucknell, to my complete astonishment an editor of the Cordon Company of New York City walked into my office and asked if I would like a contract to write a beginning textbook in public speaking. He had come to the campus looking for a manuscript in sociology, and Meyer Nimkoff, the sociology professor, who had other arrangements and rejected his request, had told him, "Why not go down the hall and ask Dr. Oliver? He does a lot of writing." I definitely planned to write a book "some day." But I thought the time would be years later, after I had become much better known and knew a lot more. It never occurred to me to ask the editor anything at all about his company. It turned out to be new, with just three books in print, but it had high standards and planned to publish only textbooks that would be meritorious enough to remain in print for several editions. I had no idea of writing any other kind. With very little discussion, the editor pulled a contract out of his pocket, filled in the blanks, and we both signed it. I went home, with a song in my heart, and told my wife. We went out for another dinner of celebration.

My writing for publication had commenced while I was in high school. I wrote for the *St. Helens Sentinel* a weekly column, anonymously, with observations on the passing local scene. I wrote a very bad short story for the monthly *Pacific Farmer*, which published it and asked for more. Following my junior year in high school, I got a job, for $8 per week, as reporter for another weekly newspaper, *The St. Helens Mist*. While I was in Pacific University, I wrote half a dozen short pieces—about a farmer who slid on the ice, becoming "An Unwilling Toboggan"; an "Imitation of Will Rogers"; "The Eternal Saint" (on Santa Claus); and "The Klinkity-Klink Man," on hoboing, among others, some published in the Portland *Oregonian*, others in the Portland *Journal*, for $5 apiece, bringing in welcome spending money. Then, as I have said, while at the University of Oregon, I wrote three articles for national journals. Although not for pay, they fortified my determination to be a writer. This same kind of writing continued while I was at the University of Wisconsin and after I started teaching at Bradley. In Bucknell, I commenced writing for the travel section of *The New York Times*. My confidence that I could indeed write increased. But a book! That was not a step but a lunge ahead!

I worked very seriously at the book, going up to my office every evening for several hours of work. I developed a habit that has remained with me, of writing every day, whether I felt like it or not, and of forcing myself to produce three or more pages every day. In 1939 the book was published. I was very proud of it, convinced it was by far the best beginning textbook in the Speech field. A year later, when I got my first royalty check, it was for just $2.50. The book was an absolute failure. Many beginning writers would have been discouraged. But I remained proud of the book and was already completing a second and planning a third. It had really never been on sale. The Cordon Company had failed and merged into the Dryden Press. Then several years later Dryden Press was incorporated into the much larger Holt, Rinehart, and Winston. My first book was at last being sold by sales agents on the road. It leaped into front-rank competition and continued to sell widely as a textbook until after a fifth edition came off the press in December 1969. Two more small books appeared in 1943—one a *Speech Notebook* that continued to be widely used for some twenty years, the other an effort to serve both Speech and English-composition courses, entitled *Developing Ideas into Essays and Speeches*, that fell from the press with practically no sales. I was also writing *The Psychology of Persuasive Speech*, published in 1942, which continued in print for thirty-seven years.

While at Bucknell, I worked very hard, writing four books in five years, teaching eighteen hours per week (by my own choice in order to have an adequate program in Speech), and coaching a debate team. My worst debater, Jack McKenna, a bright lad who did poorly in his classes, was a virtual genius in public relations. On his own initiative, he arranged with NBC to televise the first-ever intercollegiate debate, featuring Bucknell and another college of my choice, which was Columbia University.

Television was in its infancy. NBC erected a television set on a street corner in New York City for passersby to watch. Few households had a set and programming was primitive. The two best programs on the air were Lowell Thomas with his daily commentary on world-wide news, and George Denny who chaired Town Meeting of the Air, featuring discussions on public affairs by high public officials and well-known experts. NBC sent a private plane owned by Eastern Airlines to pick up our debating team (Ray Underwood and Jack McKenna) and me. We were put up at the prestigious Hotel Pennsylvania and each of us was given $50 a day for spending money. The debate was televised at prime time, 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., on April 3, 1940.

How did it go? Lowell Thomas presided and George Denny rendered his judgment at the end. The debate was not good. We lost and deserved to. All four of the collegians were nervous, and Jack McKenna was ill-prepared. I'm convinced he would have had a brilliant future in public relations despite his bad academic record. He died before the graduation of his class, so this could not be known. As for the future of television, it was postponed until after World War II.

Pearl Harbor was a complete shock. *America First* had campaigned for isolationism and pacifism, led by such national leaders as Charles A. Lindbergh. Most Americans wanted us to remain aloof from the war in Europe. Hitler was abominable and so was Japan's treatment of China. But these were not our problems. Herbert Hoover advocated self-defense for Fortress America. Our nation was uniquely prosperous and uniquely safe. President Franklin D. Roosevelt maneuvered to win congressional support for sending military supplies to our friendly nations in Europe, while he campaigned for re-election on the slogan, "I hate war!"

Then came "The Day That Will Live in Infamy." Pacifism was submerged in a shock wave of hatred of Japan—but our efforts to defeat the Hitler-Mussolini-Tojo tyrants were directed first and most toward Europe. Japan, after the destruction of Pearl Harbor, was out of our reach, so we took out our resentment by sweeping up the whole population of Japanese Americans on the West Coast and kept them in internment throughout the course of the war.

In America our lingering Great Depression was ended by expanded employment to build the warships and airplanes and the vast array of military supplies that were urgently needed. Warned by the bombing of Pearl Harbor from across the Pacific by Japan, frightened Americans feared imminent bombing raids from across the Atlantic. Our armed forces were quickly expanded, first by volunteers, then by the draft. A Civilian Defense Corps was organized in every community, to develop local defenses against an expected imminent attack.

War bears unevenly and unjustly upon individuals. For some it means disruption of their families, separation of husbands from wives, physically severe training and discipline, the trauma of battle, and (for many) battlefield death. For others, who remain at home, it means prosperity and sudden advancement. So it was in my family. My younger brother Kenneth promptly left his doctorate studies uncompleted and volunteered for the Navy, and his wife volunteered in the Women's Army Corps. For me, who had never been physically strong, and at the age of thirty-two, it seemed that I could serve better at home.

I was named co-chairman of the Lewisburg Civil Defense program for our small village of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, a completely unlikely target for Nazi bombing planes if they should attack from across the Atlantic. We residents of Lewisburg convinced ourselves that our danger was real. The most likely target for bombing was Washington, D.C., which was some two-hundred miles to the south. But the Susquehanna River flowed southward beside the town, and we told ourselves that enemy plane s headed for Washington might well follow the river as their guide. And some of them might drop a few bombs on even small towns that lay along their route. In the near-hysteria that war fever induces, we convinced ourselves that we faced danger little inferior to that of English cities. Hastily adopted laws required that windows must be completely blacked out, as also were the headlights of automobiles. Smoking in public after dark was forbidden. To enforce such laws my co-chairman, the Reverend Edward Junkin, and I nightly patrolled the streets of Lewisburg looking for offenders. On the more positive side we urged the donation of all unused rubber tires, of all aluminum vessels, and of all household supplies of sugar and coffee. We urged the strictest observance of all the rationing laws. We also urged adoption of such conservation measures as the drying out of used coffee grounds and their re-use. In the atmosphere of the time, all these measures seemed sensible and necessary.

In early August 1942, I received a telephoned offer to become Assistant Chief of the Speakers Bureau in the Office of Civilian Defense in Washington, D.C., at twice the salary I earned at Bucknell. Both the doubled income and the opportunity to be of nationwide service were intoxicating. The local draft board was sufficiently impressed to remove any possibility of my being drafted. The start of fall classes was only six weeks away, and confirmation of my Washington appointment awaited the tangled processes of bureaucracy. The way was cleared when Bucknell agreed to my taking a wartime leave of absence—provided I could produce a suitable replacement. I wrote to Dr. Weaver, at the University of Wisconsin, who recommended a man named Robinson, of whom he said, "No better man ever lived than Rex Robinson." When I reported this to Dean Rivenburg, he chuckled and said, "What does this do to Jesus Christ?" Robinson was hired. I was left without a job as my confirmation worked its slow way through the governmental process.

As I was about to leave the Speech classroom to undertake quite different activities, I paused to reconsider what Speech meant to me. I recalled that I had entered into the field accidentally, simply because it was represented to me as a way of earning my living. In my graduate work, culminating in the doctorate at the University of Wisconsin, I got little help in understanding what the field of Speech was or of how it should be taught. I well realized that to many of my academic colleagues in other disciplines, Speech was shallow and insignificant. For several years I had been attending our national conventions and taking part in the discussions. I had been considering the nature of Speech as I wrote about it. I knew that many faculty members at Bucknell considered my chance to go into public service in Washington was an escape into a much more fruitful way of life. Before leaving, I was determined to think through what Speech meant to me and should mean to others. As I try to reformulate these thoughts, no doubt with refinement that derives from later experience, this is the form they took:

The husband who is not understood by his wife is a classic butt of humor for two reasons: first, because she does understand him far better than he realizes or will admit; and secondly, because, to the degree that he really is misunderstood, so are we all. We in the Speech profession have our own complaints about the failure of our colleagues to understand what we represent and what we are trying to do—but perhaps we are a bit like the complaining husband.

There are always problems when academicians try to explain to one another what it is they are trying to do. There is far less appreciation than there is criticism or even scorn. The theologian twits the philosopher by saying, "You are like a blind man in a dark cellar looking for a black cat that isn't there"—to which the philosopher replies, "Yes, and the difference between us is that you find the cat." Teachers of English Composition have to defend themselves against the complaint that they devote their lives to the eradication of comma splices and split infinitives; and teachers of foreign languages have to explain that the memorization of irregular verb forms is not actually the central value of study in their field. Economists not only devote their lives to a field that is popularly known as "the dismal science," but also they often suffer the embarrassment of being caught in public disagreement over whether the economy is experiencing inflationary or deflationary trends. In other words, if we in Speech sometimes feel aggrieved because our colleagues seem to suspect us of teaching "beautiful" diction, "graceful" posture, and "tricks" of persuasion, we can at least comfort ourselves that these same colleagues feel just about as much misunderstood as we do.

But let us turn from the comparative to the analytic and determine what we in our own field believe our discipline to be. We question, as we observe the diversity within our own ranks, whether we are always in agreement on functions and goals. How do we fit together such a wide range of subjects as theatre, speech therapy, radio and television, oral interpretation, parliamentary law, discussion, rhetoric, and public address? How do general semantics and communication theory fit in? Are we, professionally, properly concerned with information theory and cybernetics? What unity do we find in a field that includes scenic design in the theatre and evaluation of the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis in general linguistics? And what, from our own special position in the academic fold, do we have to offer to other specialists and to the general public?

I had come to think the central answer, at least, to all these questions is a very simple one: *the field of Speech is the study and practice of influence exerted in human affairs through oral discourse.* This is the central concern of every aspect of our work. It is the business of the theatre and of the speech and hearing clinic, just as it is of the debating forum, or the public platform, or the conference table. Our work in rhetorical theory is an examination of the persuasive principles through which oral discourse accomplishes its aims. Our courses in the history of oratory are examinations of how oral discourse has spread its influence in the past. Our work in public speaking, group discussion, oral reading, and in the radio and television studios is an application of our principles in practice by students who are learning to exercise such influence.

In few or no other academic disciplines is there a tighter or more coherent unity than in our own field of Speech. Psychologists represent so many theories of human behavior that they have had to subdivide themselves into a score of loosely-knit organizations. Sociologists and anthropologists study any and every factor which reflects collective, or isolated, behavior or the environment which affects, or is affected by, human behavior. Philosophers pursue any kinds of knowledge along whatever paths and to whatever goals may intrigue them. English teachers have broadened their definition of literature to permit them to encompass whatever gets into written form, and, indeed, many of them delight in tracing down oral ballads and oral folklore. It is no part of my intention to belittle or criticize these tendencies in other fields. All I wish to assert is that we in Speech are akin to all our colleagues when we admit that our interests are diverse.

There is a great truth enshrined in Robert Browning's poem "The Grammarian's Funeral." After the death of the old scholar, his students bore him upon their shoulders to the highest mountain peak for burial, because his view of life was too broad to admit of boundaries. Yet his specialty, the point on which his inquiries centered, was the ablative absolute! Perhaps it is an essential demand of real scholarship that, from whatever point we start, our inquiries must encompass the universe. If we are to be students at all, we must be students of everything.

The point which we have not sufficiently clarified, however, either for ourselves or for our colleagues is *how* we look at the world. What is the particular formula for the spectacles with which we view the phenomena around us? *What* we look for has been identified as "influences exerted through oral discourse," a phrase that appears to be both cogent enough and inclusive enough to define the unitive elements in every phase of our field. But we still have not declared our methodology. How does our method differ from that of every other discipline?

As I look back over my own growth of understanding of the field of Speech, I think it was while I was at Bucknell that the crucial understanding of what I ought to be doing in it occurred—namely that I ought not to be teaching the skills of speaking but, rather, a mode of thinking. What Aristotle wrote in his *Rhetoric* came to have a new meaning for me. "So let Rhetoric be defined as the faculty of discovering in the particular case what are the available means of persuasion." It came to me (only gradually, and for a long time only partially) that this really means not that "Rhetoric is the art of persuasion." It came to mean something essentially different: that rhetoric is the search for available means of resolving difficulties. In this sense, our attention ought to be less on changing the minds of others and more upon discovering solutions that would be generally accepted because they were manifestly right. Further reading and thinking led me to conclude that this is by no means a simple undertaking.

Isaiah Berlin once identified three basic methods of dealing with the phenomenological universe. With a factual question, he said, you go to a scientist for an answer. With a formal question you go to a mathematician (or a logician). And when your question is neither factual nor formal—that is, when it deals with values—you go to a philosopher. In other words, in his view, the three fundamental questions always are: (1) is it true? (2) in what sense is it being conceived? and (3) what does it mean, or what is it worth?

Useful as Dr. Berlin's trifurcation may be, from our point of view it is coldly if calculatedly non-ethnocentric. In that sense it had to be partly wrong. We do not view the world as it might be seen by ants or troglodytes, but as it must be seen by human beings. We agree with Michael Polanyi, who, in *Personal Knowledge*, wrote: "For, as human beings, we must inevitably see the universe from a center lying within ourselves and speak about it in terms of a human language shaped by the exigencies of human intercourse. Any attempt rigorously to eliminate our human perspective from our picture of the world must lead to absurdity." In other words, our view of knowledge is humanistic, and only by a hypothetical leap in the dark can it possibly be otherwise. When we look at the universe of being from our own experiential status, we find not three but four modes of thought.

Basically, all thought is a similar kind of activity. I think Dr. Berlin would have agreed that the essential function of thinking is to transform a situation that is obscure, or contradictory, or beset by conflicts into one of clarity, orderliness, and harmony. Even more simply, the purpose of thought is the discerning of meaningful patterns. But when we go beyond this purpose to ask about means of achieving it, we in the field of Speech find our methods best defined in terms of a four-fold classification.

First there is the *scientific method*, which seeks objectively to identify the real nature of facts, carefully safeguarding the observer from the contaminating influence of his personal biases. Second, there is the *formalistic method* of the mathematician and the logician, which is concerned with invariant laws of relationships that are not affected by accidents of time and place. Third, there is the *expressionistic method*—the subjective and random conglomeration of reactions of the untrained layman, whose concern is far less with the mirroring of external reality than it is with the expression of his own internalized mixture of feelings, prejudices, hopes, and fears. Fourth, there is the *rhetorical method*, which interprets the meaning of a fact or an event from a triangulation of three focal points: the intrinsic truth of the matter under consideration; the intent or purpose of the speaker who is discussing it or thinking about it; and the needs or interests or points of vulnerability of the audience to which the discussion is, or is to be, addressed.

There is, of course, great value in the scientific, the logical, and the expressionistic methods. The first unfolds a vast array of dependable information about the nature of the socio-physical universe within which we dwell. The second guides us toward the interpretation of reliable, if not necessarily valid, relationships among those ascertained facts. And the third reveals to psychoanalysis and even to untrained observation many meaningful clues to the complicated nature of the human creature. But there is also great value in the fourth, or rhetorical, mode of thinking, in which facts and relationships are interpreted by speakers in terms not only of their own preconceptions but also of the presumed preconceptions of their auditors.

In other words, in the field of Speech our normal and natural mode of inquiry in terms of any problem or situation is to ask: What is true about it? What does it mean to me? What do I wish it to mean to my auditors? Then we try to deal with the subject in this triune fashion, interweaving all three threads, and considering each of essential consequence. We may say, then, that our thinking is neither audience-centered, nor subject-centered, nor self-centered, but all three of these together. Obviously, our problems are vastly different from those of disciplines which look merely at the subject or merely at the people concerned, or merely into their own motivation. So far as our professional methodology is concerned, it utilizes the scientific, logical, and expressionistic modes, but it is fundamentally rhetorical.

For example, in order to determine what is true about the subject matter we may have under consideration, and also about the nature of our selected audience, we obviously and necessarily make precise and extensive use of scientific investigation and logical analysis. In order to select the topics we find of moment to ourselves and to determine the shadings of our own attitudes toward them, we indulge in a great deal of expressionistic or personalized thought. Then we bring all the threads together into a rhetorical entity.

In terms that I would never use, Dr. Thomas B. Farrell, in his 1993 Yale University Press book, *Norms of Rhetorical Culture,* defines rhetoric from three points of view, as 1) "a practiced imperfection," 2) "the worst fear of idealized reason," and 3) yet "the best hope for whatever remains of civic life." I would restate this as meaning that rhetoric is not rigidly logical but, instead, is contrived to deal with human beings as they are, rather than as, by some objective standards, they ought to be. Humanity (with which rhetoric deals) is a "practiced imperfection," and much human behavior is "an affront to idealized reason." What rhetoric seeks to do is to deal with humanity in terms that really do work.

When a student enrolls in a course in Speech, what he is most in need of learning is this rhetorical mode of inquiry. Whatever we may say about voice, action, organization, or vocabulary will be determined primarily by the nature of the topic as it relates, through the speaker's purpose, to his audience. When a young man or woman considers whether to major in Speech, and wonders what its principal values will be, the most relevant answer is that its design is to teach a new way of viewing life. It is a way so important that Thomas Mann said, "Speech is civilization." What he meant is close to what we have been saying—that the civilized way of dealing with one another is to manifest a high regard for the integrity both of the facts and of one another's purpose, or interest, or involvement in the matter. Perhaps this, too, is what Albert Camus meant when he wrote that ours is "a civilization of dialogue"—a society in which we discuss what solutions are available in terms of existing facts as they affect our mutual interests.

When Thomas Babington Macaulay said that "Parliamentary government is government by talk," he could not have meant that it depends upon the skills of speech, valuable as they are in many ways and on many occasions. Rather, what is essential to democracy is that situations and problems be considered not only in terms of their objective factual content but also in terms of what the generality of the people want and need, and what those who govern are able and willing to render.

If the "world outside" has too commonly interpreted Speech in terms of gesture and diction, poise and personality, perhaps one reason is that we have not had a sufficiently clear "picture in our own heads" of what our profession really is and what it means. When we are confronting our own students, in our own classrooms, it makes a tremendous difference whether we are thinking in terms of how they stand or in terms of how they think. When we ask them to discuss or debate a question such as international trade, we can either be intruding into the study of economics and commerce, or we can be teaching the students how to relate the facts of a complicated economic problem to their individual philosophy of government and to the convictions, knowledge, and experience of their projected listeners.

It has sometimes been said—by Aristotle, for one—that Speech has no field of knowledge of its own, but that it deals with all knowledge. In this regard we are like historians or philosophers. Whatever contribution we have to make must be made in terms of our own *special professional methodology*. What do we do with data that no other professional attempts? The historian arranges the data in sequential order and evaluates and explains the developments that may be noted. The philosopher interprets the meaning of the data in terms of a designated value system which is at least internally consistent so that it gives unavoidable answers within the limitations of the chosen conceptual field. The professor of Speech must interpret the data in terms of their usefulness to him or to others in dealing with people.

It follows that our professional concern is not with things as they are, but with things as they are in relation. It is precisely the factor of relationship that is our primary interest. We ask "What is the fact?" as a step toward determining how the fact appears, or may be made to appear, to particular auditors. It is evident, of course, that ethical considerations are involved; and, consequently, ethics becomes a major field of our professional concern. Fact-gathering, analysis, logic, and elements of style likewise are areas of particular importance to the fulfillment of our function.

When we are dealing with the history of oratory, many of our activities are like those of the historian. When we engage in oral interpretation, we must utilize methods akin to those of the literary critic. When we study human motivation, we share interests and methods with the social psychologist. We are as interested in perception, and memory, and the conceptualizing process as is the psychologist. To deal with the abnormalities of speech we need to share the province of clinical psychology and also, along with the medical student, delve into anatomy, neurology, and physiology. In the theatre we bring literature to the platform and some of our activities are those of the musician and even of the carpenter and the painter. This does not mean that Speech has no province of its own. What it does mean is that everywhere and always we are interested in how influence is exercised in human affairs through oral discourse. If the question takes us into a wide variety of activities and areas of knowledge, this is simply testimony to the fact that human symbolic behavior is diversified and complex.

The integrity of a profession is not undermined by even an extremely broad diversification among its interests and activities. What is essential is that no matter where the professional inquiry may dip into human knowledge or human experience, it has a unitary goal to be pursued by a characteristic methodology. Speech, it is true, flings an extremely wide net as it gathers specimens of behavior to be analyzed. But whatever we do with professional intent is always in pursuit of a clearly focused goal: to determine the nature of influence in human affairs exerted by oral discourse. And the mode of our inquiry is always rhetorical; it is always an attempt to find the relationship, stated in terms of communicative purpose, between a body of facts and an auditor or audience.

What were we teaching our students? How to stand, how to breathe, how to gesture! That how, in our speech classrooms, across the country, we were teaching them in those days.

To the question, what do you teach when you teach Speech, my answer is: I teach students to seek for the ways by which word, voice, and gesture affect human behavior; in the present, future, or past; in the mass or in isolation; through direct face-to-face communication or remotely through the airwaves; with improvement in argument and appeal or with increased oral and aural competence; with a personalized message or with a formalized performance. It has been a definitive and indeed a cardinal field of study for more than two thousand years. Technology has introduced a great many changes in instrumentation; but the goal, the functions, and the basic methodology remain relatively stable. What we try to do very much needs to be done, perhaps more today than ever before.

It is evident that Speech and writing have much in common. I have been devoted to each. I never intended that any kind of job would interfere with either of them. When I left Bucknell for Washington, it was my clear intention to return, at war's end, to teaching Speech—but not, I trusted, to Bucknell. To me Bucknell had come to seem to be a dead-end. I could not win promotion there; I would simply have to await my turn. Promotions were on the seniority system; they went to staff members in accordance with how many years they had been there, regardless of merit. Neither could I expect ever to build a real Speech Department there. Speech was in the English Department and was firmly anchored there. For me there was no future at Bucknell. In the fall of 1941 I was elected President of the Pennsylvania Speech Association, and I felt confident that an appointment to Pennsylvania State University, or to Temple, or to the University of Pittsburgh would be available when I was ready for it. I left my family in Lewisburg while I found a house for us in Washington, and I said good-bye to our friends with no expectation of rejoining them. A house in northwest Washington I did soon find, out Massachusetts Avenue extended, just across the Maryland line. Mary and I now had two very young sons, Robert and Dennis, and we settled quickly into a new mode of life.

There was ample work awaiting me when I reached my office in DuPont Circle, a few blocks from the White House. Plans were already underway to organize seventy-five thousand speakers in towns and cities across the United States. We were to prepare two-minute talks for them, which they would deliver in motion-picture theaters, in churches and schools, and before businessmen's clubs and youth groups. The subjects for the talks were appeals to obey the rationing laws and to bring in to collection centers all spare automobile tires, all aluminum pots, and other items that would be designated from time to time, as needed for the war effort. Other speeches were supposed to persuade everyone to work harder, to buy war bonds, and to volunteer for military service. Still others were aimed to enhance patriotism and sacrifice to support our men in uniform. Our total office force consisted of two—Donald Hayworth, who did the planning and organizing, and myself. My job was to gather necessary information and to write the speeches. We had the service of two secretaries.

In early September, I first met Syngman Rhee. The Reverend Edward Junkin, my co-chairman for civilian defense in Lewisburg, on his own initiative and at his own expense, flew down to bring Dr. Rhee and me together. Junkin had been born in Korea of Presbyterian missionary parents and at the age of twelve had come to the United States for his education—and remained here. He of course was in close communication with his parents and was very indignant about the abuse of the Korean people by the Japanese and about Japan's ruthless exploitation of Korea's resources. He had done what he could to support the Korean Independence Movement that was led by Dr. Rhee. He invited the two of us to join him for lunch in Scholl's Cafeteria, a very popular luncheon place that was crowded by government workers. We three had a small table, with people constantly passing by.

Dr. Rhee wasted no time before appealing to me as a possible recruit in his cause. He was a magnetic figure, sixty-seven years of age, with wavy white hair, wrinkled face, active hands, and a richly resonant voice. His eyes seized mine, and his impassioned recital of Korea's long history and of the wrongs done to it by Japan captured my attention as though we sat alone, rather than in the midst of a crowd. Finally, I broke in to ask, "Why don't you write about this? If the American people knew these facts, they would surely come to Korea's aid." Reverend Junkin had told him about my writings and my present responsibility for strengthening the war effort, for Rhee shot right back, "I'm not a writer. Why don't you do it?" This was the challenge that changed the course of my life.

I went to Washington's excellent used-book stores and bought everything they had on Korea—Bishop's *Korea and Her Neighbors*, Griffis's *Corea, The Hermit Kingdom*, Gale's *Korea in Transition*, Eckhardt's *A History of Korean Art*, Hulbert's two-volume history of Korea and *The Passing of Korea*, Kang's *The Grass Roof*, Bergman's *In Korean Wilds and Villages*, and several missionary tracts. I also went to libraries, reading as much as I could about modern northeast Asia and particularly about American policies in Asia.

Along with such reading, I questioned Korean associates of Dr. Rhee, whom I met at his home, out Connecticut Avenue—Ben Limb, Henry Chung De Young, Won Soon Lee and his wife, and, from time to time, several others. I was accustomed to rapid reading and scanning and so was able in evenings and weekends to garner considerable information rather quickly.

Meanwhile, the War Foods Department (as the Department of Agriculture was known during wartime) was organizing a new agency to reduce the wastage of food, in order to supply the surging needs of our allies and of our soldiers. I went to the Department seeking information for speeches I was writing and was tendered the job of Chief of Food Conservation. Meanwhile, as usual, I was using all my spare time to write, chiefly for the Sunday editorial section of *The Washington Post*, on subjects drawn from my background in literature and history, such as "When Pacifists Fight" and "The Emergence of Women." I also conducted a small weekly column on Speech, entitled "Um-Er." Since the *Post* considered me one of its contributors, I was able to publish in it a series of articles on Korea. The first of these was "She Is Japan's Oldest Enemy." Half a dozen others followed in regular succession. And for a scholarly journal, *Asia and the Americas*, I wrote an article (seeking authenticity by listing Henry Chung De Young as co-author) for its March 1943 issue, entitled "Korea: Neglected Ally."

The more I read about Korea, and the more I joined in discussions of it with Dr. Rhee and his friends, the more zealous I became. The Rhee group turned to me as its spokesman and supplied me with all the information they could. All too rapidly, I was becoming spoken of as a Korea expert, because I was almost the only known writer about it. The Public Affairs Press asked me to write a book on Korea. I agreed, and wrote under the title *Korea: Forgotten Nation*, which was published in 1944, sponsored by The American Council on Public Affairs. Dr. Rhee wrote an introduction for it, and I dedicated it "To the Unconquerable Korean People." Its two editions, hardcover and paperback, soon sold out.

"The principal pressing problems confronting the Provisional Government [of Korea]," I wrote, "are (1) to secure recognition by the United States and other countries; (2) to be admitted to the councils of the United Nations; (3) to obtain Lend-Lease supplies; and (4) to integrate the guerilla and sabotage activities of its underground movement into the plans of the Allied high command."

The quality of my understanding of Korean affairs at that time may be indicated by two brief quotations on questions that were being contested by Koreans themselves. First, "The chief opponents of the Independence Party leadership of the Provisional Government are in the Cabinet and continue their efforts to control it. While Kim Koo is an exceedingly able and thoroughly patriotic executive, he lacks the type of diplomatic adroitness needed to balance factions against one another in order to achieve a workable combination." And second, "It would be idle to pretend that there are no divisions among Koreans. But it cannot be denied that the Provisional Government is the authentic official representative of the Korean people."

As the days passed, my wife Mary and I spent more and more time with Dr. and Mrs. Rhee. My earliest recollection of him after our luncheon meeting was of a visit he made to me at my office in the War Foods building on the Mall. He had made an appointment for four o'clock in the afternoon. I felt nervous, for this was to be my first meeting alone with the man whom I already regarded as the greatest of all Koreans. As the time neared, I went out into the corridor to greet him. I saw him coming and was impressed by his apparent youthfulness. I knew his age, sixty-seven, but he walked erect, with his arms swinging in the rhythm of his rapid stride, exuding energy. He greeted me with outstretched hand and a warm smile before we entered my office, where he told me more in detail about Korea. As we talked, he blew from time to time on his fingers. He half apologized and explained that this had become a life-long habit because in his youth he had been tortured in prison for his efforts to reform the old monarchy that kept his people weak, impoverished, and unable to defend themselves. He concluded our talk by inviting my wife and me to his home for dinner the next Sunday.

These visits became frequent. My wife and I seldom invited the Rhees to our small apartment, where visiting, with two small children clamoring for attention, was difficult. We went out together for dinners at Chinese restaurants. Dr. Rhee liked to drive and would take us with his wife for Sunday drives. When he did so, the car held three nervous people. When talking about the refusal of the United States to grant Lend-Lease aid and recognition to the Korea Republic-in-Exile, as it did to all the exiled European governments, he would become quite excited. He would take his hands from the steering wheel, gesture emphatically, and turn his head toward the back seat, where my wife and I were sitting. After several such drives, to our relief they would arrive to pick us up with Mrs. Rhee at the wheel.

More often we visited in their home, a large house sitting in a big lawn, halfway up Connecticut Avenue. It was shaded by several trees and seemed almost in the country in those days, with only a modest flow of traffic. Sometimes Mr. Won Soon Lee and his wife, Mary, would be there. Obviously, they and the Rhees were special friends. Dr. Rhee and Mr. Lee would sometimes play at the Korean chess game, *go*, while we talked and watched their game, which Dr. Rhee seemed generally to win.

In mid-1943, we took with us to the Rhee home a couple of our friends, Mark Graubard, on leave from the University of Minnesota, and his wife, who used her own name, Ann Wolfe, for the sculpturing she did. She showed photos of the sculptured heads she had made of well-known men. Mary and I arranged for her to sculpt the head of Dr. Rhee. He agreed, but proved to be a difficult subject, for it was impossible for him to sit still. His face and hands were very expressive, and he would be almost constantly in motion. There always were Korean visitors, and they would be very curious about the progress of the sculpturing. "When will it be done?" they would ask, and "What will you do with it next?" Ann Wolfe was very exasperated with them and tried to shoo them away. When she left at the end of a sitting, she would cover the head with a very wet cloth, which she said was necessary to keep the clay thoroughly damp. "Never, never," she would warn, "take the cloth off or raise it to look under, for that would spoil the clay," so she would have to start all over again. Finally, to everyone's relief, the job was done and a truly remarkable portrayal of Dr. Rhee was displayed. From her model, Ann Wolfe had three castings made—one for the Rhees, one for my wife and me, and a third that she lent to the museum of the University of Minnesota.

We paid for the sculpturing and kept our casting of it proudly on display in our home for many years. What the Rhees did with theirs I don't know, for they did not display it. When they returned to Korea in 1945, they took it with them, as Mrs. Rhee assured us, but I never saw it on display over there, either in their home or in *Kyung Mu Dai*, the Korean White House. During the Korean War it disappeared. When I told Ann Wolfe of this, she retrieved the casting from the University of Minnesota and sent it over to the Rhees. I never saw it again, not even after his death. So far as I know, our casting is the only one in existence, and I gave it to the National History Compilation Committee in Seoul. To me it shows an excellent likeness of Rhee, almost lifelike.

Getting to know the Rhees more and more intimately, I found their marriage to be uniquely complete. Years later, in 1956, I wrote of them, in "A Study in Devotion," for the July issue of the *Reader's Digest*. Francesca Rhee was an Austrian, a Viennese, and they met in Geneva. When she was vacationing there with her mother, he was there trying to persuade the League of Nations to punish Japan for its 1931 seizure of Manchuria, by making it restore Korean sovereignty. "So it was," I wrote, "that destiny brought them together, from their homes on opposite sides of the planet, when both were matured, the patterns of their lives supposedly set, tastes and temperaments defined. Yet their lives were to flow together in a matchless harmony that has made them one of the most devotedly married couples in history." She was everything to him: wife, hostess, secretary, and always his sturdiest supporter. To me she embodied Ruth, of the Old Testament, as a woman who had really given her heart: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people." After his death in Honolulu, Madame Rhee returned to live in Korea, to make weekly pilgrimages to his grave in the National Cemetery.

I wrote scores of articles about both Speech and Korea. In all of them, my first question was, "For what kind of readers am I writing? Next, are they already interested in the subject, or do I have to induce their interest? What is it that I want them to know or to believe?" Then I could set about dealing with those matters. Some of my writing seemed, to those of us who teach Speech, simplistic. All I tried to do was to teach my readers some of what we all were teaching students in our classrooms. Naturally, when my associates in Speech read these articles, they were not impressed. Their reaction had to be: "Why is he writing this? This makes no contribution at all; all of us already know it." They did not adequately realize that this kind of writing was not intended to be for them. If my article was in *The Farm Journal*, my expected readers were farmers; if in the *New Leader*, my aim was to supply information to readers who were activist liberals or reformers; if my articles were in the *Philadelphia Forum* or the *Washington Post*, I was attempting to seize the interest of general readers. When my writing was on a broad subject of enormous complexity—such as the history of American (or of British) public address, or of the rhetoric of ancient India and China, or of the circumstances in Korea—I had much to learn while the writing progressed. I was not afraid to conduct my own education in public. Mistakes on details were inevitable. In some books I had to correct mistakes I had made in prior books or articles. What I did try very hard to insure was that my general judgments were sound. In everything I wrote my intention was to satisfy some specific need. Sometimes the needs were immediate and urgent and had to be met at once or it would be too late.

Our Allied Forces landed on the beaches of Normandy and drove forward to the liberation of France. It was obvious that the defeat of Nazi Germany was impending. At this time the War Foods Administration decided that, instead of preventing waste of food, wastage should be unmolested if not actually encouraged. Its farm constituency wanted people to waste food, not to conserve it. Consequently, the Food Conservation programs were suspended. I was out of a job. But there was a vacancy in Syracuse University, and I was immediately hired to fill it. Chancellor Todd was impressed by the number of my books, exclaiming, "I have always said that if a man is going to succeed, he will do so by age thirty-five." He appointed me as Acting Director of the newly established Syracuse University Press, to serve part-time while teaching Speech. He also engaged me to write, as an additional job, a series of fund-raising brochures on various segments of the university. We bought a house, and my family "settled in" for what proved to be a very short stay.

And a busy one. In addition to the duties already mentioned, I was teaching an evening class in Speech, to earn a little extra money, to a class of businessmen, each of whom had individual and special needs. And Dryden Press wrote me an urgent request to revise my first book, *Effective Speech*, to make it suitable for the onrush of discharged soldiers, sailors, and airmen who would be flooding the campuses in the fall. Matured by wartime and battlefield experiences, they would not hesitate to speak up in class, with "Professor, that's not the way it was" and "This was the way they did it in Italy." Classroom examples of communication problems would not do for them. They were eager to get back into civilian life and to have all the advantages that college could give to them. I was working at this revision with every spare minute I had.

Then in late May came a telephone call from Dr. Rhee. He very much needed a pamphlet, he said, for distribution to congressmen and such opinion-leaders as preachers and newspaper editors, that would show why Korea should have its provisional government recognized even before the defeat of Japan. I protested that I was so busy I could not possibly write it, but he persisted. "We need it very badly," he said. "Please do it."

So I took time out and wrote *The Case for Korea: A Paradox of United States Diplomacy*. Its nature is indicated by the opening paragraph:

> *This pamphlet is written by an American for Americans. The author believes there should be wider knowledge and clearer understanding in this country of the injustices the Korean people have suffered, not only from the oppression of the Japanese conquerors, but also from the errors and dubious expediency of our own American policies.*

Dr. Rhee acknowledged the draft with his thanks and an enclosed two-hundred dollars—the first pay I ever received from him. "You dropped everything to help us," he said. The pamphlet concludes:

> *We Americans have a wrong to right and an opportunity to seize in granting immediate recognition to the Provisional Government of Korea.... The geographical position of Korea makes her inevitably a vital factor in the future of the Orient. We should make sure that in shaping her future we shall have a friendly and welcome part. It is not too late, but the time for decision is now!"*

I returned to my work in Syracuse, but not for long. My life from then on was to be entwined with Korea. And I would need all the skill I had to write rapidly and as well as I could.

CHAPTER 3

In the beginning was the word," according to the Gospel by St. John. Maybe so. A thing, anything, must be conceived in the mind, must pre-exist as a maningful symbol, before it can become reality. An ancient Chinese sage put it this way: "If you are going to Peking, you are already there." You understand your own feelings only so far as you can put them in words. You move others only as you can bring them to see a problem and to search for its solution phrased in words. Vague sentiments become realities when they are given form in words. "I love you" crystalizes a churning combination of feelings into meaning. Confucius summarized his life-long contemplation of human relationships by saying, as the conclusion of his *Analects*, "To know a man you must know his words." It is with words that we clarify our understanding of ourselves and of others. Meaning is created in words.

The kinds of meaning I have been concerned with are summarized in this chapter, largely as reviewers have summarized them. These comments, as they have appeared over the years, indicate what I have sought to do. The one central message that runs through them all is that changes are needed and that individuals can exert significant influence in guiding them. This is the faith that has animated my own life: "Be confident. You can do it."

From early childhood on through the passing years I have sought for the right words, rightly stated, to serve as my guide. And I have sought to use words to search out meanings for others. In the process I have written much.

"Too much," according to some colleagues who themselves have written little. "How can so much be good?" skeptics may ask. My response, spoken or unspoken, is always the same: "Why not estimate the worth of the books one by one, as book reviewers do?" In this chapter, this is what I will do. Afterwards, in the next chapters, I will speak for myself, to explain why and how the books came to be written and what I have tried to do in each of them.

The reviews have been many, most of them on the theme identified by Mark Hickson III, professor in the Mississippi State University, as he reviewed my *Communication and Culture in Ancient India and China*: "This book has long been needed and hopefully it will be the beginning of many similar works on other cultures' communications."

Earl W. Count, writing in the Winter 1971-1972 issue of *The Key Reporter*, calls this book "A broad and profoundly seminal treatise, from a widely known professor of speech arts who is well versed in the cultural traditions he considers." The *Bibliotheca Orientalis*, published at Leiden, in The Netherlands, a journal devoted to keeping Orientalists informed of publications worthy of their attention, in its January-March 1972 issue summarizes in detail the contents of my book, and comments:

> *Professor Oliver explores questions which are answerable only as oral communications are considered in relation to philosophy and social customs. How did ancient Indians and Chinese prior to the third and fourth centuries B.C. conceive the problems of human communication? What in their view were the personal and social effects of success and of failure in efforts to exchange understandings? What sort of communication systems interested them? Who were the principal rhetorical theorists and what different views did they hold? By examining cultures so different from the rhetorical strongholds of the West, what new ways of looking at rhetoric may appear?*

Dr. Robert W. Compton, of the University of Rochester, writing for his fellow teachers in *Asian History*, in its first issue of 1973, called the book "a pioneering effort; it offers the reader a re-examination of familiar ground from a totally new perspective. The potential of such an approach to history is seemingly great and yet it is seldom attempted, probably owing to the reticence of an expert in one field to move into unfamiliar territory." After noting that the book contains some historical errors, he concludes, "Nevertheless, the book is very well written and is well organized. Oliver is at his best in describing the role of rhetoric in both culture and philosophy." *Asian Affairs*, published in London, England, summarized its editorial judgment as follows: "Professor Oliver has had a very interesting idea. He compares the styles of rhetoric in ancient India and China to the rhetoric with which we are accustomed in the Western world, and by that rather narrow path he produces a vivid sense of the differences in objectives between these societies."

Henry W. Wells, in the Asian History department of Columbia University, wrote for *The Asian Student*, February 5, 1972, that "When in full swing Professor Oliver writes with admirable clarity and persuasiveness of his own. His comments are well documented, his notes and bibliography exemplary." His conclusion is that "Professor Oliver's view of Asian culture is both personal and thoughtful, never perfunctory. This is one of those rare instances in which a study nominally devoted to rhetoric has freshened up a panoramic view of civilization."

As I have noted early in this chapter, many of my academic colleagues think that both breadth and depth of understanding are not found together. Specialists who confine themselves to research on very narrowly defined inquiries may fear that generalizations must inevitably be shallow. The reviewer of this book for the March 1972 issue of the *Speech Teacher* found differently. "This book," he wrote, "is the speech communication field's entry into non-Western rhetoric. As such it may be as much a contribution to the field as Thonssen and Baird's *Rhetorical Criticism*. This book has long been needed and hopefully will be the beginning of many similar works on other cultures' communication." Otis M. Walter, of the University of Pittsburgh, in the fall 1972 issue of *The Quarterly Journal of Speech* agreed. "The significance of this book," he wrote, "lies not only in its careful exposition of the different rhetorics of India and China, but also in the way in which the study of these rhetorics might help Western rhetoric to shake off its provinciality. Professor Oliver's work may stimulate us to search other cultures for their implied rhetoric. Most of all, this work helps illumine the relation of rhetoric to culture and the effect s of culture on rhetoric."

The May 1982 issue of the Speech Communication Association's in-house journal, *Spectra*, carried an article on my work to introduce the study of Speech in Chinese universities. The article concludes, "Oliver's early interest in fostering the extension of speech teaching abroad is indicated in his three papers on 'Speech Teaching Around the World,' which appeared in the *Speech Teacher*, in March and September 1956 and in March 1958." Aside from writing about the need for such teaching, in 1956, I was appointed by the U.S. Department of State as an "Educational Consultant" to the various Australian provinces, and during the summer I traveled some 25,000 miles in Australia, giving about ninety lectures to educational gatherings. Unfortunately, or so it seems to me, my advice was little heeded.

During the summer of 1958, while I was working with Korea's President Syngman Rhee, he asked me to help in democratizing the society by writing for use in middle-school classes a short book to encourage and guide students in stating and promulgating their own opinions. I did so, and the result, *Effective Speech for Democratic Living*, was published in three separate editions—one in my English, another in a Korean translation, and a third that combined these two. It was published by the Ministry of Education and served as a textbook in Korea's classrooms for several years. When I returned home that fall, I rewrote the text to make it suitable for Americans and Prentice Hall published it. One of its earliest readers called it "Oliver's worst mistake." But it did not prove to be so. It was republished in eight editions and was used as a textbook in schools ranging from two-year community colleges to Yale University. Reviewers were generous in their evaluations of it. To Professor Merrill C. Christophersen of the University of South Carolina, it was "a short work which condenses the essentials of public speaking in their varied aspects, in such a way that an intelligent student of speech can gain a vibrant foothold upon the threshold of effective speaking." Lloyd I. Watkins, of Ohio University, wrote that "In slightly more than 100 pages he has produced a text which merits careful consideration." A widely experienced Speech professor, Seth Fessenden, reviewing it for *The Toastmaster Magazine*, wrote,

> *To deal with a complex subject adequately in a brief space is far more difficult than to write about it at length. Dr. Oliver is to be congratulated for the careful manner in which he has successfully condensed a large amount of material into a small space, yet kept the essentials of theory and method. The lack of elaboration permits the essential facts to stand out more clearly.*

For an example of still further condensation of complex material into still smaller space, readers may refer to my article on "Modern Public Speaking" in Funk and Wagnalls *Standard Encyclopedic Dictionary*, in any of its various editions. In some 6,000 words, I was charged by the editors to produce an authoritative, complete, and well-balanced depiction of why and how public speaking is important, of the factors involved in public speaking, of how to become an effective public speaker, and of how to make use of this skill. In addition to being informative, the editors asked that it be easily understandable and interesting to read. This was one of the most challenging writing assignments I have ever confronted.

What is the worth of book-review citations? If the reviewers happen to be friends of the author or desire some favor from him, obviously their favorable judgment is of little worth. But most of the reviewers I am citing are not my friends, or even acquaintances. Reviewers have their own reputations to maintain. They want to have their judgment respected and to do so they must exercise the best critical evaluation that they can. Moreover, all through modern history, critics and writers have been and are antagonists if not actual enemies. In general, critics are not themselves writers, and what reputation they may gain is likely to depend on their demonstration that they are smarter than the writers are. This is why favorable reviews are relatively uncommon. Even when they are, the reviewer generally preserves his objectivity, if not his superiority, by indicating how much better the book would have been if he had written it himself. It is for such reasons that I find these reviews gratifying and a stimulus to further writing. I am deliberately not citing them chronologically since, as a writer's reputation grows, reviewers can't avoid being influenced by it. With such caveats in mind, I return to scanning the reviews.

My *History of Public Speaking in America*, which Dr. Goodwin Berquist of Ohio State University hailed as "one of those rare books that should never be allowed to go out of print," was also greeted by Waldo W. Braden of Louisiana State University, himself well known as an historian of Southern oratory, as "excellent" and "most valuable." Dr. Ernest J. Wrage, widely honored as the dean of public-address teachers, recommended this book enthusiastically: "Robert Oliver's *History of Public Speaking in America*," he wrote to Allyn and Bacon, the publishers, with permission to quote him,

> *is the only distinguished treatment of his subject ever published. The author succeeds in characterizing and analyzing influential speakers while meshing them neatly with their historical settings. Mr. Oliver has assembled here a vast body of data on which he has imposed informed and perceptive interpretations. His lively style of writing makes the reading of his history a pleasurable as well as an intellectually rewarding experience.*

My brief (160 pages) 1961 *Conversation: The Development and Expression of Personality* was greeted with equal enthusiasm. Its first review, published in Springfield, Illinois, anonymously, read in full:

> *This book represents social psychology in action. In style, it is clear, personalized, non-technical and illustrated with the image every individual has of himself—his dreams and desires, anxieties and fears, strengths and weaknesses. Dr. Oliver offers a host of specific suggestions by which everyone can build from resources available to him a social personality—realized through conversational talk—that will help him to accomplish his reasonable goals. He shows the reader how to get inside himself, to analyze his own interests and abilities, to clarify his own goals. This is a book to be read and enjoyed, for its quality of lively talk. It is also a handbook to be worked with, for*

> *it asks of the reader an active program and process of continual self-improvement. It is a gift for the young and a guide for the mature.*

A business firm, Walter V. Clarke Associates, in Providence, Rhode Island, published in its in-house journal, June 1963, a recommendation of the book to its employees. "Written in a style that might better be described as a tone—the tone of lively talk," the message reads,

> *the book in an unobtrusive way is a handbook for the do's, don'ts, and musts of conversational give-and-take and of able public speaking. Dr. Oliver urges upon the reader what would seem to be his major premise: "Effective speaking is the means of releasing one's thoughts, of provoking intelligent response in others, which will in turn require thoughtful response. For development of conversational skill also teaches one to listen to what is really meant as people speak, and how to recognize and avoid speaking habits that limit effectiveness."*

Somehow the book attracted considerable attention. Three judgments that are typical may be cited. Dr. Waldo Phelps, of the University of California in Los Angeles, writing in *The Quarterly Journal of Speech* for the October 1962 issue, concluded:

> *This is a book to be enjoyed, for it has the quality of lively talk. This is also a handbook, for an active program of self-improvement is suggested. The style is clear, personal, and non-technical, and the theoretical concepts are illuminated in a series of examples. The book approaches conversation from a variety of standpoints. Following are examples: How we are judged through conversation; Why we value talk; How to enter conversation naturally; Characteristics of good conversation; Conversational types; How to listen; How to minimize, avoid, or change habits that limit effectiveness.*

An editorial in the *Advertiser's Digest* for February 1962, says, "This worthwhile book discusses problems which confront every individual." The theme of the book, to this reviewer, is that

> *Talk has two invaluable functions. It stimulates our minds by providing new ideas or by enabling us to explore and enjoy ideas we already possess. And it satisfies the great human need to establish contact, to bridge the gulf of loneliness, to bask in the warmth of companionship.*

In 1962, a particularly fruitful year for me, Dr. Dominick A. Barbara, a psychiatrist, and I collaborated in writing *The Healthy Mind in Communion and Communication*. It was dismissed by some of my own fellows in Speech as shoddy pseudo-psychology. Psychiatrists viewed it differently. An editorial in the psychiatric journal *Lumen Vitae*, in the first issue in 1964, reads in its entirety:

> *Out of the time devoted to inter-human communication "we spend about 9%*

> *of our total communication time writing, 16% reading, 30% speaking, and 45% listening," according to the authors. "When we speak, the rate of speech of most Americans is about 125 words a minute, yet we think four times as fast." Three short philosophical and psychological essays study in succession "purposive thinking," as a meeting place for the individual and society—"purposive listening" as a guarantee of mental health—and "purposive speaking" as a condition of the services each one should render to society to accomplish his destiny as man. The essays are clear, instructive, pleasant reading. They prompt reflection on the aims, means (often unconscious) of life in society. Humour is not lacking: "let us become aware that sometimes we speak because we have something to say, and sometimes because we have to say something." Religion only appears as a source of moral values. The authors' philosophy seems to be an easy eclecticism between some ideas of existentialist liberalism and psychological scientism.*

This may be deliberate ambiguity to avoid judgment. Not so, however, is the editorial conclusion in the January 1965 *Psychiatric Quarterly:*

> *This is a very fine little book, brimful of sound mental health precepts in a most significant area of human relations. It is simply and clearly written, with wide quotations from pertinent literary, philosophical and psychological sources.*

In chapter one I mentioned that I have had three careers, but did not identify them. They are closely enmeshed, so that they might well be only separate threads within a single career—except for the amount of time and effort devoted to each of them. For one, I was a professor of Speech Communication. As such I taught and administered programs in several universities and was sufficiently active to be elected as president of the Pennsylvania, Eastern regional, and National Speech Associations. Secondly, I worked steadily at a career of lecturing and writing, producing an abundance of both. And thirdly, I educated myself in Korean and general Asian affairs while serving as a consultant and publicist for the Korean government. My books and other writings on Asia, and specifically on Korea, total about as many as those on Speech.

The first of these books was a small volume, *Korea: Forgotten Nation,* published by The Public Affairs Press, in Washington, D.C., in 1944. It was reviewed favorably in the *New York Times,* the *Christian Science Monitor,* and in Moscow. It was also cited as "authoritative" in many periodicals. This was more than it merited, for in truth at that time I knew relatively little about Korea. But it served a purpose. The Pacific War part of World War II brought Korea into public awareness, and there was virtually no information about it available. My brief sketch of Korean history and detailed examination of its mistreatment by Japan became a reference source. I was careful to supply such relevant and reliable facts as I could, and until better books appeared later, my *Forgotten Nation* supplied a real need.

When the Korean War broke out on June 25, 1950, I gathered together the many articles I had published on Korea and its international relations, and with these as a guide wrote a book entitled *Why War Came to Korea.* Because there was so much eagerness to discover the right answer to this question, the *New York Times* listed it as one of the best nonfiction books of the year. Something like a hundred reviewers were attracted to it also, and reviews were published all across the country. Some of them called the book "controversial," for it dealt with mistakes made by the United States in prior years. The reactions of other reviewers resembled that of Robert Kelley, writing in the Kansas City *Star*, who wrote that I was "more familiar with and perceptive of" problems leading to that war than "any other white man." His comment led a Korean scholar, writing in *The Korean Messenger*, to add, "or any yellow man for that matter." This reviewer, Kyung Won Lee, pointed out that, "The prose is amazingly easy to read and rich in narrative suspense." Mr. Lee added, "This is a book that was not merely written but spun word for word with unveiling insight that none can match in this field." After calling the book "The uncrushable glowing sentinel that has emerged to brighten the darkening side of the war in Korea," he concluded, "To sum up the core of the Korean spirit, the author puts it this way: 'The Korean seems nurtured in the faith that he must work hard, be thrifty, and expect little—yet always be confident that by following this program he may be sure in the end to have enough.'"

Such praise is more than I could possibly merit. Yet it was all but overmatched in the review of my next book, *Verdict in Korea*, published in the *New York Times* for November 23, 1952, written by Robert Aura Smith, of the *Times* editorial board. After noting that "This is the fourth full-length book on Korea by Robert Oliver," he added, "and it is in some respects the most informative and the most moving of any of the analyses that have come to this reviewer's attention." He went on:

> *The pro-Korean aspect of this writing represents much more than a support of the Korean government, although Mr. Oliver…gives a fascinating picture of Syngman Rhee that is far from the widely accepted stereotype. The book gains its impact, however, from its feeling for the Korean people, not as subjects of a sociological or strategic study, but as individual human beings who are going through one of history's most terrible ordeals.*

Approvingly, he quotes my conclusion:

> *The Japanese could not extinguish their nationalism in a generation of occupation; the even more ruthless Communists in North Korea could not in their seven years of tenure. Their own government has found Korean people always quick to rise in protest and criticism against whatever policies proved unpopular. And even the final indescribable weight of the war, pressed down into their very villages and homes, has found them still resisting, still hoping and planning, even still laughing and jesting. They are a people of fine steel. No tribute can do them the justice they deserve.*

His review concludes:

> *There is an abundance of scholarship in this book and ample documentation, both statistical and otherwise. In that sense it is a technical work and a commendable one. But to many persons the warmth of its human approach will*

> *overshadow this technical excellence. Sharing in this approach will give us all a better insight into the real meaning of the Korean struggle and help us to arrive at a better "Verdict in Korea."*

In 1954 Dodd Mead and Company published my biography of President Syngman Rhee, upon which I had been working for several years. Its title is *Syngman Rhee: The Man Behind the Myth*. It was widely reviewed, for it was crowded with information that was otherwise not available. Most reviews made this point, but many of them also called the book "controversial," for it countered what Robert Aura Smith called "the widely accepted stereotype" of Rhee as arrogant and stubbornly uncompromising. For years after its publication, when I would meet a Korean, he would say simply, "I have read your book," as though it were the one that counted. For him to express an opinion of it, at least to me, would be, he seemed to think, disrespectful. When the book appeared, I was with the Korean delegation to the Conference on Korea and Vietnam, which was meeting in Geneva. The book brought me a continuing stream of discussions and interviews with some of the 1,200 newsmen who were registered to attend the conference. Instead of citing the generally similar reviews, I shall quote only what the publishers said about it:

What manner of man is Syngman Rhee? Men as diverse as President Woodrow Wilson and Douglas MacArthur have praised him highly. Prime Minister Nehru has frequently disparaged him. He has been called 'the problem child of the United Nations.' To General Van Fleet, who worked with him closely in the Korean War, he is 'worth his weight in diamonds.' Like many great men, he has had the capacity of arousing violent demonstrations and astonishing loyalty and devotion. He has become one of the storm centres of his age, a symbol, a magnet, a target, a prophet and a statesman.

The Man Behind the Myth proceeded promptly through five printings by Dodd Mead, and was republished in England by Robert Hale. It was twice translated into Korean, twice into Japanese, and once into Chinese. After it went out of print, it was restored to circulation by the Greenwood Press. It is undoubtedly my Korean book that is best known.

In my profession as Professor of Speech Communication, I continued to write books on Speech. One of them, *The Psychology of Persuasive Speech*, had the longest shelf-life of any of my books. In successive printings, it continued its textbook use for thirty-seven years, which, so far as I know, is a record. It has been extensively praised, and after its demise its resurrection has been frequently requested.

My next book on persuasion, entitled *Persuasive Speaking: Principles and Methods*, was published in 1950. In *The Southern Speech Journal*, Dr. Donald H. Ecroyd wrote of it: "Any teacher of public speaking would do well to read it carefully, and make use of the suggestive materials which Professor Oliver, from his background of scholarship, has synthesized for us." The *Central States Speech Journal* review declared, "This book will be heartily welcomed by teachers of courses in persuasive speaking," and concluded that *Persuasive Speaking* is "one of the most significant publications in the field."

Dr. Waldo Phelps, of the University of Southern California, reviewing the book for *The Quarterly Journal of Speech*, wrote:

> *Professor Oliver is already well known for his writings in the area of persuasive speaking. His widely read Psychology of Persuasive Speech will insure his newest book immediate attention— attention which is definitely well deserved. The opening sentence is an arresting clue to the vitality of Professor Oliver's approach, as well as to the fundamental importance of his subject: "Persuasion is influence." Three more sentences will bear quoting: "The truly persuasive individuals are those who represent in their own characters and personalities the best traits of the society in which they live. He who would master the art of persuasive speech must first of all master himself. For his influence will depend upon all that he is, in word, in thought, and in deed." There are three fascinating appendices: Brief Specimens and Critiques of Persuasion, Case Studies in Persuasive Speech, and Elements of Persuasive Speaking.*

In a long review of the book in *The Quarterly Journal of Speech* (February 1951), Dr. Elbert W. Harrington, of the University of South Dakota, seriously questioned whether the field of speech communication could truly have either depth or breadth. His views have been thoroughly disproved and dismissed in subsequent years, but what he says still may seem cogent to many of our academic colleagues in other departments. I shall quote from the review as a reminder of obstacles of disbelief which the profession had gradually to overcome.

> *In the Preface the author gives us his complete perspective. The present volume is one of three: Persuasive Speaking, "to serve the needs of a first course in persuasion, following an elementary course in public speaking"; The Psychology of Persuasive Speech (first edition, 1942), "to promote the basis for a more advanced study of motivation"; and Speech as Influence (forthcoming), "to provide an introduction to the conceptualization of various influential aspects of speech and to serve as an aid to research in the field."*

Interrupting Professor Harrington for a moment, I may report that the projected third volume was never written. Instead, I compressed it into a lecture delivered at the University of Houston on October 2, 1964. This lecture seemed cogent enough so that it was reprinted in its entirety by Robert Y. Guthrie, ed., in his *Psychology in the World Today*, 1963, and its section on "What Language Does To and For Us," along with the "Conclusion," by Richard Greenbaum in his edited volume *The Challenge of Psychology*, 1972.

Skipping Professor Harrington's listing of chapter headings, he went on:

> *As to its teachability, Persuasive Speaking will have an edge on The Psychology of Persuasive Speech. Some will complain that the correlation of theory and practice will be difficult; but on the whole the chapters are designed for assignment purposes, the exercises at the end of each chapter are useful and suggestive, the appendix materials can provide the basis for some lively discussions. The style has the same smooth, flowing quality found in the*

author's other books and articles. In the light of the wealth of examples and illustrations, students will find the book quite readable. Physically, it is put together well, the type is plain, and there are no pictures. Those who want a text in persuasive speaking would have a hard time finding a better one among present possibilities.

The question that bothers this reviewer most is about the purpose of such a text in college classes. The author now has two texts in persuasion, and he promises us a third. How many courses may we have in our rhetorical discipline, and what shall these courses be? If we continue this fragmentation process, where shall we end?

In the past administrators have questioned, and even yet question, the content value of our beginning courses. Too often beginning speech courses have been considered a snap, and the attention to theory was incidental. Strong texts for the beginning course have lately appeared, and we are in a position as never before to answer the administrators and present a good first course. Where do we go next? To one in persuasive speaking? To argumentation? To discussion? To advanced public speaking? To extempore speaking? To all of them one after the other and possibly to others? Can we present strong courses in all these areas to freshmen and sophomores, or even to juniors or seniors?

If to juniors and seniors, or even graduates, what becomes of other advanced courses such as theories of rhetoric, public address, teaching of speech, oral interpretation, each of which could be split into many separate courses? Then do we leave our students ignorant of courses in radio, television, dramatic art, voice science, pronunciation, and correction?

Two questions, at least, are posed by such a development. One is the proliferation of courses in general. One university recently counted nearly 4,000 courses, nearly 200 in one department. In the light of the relatively high cost of instruction in speech, can we afford courses with fine distinctions? The other question is the relationship of so many courses to the liberal arts tradition. That tradition calls for breadth of training, not a professional development. Most of our speech work will have to be developed within the liberal arts tradition. If in four years we permit a student to achieve a liberal training, the question is not how much speech he shall have, for the limit is set for us; it is what courses among many possibilities in speech shall he take.

Maybe we should resolve our question, so far as the strictly rhetorical discipline is concerned, and as I am told one of our old hands put it, by labeling the sequence of our beginning courses as speech, more speech, still more speech. We probably will not get very far by calling one part of our area "subject-centered" and another "audience-centered" (pp. 92, 93; see also index). In its finest traditions from Plato and Aristotle on, rhetoric has always been audience-centered. To neglect this point of view in any of our speech making or discussion courses is to teach logic or some other subject, not rhetoric. We may need more persuasion, not less, in all of our speech courses, but it is doubtful whether we need three separate texts in persuasion. How many do we need?

In the context of South Dakota in the 1950s, Professor Harrington's fear that our profession was expanding too rapidly and too far was justified. Reconsidering the question now, many of the sceptics would agree that such expansion has considerably enriched our field of study. In these days, "inter-personal" communication has become a major concern. Even courses in "intra-personal," or self-understanding, have been encouraged, if not actually initiated, by my *Healthy Mind, Conversation,* and writings in psychology. Serious students of existentialism, behaviorism, and cognition may doubt that my own writing in that field is genuinely psychological. They are the ones who also disparage the intertwining of psychology and philosophy by William James. Meanwhile, my additions to the field of speech communication have included "first" books in American and in British public address; development of the concept of acculturated rhetorics, rather than one that is indivisible; and introductory studies in Asian rhetorics. But to return to the purpose of this chapter, which is to explore the question of whether a good book can be written by the author of many, I shall call my *Leadership in Asia* to the witness chair. Professor William Kirkwood, of East Tennessee State University, in his review found the book to contain "a wealth of information and insight." But he makes clear it would be a better book if he had planned (and written?) it.

Sister Sharon Dei, of the College of Notre Dame in Baltimore, writing in the *International Journal of Intercultural Relations,* found that, "Without question this book stands alone in its field." She concludes her review by declaring that "Scholars of almost any discipline could mine it for a different perspective on persuasive communication and its role in nation-building."

Dr. Sung Chul Yang, reviewing a companion volume, *Syngman Rhee and American Involvement in Korea, 1942-1960,* for UNESCO's *Korea Journal,* May 1981, wrote that

> *Oliver's book illuminates the troubled times of Korean history with insight and lucidity. Above all, this volume is a valuable source book for those who want to understand the intricacies involved in founding a republic amidst domestic political conflicts and major-power rivalry.*

George Fox Mott, reviewing this book in *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science,* asserted that "There could be no more classic case study of such major political confrontations as we have today than this narration of events in Korea during the 20-odd years the book covers."

In 1962 my *Culture and Communication: The Problem of Penetrating National and Cultural Boundaries* introduced into the Speech field two new areas of study—diplomacy and cross-cultural communication. The first purpose of the book, as was properly noted by Dr. Donald A. Washburn, of Edinboro State College, in his review in the March 1964 issue of the *Speech Teacher* was "to suggest some directions we should follow in seeking to bridge the diversity of goals and methods which mark the nature of separate cultures." The second purpose was to describe "the new style of speaking that has become necessary in international affairs. Diplomats are 'puppets speaking to shadow audiences,' who must use a specialized language in which such familiar evils as card-stacking, euphemisms, ambiguity, hidden agendas, etc. are necessary tools rather than symptoms of semantic illness." This was my most deliberate effort to show that my two careers in Speech and in international affairs are critically united.

CHAPTER 4

By 1942 Korea was becoming inexorably a storm center of international affairs. Rhee's position in Washington, D.C., was tenuous. Officially, the Department of State was committed to the policy position that Korea did not exist. The peninsula was a part of the Japanese Empire. To recognize any claimant as a legitimate representative of the Korea people, let alone recognizing an "exiled government of Korea," State Department staff members told impatient followers of Dr. Rhee, would be matters postponed until the post-war settlement.

On January 2, 1942, Dr. Rhee went to the Office of Stanley Hornbeck, Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs, to meet with Alger Hiss, a special assistant to Secretary Cordell Hull. Rhee pointed out that Imperial Russia had a long history of reaching out for Wonsan, Korea's chief east-coast port, as an all-year warm-water opening into the Pacific. He went on to detail Communist support for Korean groups in Korea. He concluded that after the defeat of Japan, the Soviet Union would very likely seize Korea. The best way, if not the only way, to prevent this was for the State Department to take pre-emptory action by granting recognition to the provisional government as The Republic of Korea in Exile. He was prepared to go on to outline advantages to the United States of extending to Korea the same Lend-Lease aid that was to be granted to exile regimes in Europe. Hiss angrily interrupted him, saying he would not listen to charges against America's vital ally, which was holding down a large portion of the Nazi armies in the sieges of Stalingrad, Moscow, and Leningrad. Abruptly, he ushered Rhee out of the office.

State Department officials preferred to deal with Kil Soo Han, who claimed a large following of Koreans in Japan, who were in position to disrupt operations there, or with Yeungjeun Kim, who published a monthly periodical grandly entitled "The Voice of Korea." I was attempting to arouse public support for Rhee with a series of articles that expanded from *The Washington Post* to *The Philadelphia Forum*, *The New Leader*, and *World Affairs*. In June 1943, I published an article in *World Affairs* on "Korea—The Country America Forgot." It was coming to be remembered, though not as we wished. During the summer of 1943, President Franklin D. Roosevelt gradually formulated a policy that post-war Korea be placed under an international trusteeship. In early December of that year, Roosevelt met with Chiang Kai-shek and Winston Churchill in Cairo, Egypt, where they resolved that "Mindful of the enslavement of the Korean people, they were determined that, in due course, Korea will be free and independent." From Cairo, Roosevelt went on for a visit with Stalin in Teheran, where he proposed the trusteeship idea to Stalin, saying it might last for fifty years.

The Cairo pledge of freedom for Korea "in due course" meant little to Dr. Rhee. This escape clause could mean anything from five years to fifty, or even indefinitely. When Senator Guy Gillette of Iowa, acting on a request from Dr. Rhee, met with State Department officials on December 18 and 22 to plead for some kind of help for Korea, he was informed that any kind of recognition of Korea as sovereign "would be offensive to Japan." This, after Pearl Harbor! With official doors closed against him, Dr. Rhee spent hours playing *go* with Won Soon Lee and practicing his lifelong hobby of writing Chinese calligraphy. After I joined with him, his resources were so puny that he could not even afford the $25 cost of preparing a mimeographed appeal to members of the Congress.

A new strategy had to be developed. What it amounted to was that I would write as many articles on Korea as I could for publication. For those who wonder how it happened that I became a confidant and counselor to Syngman Rhee, this is the answer. For months that extended into years, my typewriter was virtually the only resource he had.

When the Food Conservation program was suspended, Dr. and Mrs. Rhee were invited along with my wife and me for dinner at the home of Dr. Paul Douglas, President of American University. In the midst of the dinner, with no preparatory discussion, Dr. Douglas abruptly asked me, "Would you accept a position in Speech in my university?" Startled, I replied with equal abruptness, "No, I am going to Syracuse." After an uncomfortable pause, our talk turned to world affairs.

On March 9, 1945, after I had left Washington to teach at Syracuse University, Rhee wrote to me in some excitement:

> *I enclose an article by Mrs. Roosevelt. It is the first time that anyone [in the administration] mentioned our provisional government. We wrote her a letter and asked if we could call and express our gratitude personally. We received a note the other day that she would see us on Thursday at 4:00 o'clock.*
>
> *We went to see her on Thursday and presented a copy of your book. We were prepared just to exchange friendly words, but she asked immediately, "Are you trying to get Lend Lease aid?" … Mrs. Roosevelt promised that she would talk with the President. She said, "I will surely tell him."*

The letter concluded, "I wonder if you could write a letter to her, commenting on her article. This is just a suggestion. I am rushing this letter off so that you may have it as soon as possible." Of course I wrote to her, and to my surprise got an immediate reply, dated April 9: "If you come to the Library at Hyde Park this summer, why not see me then? I will be there from the 18th of June."

Regretfully, I did not go—did not even answer her invitation. As indicated in preceding chapters, I was busier than at any other time in my life. I should have dropped everything else, but did not feel I could. Thus was missed what could have been a crucial advancement of the independence cause. It was probably the worst mistake I have made.

On that same April 9, Dr. Rhee wrote that he was preparing to go to San Francisco, where the United States was convening the organizational meeting of the United Nations. In obvious agitation, his letter read:

> *If the United States does not think the Koreans can do much fighting and therefore they do not think it worthwhile to give them any aid from the lend-lease funds, it must be taken into consideration that even a small gift of a paltry sum or even a few thousand rounds of small arms from the arsenal of democracy should be given to show fairness to the Korean people. Instead Korea is not included even among the co-belligerent nations. The Koreans are therefore officially enemies of the United States. And why?*
>
> *I better now stop this. The moment I begin to think about this injustice and insults, I lose my self-control. I really do not know what to do with myself.*

From San Francisco, on April 11, he wrote again to thank me for the "Case of Korea" pamphlet. And again, a month later, he wrote of plans to carry big advertisements for the pamphlet in two or three major newspapers, including a full-page ad in *The New York Times* for which he thought Koreans could raise as much as $3,000.

Meanwhile, Roosevelt's hope to make peace permanent depended on his winning cooperation from the Soviet Union. On May 14, Rhee sent a telegram to several friendly congressmen, saying in part: "President Truman [newly in office] has been informed of secret agreement at Yalta which turns Korea over to Russian domination. We are positive of our source of information of this agreement." In payment for this "information" from an anti-Communist Russian, the money previously raised for the pamphlet advertisement was used.

My reaction was agreement with Roosevelt's plan to win Soviet cooperation in making peace universal and permanent. Hopefully, this was to be the global pattern for the future. As a small segment of the complete pattern, Korea would be made to pay a disproportionately high price. It would be forced to accept subordination to Communism, as were the nations of Eastern Europe, and trusteeship as well. On this critical point, my views parted from those of Dr. Rhee. I was an American and a world citizen. He was, unabashedly, a Korean patriot.

Various Korean nationalist factions represented at San Francisco, with the encouragement and tacit aid of the Department of State, joined in a "United Korea Committee" that was expected to endorse cooperation to establish a coalition of nationalists and Communists in Korea. Dr. Rhee refused to agree to this, resigned from the committee, and returned to Washington.

Back in Washington, Rhee was bitterly condemned by both Department of State officials and by his Korean rivals. I flew down from Syracuse to try to persuade him that he must either join the coalition or lose his leadership in the independence movement. He replied that he realized I was probably right. Then he added, "Mrs. Rhee and I have talked it over. We would rather retire to a small chicken farm in Iowa than sell out Korea for our own advantage." I returned to Syracuse believing him to be wrong but with my view of him as a great man stronger than ever.

A new era was commencing in which, it quickly became clear, Soviet-American cooperation to make global peace was meeting major obstacles. Coalition did indeed mean surrender. Rhee was right. Eastern Europe proved it. When the atomic bomb made Japan's surrender imminent, Soviet troops began pouring southward into Korea. The Cold War was already taking form. America responded in Korea as best it could. Lt. General John R. Hodge was ordered to rush his 6th and 40th Infantry Divisions, from his XXIV Corps, from Okinawa into south Korea to discourage further Soviet advance. The United States had made absolutely no preparation for its Military Government of South Korea. When Hodge landed at the port of Inchon, he knew little of Korea except that it was a part of the Japanese Empire. Going ashore on September 6, Hodge announced, "So far as I am concerned, Koreans are the same breed of cats as the Japanese and I shall treat them the same way." The Soviets and the Americans entered their respective zones of Korea each in its characteristic way—the Soviets deceptively, the Americans bluntly. General Shtikov, the Soviet commander, leading his troops into north Korea, announced soothingly, "You the people of Korea! You have become a free nation. The military forces of the Soviet Union have provided all conditions for the people of Korea to start creative efforts freely." General Douglas MacArthur, with the American penchant for "telling it like it is," announced in his General Order Number One that "the administrative control of the area south of the 38th parallel rests with me and all residents in this area should obey orders bearing my signature." General Hodge cabled the Pentagon, "Under existing situation and policies the U.S. occupation of South Korea faces no success and is being pushed both politically and economically into a state of absurdly great difficulty."

This was the situation Dr. Rhee confronted when, on October 16, 1945, he returned to Korea. His return was far from easy.

For Dr. Rhee, the closing months of the Pacific War brought a mingling of hope, expectation, frustration, and anger. Mrs. Roosevelt did all she could for him, following their meeting. For March 12, she wrote in her syndicated newspaper column," "I had never met Dr. Rhee before, but a beautiful spirit shines in his face, and the patience which one feels his countrymen must have exercised for many years is evident in the gentleness of his expression." Dr. Rhee was by no means as patient as she supposed.

On June 11 he sent a memorandum to me and other friends concerning problems urgently needing solution. T. V. Soong was negotiating with the State Department, trying to insure establishment of the Provisional Government, headquartered in Chungking. Its leading cabinet members—Kim Koo, Kimm Kiusic, Kim Yaksan, and Cho So-ang—were all ready to accept the American plan that they form a coalition with the Korean Communists. Dr. Rhee felt strongly that the only available way to divert American acceptance of a pro-Communist quasi-government in Korea was to win American public opposition to it. Because of Soviet behavior in Europe, a wave of anti-Communist sentiment was rising strongly across the United States. On September 13 he wrote to me urging me to raise my sights as a writer: "Public sentiment has changed quite a bit and I wish you would try to have your articles published in one of the more popular magazines." He wished me to stress behind-the-scenes maneuvering to betray Korea in return for Soviet concessions elsewhere. As a post script to his letter, he added, "The enclosed memo suggests some ideas which we like very much to reveal to the American people. They should know some of the wrongs done to the Korean people without their knowledge." Dr. Rhee was anxious to get back to Korea before coalitionist policies became effective. He requested a passport, which was issued to him on September 5. He also requested a military permit to enter Korea, which General MacArthur promptly granted. However, when the Department of State noted that the permit was issued to Dr. Rhee as "High Commissioner from Korea to the United States," Rhee's passport was recalled. Delays multiplied concerning the route and means of travel for Rhee's return. Finally, on October 16, he was flown into Seoul on an American military plane. South Korea was in a dangerous state of confusion. The People's Republic was organized, headed by Hu Hun, a revolutionary evolving toward Communism, and Hu Hun demanded that the people obey it. Kim Koo issued a similar claim for the Provisional Government. By this time fifty-four political parties were registered with the American Military Government. General Hodge briefed his personnel with such observations as, "The Koreans are the Irish of the Orient, acutely politically conscious and ready to fight at the drop of a hat. My role was to lead in the fighting."

My own views were undergoing a swift transition. In my youth I had been sympathetic with socialism, thinking it the best way to mitigate the evils of poverty. "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs" was an appealing slogan. I never favored Communism. But in the late thirties, as the actions of Hitler, Mussolini, and Japan pointed toward global war, I sympathized with the Communist appeal that "workers of the world unite" and for "the withering away of the state." After we got into World War II, the Russians' heroic defense of Stalingrad, Moscow, and Leningrad were the only instances of effective fighting against the Nazis. I was also convinced that world peace would depend on Soviet-American cooperation. Hence, coalition seemed to me a natural and proper course to pursue. Dr. Rhee had to convince me, as well as the State Department and his own people, that "united front" simply meant surrender to Communist domination.

As world events continued to unfold, it was these events that did the convincing. In my judgment, "pro-Communism" or at least tolerance of the policies of the Soviet Union was understandable as World War II ended, and to some degree on through 1947. After that, such tolerance amounted to sheer stupidity. There was no longer room for it. Stalin by then had made clear his aim was world domination.

My work in Syracuse University continued to occupy virtually all my time. I worked in late evenings to complete my *Four Who Spoke out*, and I wrote a series of articles on Korea for *The New Leader*, beginning with "Korea: A People Betrayed" for its August 8, 1945, issue, followed by "Korea Must Be Independent: The Record of American Policy in a Strategic Area" (December 1, 1946), "The Korean Debacle: Testing Ground of US-USSR Relations" (March 23, 1946), and "Dr. Rhee: Strong Man of Korea," for the *International Digest*, May 1946. In addition, during this time and thereafter during his term as Observer for Korea at the United Nations and his later appointment as Foreign Minister, I was writing lectures for Im Pyong-Jik, or Colonel Ben Limb, as he was known in America, at the rate of at least one every month, and often two or even three monthly. This was also the year of my presidency of the National Speech Association. I had no need for further duties or responsibilities.

On December 17, 1945, Mrs. Rhee wrote me to say that Dr. Rhee wanted me in Korea to help him to deal with the Military Government. He hoped to get General Hodge to appoint me to some position that would provide free transportation to Korea and a salary sufficient to maintain my family back in Syracuse. As she explained, if I were hired by Koreans, my pay would be in Yen, which could not be converted into dollars. This was followed by a January 3 letter, written in Seattle on her way to Korea, in which she remarked that Dr. Rhee's relations with General Hodge had become strained. Already by that time the Cold War had definitely commenced. Even so, the US-USSR agreement, signed in Moscow on December 27, 1945, required the United States and the Soviet Union to work together to establish a trusteeship over Korea. Anti-Communist as America was becoming, "cooperate with Communism" was the guiding policy in Korea. A US-USSR Commission was set up to work for the re-unification of Korea.

Since the Soviet aim was to maintain its position in the north, and also to win control, if it could, of the south, agreement was impossible. The U.S. would have been glad to depart from Korea if it could. But to avoid an internationally disastrous defeat, we had to remain until a bulwark against further spread of Soviet influence could be established. Hodge had to work with the Soviets, though not at the cost of surrendering to them. When the Communists demanded that no Koreans could be "consulted" who did not agree to accept the trusteeship plan, Hodge rejected this demand; yet he had to continue to work with the US-USSR Commission. Dr. Rhee was adamantly opposed to trusteeship. So it happened that, as 1946 opened, Hodge pronounced Rhee "Our best friend in Korea," and before the year ended the two were so far apart that Rhee left Korea to protest against Hodge's conduct to the Department of State in Washington.

During the mid-winter, Dr. Rhee was largely incapacitated by illness. On February 23 he wrote to me: "I am now able to get out of the bedroom, where I have been confined for two and a half months." Shortly thereafter he set out on a campaign trip through South Korea, on the theme that it was as impossible to "cooperate" with Communism as it would be with cholera. He urgently called for immediate independence for Korea, likening its position between the Soviet Union and the United States to that described in an ancient Chinese proverb: "Shrimp are crushed in the battle between whales."

As early as September 19, 1945, Rhee had written to ask me "whether or not you can resign from the University and devote your time to our publicity work." My reply was that I could not leave my Speech profession and my family, but that I would continue to help him in whatever way I could. As the spring quarter was ending for Syracuse University, Rhee wrote that he had arranged with Mr. Kim Sun Soo, a wealthy textile manufacturer, to pay my travel and living expenses for the summer in return for a series of lectures in Posung College (now Korea University). There would be no American money available, but I was excited at the prospect of a summer in Korea, and my family would be able to manage. On June 3, the day of my arrival in Seoul, I wrote to my wife that "politically the situation is at a stalemate and things are moving very slowly for Dr. Rhee."

I quickly found that the college was operated far more democratically than are ours in America. Instead of being closeted with the president or a dean, I met with the entire faculty, where in animated discussion they decided how many lectures I should give, twenty-two, all on American history, for which I had not a single reference work and for which each lecture would have to be written out to expedite its translation into Korean. On the way to the college we had passed the home of the Rhees, a pleasant one-story, set in an acre or so of well landscaped grounds. The Rhees were down south, on a campaign trip. On June 12 I wrote home about first impressions I had picked up:

> *Monday morning I was picked up by Dr. Rhee's limousine and had dinner with him and Mrs. Rhee. Mrs. Rhee looks bad—very thin and more nervous than ever. She and Dr. Rhee are insisting that she go every place with him, and she insists that the Korean men bring their wives to whatever reception they attend. This violation of their customs, plus the fact that she is an Occidental, plus her nervous tension, all combine to make her generally disliked. She is fully aware of it, but is determined to carry on in the same vein. She feels that there is a chance to do a great deal to raise the status of Korean women and she means to do it. She urged me to refuse to attend any parties to which Keisong girls are brought but to insist politely that the wives of the men be present. She says that in the homes the Korean women are supreme—that they have more influence over their husbands than American wives do, consequently that the most important thing to do is to win the confidence and respect of the Korean wives. The husbands will then be herded along the right path! She says the women are already organized into political groups, and that given the chance they will be the real bulwark of the democratic system. She says she has infuriated men at meetings by insisting that the women be treated with deference and given the best seats. You can imagine her in action!*
>
> *Dr. Rhee is considerably stouter and looks better than ever. He has a surface calm that is easily broken. He is not sleeping very well, and easily breaks out into a wild pitch of excitement. He has a great function to serve as a symbol—and he is performing a service in that respect almost too great to be exaggerated. It is astonishing to see how the people rally to him. His speeches apparently are achieving overwhelming effects....*
>
> *Dr. Rhee tells me he wants me to be friendly with all sorts of Koreans, whatever their policies may be. And he asked me to say very little but simply to listen, smile, and say "Very good!" to whatever is said. That fits in with my desires to a tee, so I am relieved and pleased. I was afraid he would either want to insulate me from every one of whom he disapproved or want me to try to influence people to his way of thinking. As a matter of fact, he has absolutely no doubt of his ability to influence them unaided—and I must say he is doing very well!*

On June 23, I reported in a letter to my wife:

> *I rode up to Kaesong [with several AMG officers].... The roads were lined with people standing to welcome Dr. Rhee, although he would not be along for another three hours. I asked them if there were any other Korean leader who could draw crowds like that. "Hell no!" they said. "There isn't any other Korean leader! There isn't another Korean who could drum up a corporal's guard."*

Earlier, the day after I arrived in Seoul, on June 4, General Hodge summoned me into a conference with him and General Archer L. Lerch, his second in command. In a letter I wrote that day to my wife I said:

> *Both had set aside a lot of time to talk to me and seemed eager to see me. It is apparent that they both feel I can be either a great help or a great detriment. Then General Hodge turned to me and said very earnestly, "There is only one reason why we have let you come in to Korea. We hope you can exercise some control over Dr. Rhee. If you don't, his career is over and he may already have spoiled whatever chance we had to reach an agreement with Russia to reunite Korea. Dr. Rhee is so much the greatest Korean statesman that I could almost say he is the only one. But he never can have any place in a Korean Government unless he stops his attacks upon Communism."*

On July 8, I was called on by a Korean named Geuk Lo Kim, an engineer who was educated in the United States and who worked on railways and mines in both America and China. He had read in two Communist newspapers that I was a financier who came to Korea looking for investments! He was very disappointed when I told him who I really was. Then he went on to tell me very earnestly why the American Military Government was not working. Some of its officers in control of industries or such political units as cities or provinces were very able, some incompetent. In my July 8 letter to my wife, I reported: Mr. Kim said he "never has known one of them to hold a conference with their Korean counterpart department head except to tell him what to do and how to do it. If ever a Korean dares to speak up to express his own ideas, the officer simply thinks he has been unable to understand…so he sets to work to explain it all over again."

Mr. Geuk Lo Kim's reference to the story about me in the two Communist newspapers was confirmed two days later, when General Hodge asked me to come to see him. He asked me if I knew of any way in which the editors might have gotten such an idea. When I told him it was all a mystery to me, he sent me over to talk with General Lerch. Lerch had called in the editors of the two papers to ask how they had gotten so false an idea. They explained that they had no information about me, but that they were sure Dr. Rhee had to be corrupt and I must be, too, so they invented what they reported to make the "corruption" clear to their readers. Lerch asked them to print a retraction and an apology.

But it is not easy for the truth to overtake a lie. A couple of days later I greeted a Korean friend as we passed on the street. He looked at me in surprise and said, "I thought you had left Korea several days ago." When I asked why he thought that, he replied that the Communist story had been copied in other papers and that it concluded with the statement that General Hodge had found my financial dealings so detrimental to Korea that he had abruptly ejected me from the country. I had another talk with Lerch, in which he arranged for me to see his legal counsel. The counsel urged me to instigate a libel suit against the Communist papers, which he had been trying to close and needed a specific case. He assured me I could win the libel suit, but added that it might require me to remain in Korea for another six months or so, so no suit was filed.

On July 18 and 19, I had two social meetings that were very cheering. The first was with a Dr. Williams, Professor at Columbia University, who was on assignment with the army as historian of the military government. We found ourselves in agreement concerning all the aspects we talked about, confirming that the impressions I was forming were sound. The next evening I spent with a Colonel Green, who was public relations officer for the AMG. He told me that polling of the public showed that Rhee was favored by 70% of those polled. But since this did not fit in with the policy line and AMG must get along with the Communists, this poll figure was not allowed to be published. He also said that nowhere had the Communists received more than 21% of the vote in local elections, and that this fact, too, was kept out of the newspapers since AMG policy was to convince the Russians that South Korean Communists were being treated equally with non-Communists. It is no wonder that Rhee was emotional! But he didn't know these specific facts, and I was pledged not to tell him.

On July 20, my evening was spent with Professor Pyun Young t'ae, who had been one of my interpreters for the lectures at Posun College. Speaking of Korean reactions to the US-USSR Commission meetings, he said, "We are sitting under the sword of Damocles without partaking in his feast. We ask in the name of all that is decent, what have we done, after all, to earn this mean, creeping, crocodilian form of slavery called trusteeship?" He went on to categorize the Koreans who supported trusteeship as in one of three groups: (1) Communists and Soviet sympathizers, (2) Japanese collaborators, and (3) self-seekers who sought such advantages for themselves as they could get by toadying to AMG officials.

In the morning of July 27, I was picked up and taken to the meeting of the Democratic Representative Council, a group serving as advisory to General Hodge. I was received with a big burst of applause, and when I left, several of the members followed me out into the hall. One of them, a woman, amid flowing tears, said she had had no word from her family members who were stranded in North Korea. She begged me to ask the American people to expel the Soviets from Korea. I wished there were some way to convince these people of how little influence I had. If only they could get to the United States to tell their story themselves.

On August 1, the Rhees had me, Mr. and Mrs. Kimm Kiusic, and Mr. and Mrs. Kim Koo for a farewell dinner in their home. As always, Dr. Rhee was a good host, unselfconscious, good-humored, and an adept storyteller. He was a good listener, flatteringly attentive to what was said and quick to respond with a chuckle or a quizzical expression when pleasantries were uttered. Kim Koo remained quietly impassive; Kimm Kiusic encouraged Rhee to talk on. The three ladies smiled and said little.

The next day I went by train down to Pusan to spend a week. The next evening I spent with the top officials in the military government there. They expressed much the views I had formed, except that Colonel Benton, governor of the province, said he thought the Communists would win an election there. In a later discussion with members of Benton's staff, none of them believed the Communists could win more than 15% or 20% of the vote. On August 14, I boarded the S.S. *Williams Victory*, a troop ship, for the return home. Now my job was to digest what I had learned and pass it on through speeches and writings.

My "digested views" began appearing in various periodicals, as follows: "Letter on Korea: A Brave People Being Bled," *Washington Daily News*, November 29, 1946; "Russian-American Conflict in Korea," *New Leader*, in two parts, December 21 and 28; "Divided Korea: Its Economic Resources, Potentials, and Needs," a pamphlet published by The Citizens Conference on International Economic Union, 1947; "The

Tragedy of Korea," *World Affairs*, Spring 1947; "Korea: The Key to Peace in the Orient," a lecture, in *Vital Speeches of the Day*, March 15, 1947; "Korean Tug of War," *The Spectator*, London, May 23, 1947; "The Case of Korea," *Army and Navy Union News*, June 1947; and "Sham in Korea," *The Washington Post*, July 30. The articles continued, on and on through the months, written at an average rate of at least two a month.

The situation in Korea became increasingly critical during the last half of 1947, and soon writing became the least part of my work.

CHAPTER 5

For a full interpretation of the founding years of the Republic of Korea, two questions require answers. The first is: What did it mean for Korea to have as a close associate and adviser to the president of Korea a foreigner--an American? Restated, did it mean, as Communists have always charged that Syngman Rhee was "a puppet of American imperialism?" Restating it once again, did it mean that Korean policies and practices were shaped in America, for American ends, instead of in Korea to serve the needs of Koreans? The second question is: Why and to what extent, did President Rhee and other top officials depend upon the services of a foreigner. Couldn't they stand four square upon their own feet? Such questions are of basic historic importance. In the 1945-1960 years, what, for Korea, did independence really mean?

In answering these questions, it is necessary to define my own role in Korean affairs, as an American serving the Korean government during a period in which the national goals of the two governments were so diverse as to be contradictory, and when their relations were sharply controversial. Is it possible to serve two contentious masters? To put it bluntly, could I have been both a loyal American and a loyal advocate for the Republic of Korea? I shall set forth the relevant facts as fully and as candidly as I can, so that others may form their own evaluations.

How did it happen, then, that I "left the field of Speech," as some of my colleagues felt? The answer is, "accidentally," much as I entered it. Earlier I have told of my first meeting with Dr. Rhee, for lunch in Scholl's Cafeteria in Washington, D.C. He was sixty-nine and I thirty-five. What we had in common was our academic backgrounds and our devotion to lost causes. Rhee had been imprisoned for seven years in Korea, during his twenties, for his efforts to democratize the ancient Korean monarchy. After his release in 1904 he came to the United States, where he earned a B.A. degree in George Washington University, in two years, He went next to Harvard University where he earned his M.A. in European history. Then, in two more years, he earned his Ph.D. at Princeton, in Political Science, while becoming a friend of Woodrow Wilson. He was a true intellectual, and probably the world's best educated national leader. I was drawn to him both by his abilities and his dedication. He was eloquent and he was convincing.

Over the luncheon table Dr. Rhee poured out a stream of deeply felt difficulties experienced by the Koreans since their first treaty with the United States in 1882 had "opened" the ancient Hermit Kingdom to the outer world. What happened to Korea was that it became a prize (because its peninsula was "the strategic heart of northeast Asia") sought by China, Russia, and Japan. Japan, in particular, frankly and even fiercely debated whether to "Conquer Korea!" The United States had promised in its treaty with Korea that it would exercise its friendly services if another country threatened Korea. This was a promise that was conveniently disregarded when Japan, after defeating both China and Russia, increasingly dominated Korea, resulting in announcement of a Korean Protectorate in 1904 and annexation of the peninsula in 1910.

For an hour or more Rhee continued his dramatic account of the cultural integrity of the four thousand year old Korean nation and of its tragic entanglement in the toils of imperialism. He concluded by telling of his own selection in 1919 as president of the exile government of the Republic of Korea and of his conviction that the United States, as part of its dual program of winning the war and of seeking to establish lasting global peace, should do what it had resolutely failed and even refused to do as yet--that is, to grant to the exiled Republic of Korea the same recognition and the same grant of lend-lease funds that it gave to exiled European regimes. With such aid the Korean people could contribute directly to the defeat of Japan, and after the war a free Korea would help to stabilize the contentious relations of Japan, China, and Russia.

Rhee had enormous forensic ability. His voice was warm and resonant, his facial expressions and gestures reflected deep feeling, and his narrative portrayed a wholly believable repeated betrayal of Korea and an urgent need for restoration of its freedom both as justice to its own people and for its vital value as a stabilizing factor in Asia. He further explained that a small start toward Korea-American cooperation had already been made, as the U.S. War Department had appointed Colonel Preston Goodfellow to work with him in selecting one hundred young Korea-American men to be trained and infiltrated into Korea to sabotage Japanese transportation. The north-south Korean railroad, he explained, went through numerous tunnels, because of the mountainous terrain, that could readily be bombed by Korean groups if only they had the resources available from the lend-lease program. The immediate problem he explained was that such a grant to Korea was blocked by the State Department, which doubted Rhee's leadership role, which found his anti-communism a threat to cooperation with the Soviet Union, and was deeply committed to the view that led Theodore Roosevelt in 1904-05 to accede to Japan's dominance of the peninsula--that the Koreans were innately incapable of independence.

I had never been a political activist, but I had strong reformist feelings, based on the conviction that a wide range of social and political ills were in urgent need of change. Moreover, as a devoted writer, I was receptive to an invitation to write in support of what seemed to be greatly in need of redress. I felt no repugnance in advocating a foreign claim against what it seemed was grievous injustice to which my own government was acquiescent and for which it seemed at least partially responsible. My own feelings were strongly reinforced by publication shortly thereafter of a newspaper commentary by the recently resigned Under-Secretary of State Summer Welles, in which he declared: "With the restoration of Korean independence, one of the great crimes of the twentieth century will have been rectified, and another stabilizing factor will have been added to the new international system that must be constructed in the Pacific." My convictions were further strengthened by the declaration at Cairo by the heads of China, Great Britain, and the United States that, "Mindful of the enslavement of the Korean people, the aforesaid three great powers are determined that in due course, Korea shall be free and independent." With such reinforcement of what Dr. Rhee had told me, I saw no conflict of loyalties in strongly advocating reform in Washington of Korean policies that appeared to be diametrically wrong.

I was attracted to Dr. Rhee and to doing whatever I could for Korea by the apparent justice of the cause and by his attractive personality. Very soon I became aware that there were rival claimants for leadership--especially Kim Yeungjeun, whom I met and instantly disliked for what seemed his arrogance and total lack of any cooperative spirit, and Han Kil-su, whom I never met but who appeared from his actions to be sly and manipulative. It wasn't until the spring of 1947 that I met Philip Jaisohn, in his office in Media, Pennsylvania when I went there to plead with him to become again active in advocacy for Korea, as he had been notable in 1884, in 1996-1897, and in 1919-1920. He stared at me, while lolling back in his chair, with a fixed expression while I urged my plea. Then he sat erect behind his physician's desk and said coldly, "Dr. Oliver, we Americans don't care what you Koreans do." Once and for all, I concluded, Dr. Jaisohn had resigned from his long fight for Korean independence and democracy. In contrast Dr. Rhee had surmounted the deeply disappointing failures of 1897, of his seven-years imprisonment, of the failure of his 1905 mission to seek President Theodore Roosevelt's help, of the futile ending of the March First Independent Movement in 1919, of the rejection of Korean claims by the 1922 Washington Disarmament Conference and by the League of Nations in 1933, and of the pulverizing continuance of Japanese rule and of American indifference to it. Rhee has often been denounced as "stubborn." To me, his persistence in the face of such prolonged discouragement was proof that his principles were soundly based and steady.

Why Dr. Rhee was attracted to me may seem more mysterious. We were far apart in many ways. I was 34 years his junior. He was in outlook and in experience a citizen of the world. As a native Oregonian I was used to viewing the future as inclusive of the lands across the Pacific Ocean, but my knowledge of history went little beyond some background studies in American and British cultures. What we did have in common was twofold: for one, our academic backgrounds, and secondly our crusading determination to do what we could to rectify wrongs. Rhee had earned a B.A. from George Washington University, an M.A. from Harvard, and a Ph. D. from Princeton. I knew of no other political leader anywhere who was as well educated.

Moreover, Rhee had spent more than two decades as head of a school in Hawaii. My own lifetime had also been academic. We were used to discussing issues and to trying to understand them rightly.

The first serious ghostwriting that I did for Dr. Rhee was in late December of 1946. He flew to Washington to protect the appointment by General John R. Hodge of forty-five members of the new Interim Assembly, from a list drawn up by Kim Kyu-shik, to counter the majority Rhee had won in the election. Upon his arrival, he telephoned to ask me to come down from Syracuse to help him present his case to the State Department. I remained with him until mid-January, when I had to return to Syracuse to finish the semester's work with my classes. Then I took a leave of absence from the university and moved to Washington. My salary was set at $10,000 a year. When war broke out in Korea, I voluntarily reduced it to $6,000; when the war ended Dr. Rhee raised it to $12,000, at which level it remained until termination in October, 1960.

My position was ambiguous. I never was an employee of the ROKG. However, Dr. Rhee gave me credentials, written in both Korean and English, which the United States and its allies accepted, making me (uniquely, so far as I know) a quasi-ambassador of a nonexistent foreign government. In English, the credentials read as follows:

IN THE NAME AND BY AUTHORITY
OF THE KOREAN PEOPLE'S REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLY
I, Syngman Rhee, Chairman
By virtue of the authority in me vested
do hereby make and appoint
Robert T. Oliver
ADVISOR TO THE KOREAN DELEGATION IN THE UNITED STATES
GIVING AND GRANTING TO HIM FULL POWER AND AUTHORITY
To Discuss Matters Affecting Korea
All Persons Are Requested to Give Full Faith
To His Acts and Words
and Need Not Look Beyond These Credentials
Done this tenth Day of September, 1947
In the National Year of Korea
Four Thousand Two Hundred and Eighty

It was signed by Rhee and stamped with both his seal and that of the Assembly.

Thus until 15 August 1948 I was not only a ghostwriter but also held the anomalous position of representing a quasi-government that was not my own. With the credentials I was enabled to visit officials of the State Department at any time I wished. On occasion I used the credentials for appointments in the War Department and with the Canadian ambassador in Washington and prime minister in Ottawa. My authority to speak for Korea was never questioned. The nature of these meetings varied considerably, depending on whether the officials were pleased with Rhee, when I was treated very graciously, or displeased when I was treated very brusquely and warned that Rhee simply must be more cooperative.

General Hodge, who was deeply resentful of my criticisms of him and of the American Military Government, refused to allow mc to enter Korea for the presidential inauguration. However, Dr. Rhee asked me to draft his inaugural address, without giving me specific instructions as to its content. When I sent my draft to him, he radioed corrections of two or three sentences and then charged me to release the text to the press at noon on 15 August. Of course I did so--but the draft I prepared was not delivered. Instead, overcome by emotion, President Rhee spoke chiefly of his long fight for Korea and of his gratitude to friends along the way. So far as I know, the only copy of the "official" speech is the one I included in a new textbook that I was preparing, in collaboration with Dallas C. Dickey and Harold P. Zelko, entitled *Communicative Speech*, published in New York by the Dryden Press. I prefaced the speech with this note: "The following speech has several special characteristics that should be carefully noted. In the first place, as an inaugural address, its, primary aim is to establish a lasting influence through the statement of basic policies to which the new government is dedicated. For this reason, the number of main ideas is greater than would normally be included in so short a speech. The style is both formal as befitting the solemnity of the occasion and emotional, to stimulate the loyalties of the people. Note the general tone of conciliation, especially appropriate to the conclusion of a political campaign during which differences and divisions have been accentuated. Note also the appeal of the speaker to the worldwide 'climate of opinion.'"

The speech represents as best I could the fundamental convictions of President Rhee as I understood them. In accepting the draft, Dr. Rhee affirmed his own dedication to the stated goals. His absolute dedication to the principles set forth in the speech I never doubted. They depict also convictions of my own which led to my continuance over the years as Rhee's spokesman, defender, and counselor. It is these principles that characterize the way I remember him still.

At this distance in time I cannot specify completely all the ghostwriting I did for him. In September of 1949, with his approval I accepted appointment as Professor and Head of the Department of Speech in Pennsylvania State University; and with approval by Penn State I maintained my office in Washington, D.C., first known as The Korean Pacific Press and afterwards as The Koreans Research and Information Office. Every summer, after my academic duties were completed, I flew to Seoul to work closely with him. During the other months we conducted a very detailed correspondence, selections of which are published by the Korean National Committee for the compilation of Historic Documents, volumes 28-37.

Frequently he asked me to resign from the university to remain in Seoul to be with him. During this period, with @cal generosity of spirit, he would introduce me by saying, "This is Dr. Oliver, who helps me to say what I want to say in ways that keep people from getting mad at me." With infrequent minor changes he accepted what I wrote for him, sometimes with the complaint, "You always draw my claws."

On one important occasion I did not get approval for drawing them sufficiently. This was in October 1951, when he sent ambassador Kim Yong-shik to head the Korean delegation to the first Korea-Japan Conference m Tokyo. On leave from Penn. State I was remaining that fall in Korea. President Rhee had personally prepared a speech draft for ambassador Kim to deliver at the opening session of the conference. Reluctantly he yielded to pleas by me and by Kim to allow me to revise it. His detailed denunciations Japan I reduced to a single short paragraph, simply making the point that history cannot be forgotten and that Korea must have an apology from Japan for abuses during the colonization period. The Japanese delegation in sharp anger walked out, ending the conference. Its American "sponsor," whose name I do not remember, called me into his office and denounced me for inclusion of the crucial paragraph. "What I wish," he said, "is that we had a better American working with Rhee." I told him he did not know how much he had to be grateful for and we parted in mutual resentment.

Before, during, and after the war there were many drafts to be prepared--partly pleas to American officials for more armaments, on the theme that "we are not after a large army, a large air force, or a large anything. We only want to obtain forces in each branch of the military service which will be adequate for our defense." During the reconstruction period after the war, the drafts needed were demands that aid funds be used in a way to rebuild Korea, rather than merely to sustain the people with supplies bought in Japan to enable the rebuilding of its factories. Both types of requests were rejected. The American government refused to strengthen Korea's military (until after it was placed under U.S. command) lest Rhee use it to renew the war, and when he asked for aid funds with which to "rebuild Korea with Korean labor to fulfill Korea's needs," this plea was interpreted as meaning, "Give us your purse to spend as we will." It was obvious that Korean dealings with Washington were not very effective--whoever drafted the documents.

The war brought Korea sharply to American and world attention and in consequence President Rhee was invited to make many speeches by radio--to such groups as the U.S. Council of Mayors, veterans organizations, etc. He accepted as many as he could and always asked me to draft them for him. He read them into microphones with dramatic effectiveness. Had he so chosen, he could have had a career as an emotionally moving actor. Requests came also for him to write articles for American, German, and other foreign periodicals, and these he also had me draft. Changes in the text were seldom needed since his theme was invariable: the war must go on until Korea is reunited.

When in 1954 he came to the United States to address a joint session of the Congress, he brought a speech draft with him that he had himself written. He flatly rejected my persistent pleas to be allowed to read it and to make any needed revisions. During delivery of the speech he was interrupted thirty-two times by applause and standing ovations. Obviously, as a doughty patriot and heroic leader of his people he was highly regarded. But in the long run the speech did him great harm. In it he characterized the refusal of the U.N. allies to fight on until communism was defeated as being both wrong and timorous--much the same message for which General MacArthur was fired. Never after it did the Washington administration give him full confidence or respect. Instead the War Department made contingent plans for an "Operation Ever-ready," to take Dr. Rhee into custody if he became obdurately unmanageable.

> *After his return to Seoul and when I arrived there he greeted me with the admission. "Dr. Oliver, that speech is the worst mistake I ever made in my life." This near-apology displayed the depth of his generosity of spirit, for both of us were recalling my efforts to revise that address in order to "draw his claws." On that tour of America he gave speeches in Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Honolulu, along with some other stops. These speeches he had allowed me to revise "to keep people from getting mad at him."*

During his latter years in office the aid program was the central focus. Differences between Korean and American policies were fully as vital at they were during the war. The U.S. aim was to "get two dollars of benefit from every dollar spent for Korea," which in practice meant that the funds should be used for what the U.S. Congress would not approve--that is, to rebuild Japan as the principal stabilizing force in Asia. Through "special Procurement Orders," the United States purchased from Japan for Korean aid goods worth an annual average during 1951-53 of $746,000,000--amounting to roughly two-thirds of Japan's total exports during the period. Koreans received the benefits in food, clothing, medicines and housing, all supplied from Japan. Rhee's protests emphasized the theme that Korea as a sovereign nation must have the final decision on how the aid funds were used. But his objections to "relief instead of rebuilding had to be muted for two reasons: first, the needy Koreans naturally were interested most of all in getting immediate satisfaction of their needs; and, second, overt objections to American management of the aid program risked the danger that all aid could be cut off.

President Rhee was in the anomalous position of receiving huge amounts of American aid, while he felt constrained to fight as hard as he could against this basic aid concept. On the surface, that is publicly, in the arena in which speeches are made and interviews are conducted, he had to radiate gratitude and happiness; otherwise, Congressional support for the aid funds (which was marginal) would have evaporated. But in his negotiations over the aid, he was deeply and directly belligerent. In concrete terms, in November 1951 he set forth his own principles:

> *To the largest extent practical Korea should be reconstructed from Korean resources, by Korean labor, through Korean initiative.*

Then he specified his priorities: restoration of 600,000 homes that had been destroyed; reopening of coal and tungsten mines; development of hydro and steam-generated electric power plants; restoration of factories to produce shoes and textiles, fertilizers, rayon, cement and glass; rebuilding of fish canneries and creation of ship-building yards, heavy industries and machine tool plants. After this the priorities should be on restoring thousands of city blocks of wrecked buildings, construction of new apartment centers, and reconstruction of schools, government buildings and office buildings. Also urgently needed was the dredging of rivers, reforestation of the denuded mountainsides, and conduct of irrigation, flood control and farmland reclamation projects. The United States, insisting that those who provide the funds must manage their expenditure, kept to its direct relief programs, which were most easily sold to the American public, which most immediately led to the restoration of Japan, and which produced most quickly life-saving results,. As a client state, the ROKG could fight for its own program by available means, but must gratefully accept what was offered it. From the public relations viewpoint, the situation was a disaster. General Mark Clark, in his book on the Korean War, summed up the prevalent public and official view of Korea's worldwide allies: "Tough old Syngman Rhee" was "as exasperating an ally as anyone could have." Neither Dr. Rhee nor I could discern any role for ghostwriting in dealing with this problem. He had no disposition to "have his claws drawn" and I had no amelioration to suggest. Ghostwriting has its own limits; there is very much it cannot do.

The same is true for counselors or advisers. It is the executive who has to make the decisions and who has to abide by the results. The torrent of abuse that was heaping upon President Rhee was nothing I could divert. I could not counsel him to avoid seeking what he esteemed was best for Korea, nor could I abate his battling for it against all odds. The limited role of counselor was always clear to President Rhee and he made it clear to me. When Pyon Yong-t'ae was Foreign Minister and in the summer of 1955 I spent virtually all my time working with him, on one occasion he yielded to very heavy American pressure to approve a measure President Rhee had ordered him to resist. Together we went to Kyong Mu Dae and I waited while Minister Pyon went into President Rhee's office. In a few minutes he emerged white and shaking and in a choked breath told me, "I've been fired." It was my turn to go in and as I stepped inside the office I exclaimed, "I resign!" "What do you mean?" President Rhee said sternly. "You have just fired Pyon," I explained, "for doing what I advised him he could not avoid doing."

"Don't be foolish," President Rhee said. "Sit down and let's get to work. Your situation and his are very different. As minister it is his duty to carry out the government's orders. As adviser, it is your duty to give such advice as you think best. That is all there is to it."

As the fourth presidential election neared, I ventured to advise Dr. Rhee that he should not run for reelection but should retire to the pleasant and honorific role of Elder Statesman, leaving the heavy burdens of office to someone else. "This is what I cannot do," he told me gravely. "If I don't run, either Cho Pyong-ok or Chang Myon will be elected. Neither of them has the courage to stand up for Korea's interests against American pressure. Neither of them has the qualities required for presidential leadership. I have to keep on." Probably he was right. Maybe he was wrong, but if he was, so are most other people. If he was wrong to keep on in office, so were his leading contemporaries: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Churchill, De Gaulle, Adenauer, Franco, Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tze-tung. It is easy to feel that there is more to be done that only "I" can do. Leaders who have a strong sense of responsibility (and also their share of egoism or vanity) seldom if ever find it easy to give up. In this Rhee was not solitary or unusual but normal.

Over the years 1942-60 I also did ghostwriting for various other Korean statesmen. Pyon Yong-t'ae, who was proud of his own writing abilities, never invited or allowed me to draft any speeches or other documents for him, excepting his terminal speech at the Geneva Conference, presented on June 5, 1954. We held long and detailed discussions concerning its contents. After I drafted the speech, he carefully revised it.

My most extensive ghostwriting was for ambassador Im Pyong-jik (Ben C. Limb) during his ten-year tenure as the Korean Observer at the United Nations. Before, during, and after the Korean War he received many invitations to speak to public audiences in New England and the Central Atlantic states. Ambassador Im was an excellent extempore speaker (without a manuscript) and was especially effective in the spirited question-discussion period following a speech. Nevertheless, since he was determined not to deviate from basic Korean policies, and since he eagerly wanted to adapt his speeches to the interests of his specific audiences, with appropriate references to American and local history, he always asked me to write them for him. The instructions he gave me were limited to the date, place, and audience for each speech. After his return to Korea he published a selection of these speeches, without reference to their origin.

Two more instances concerning ambassador Im will further clarify the role of ghostwriting. On June 18, 1947, while relations between Dr. Rhee and the American government were especially difficult, Im sent to Rhee a long letter, undoubtedly drafted for him by attorney John Staggers and news reporter Jay Jerome Williams, with whom both Rhee and Im had several years of close association. Dr. Rhee sent me a copy of the letter, along with his plea that I do my best to restrain Im from making unwise decisions. The letter is published in full in my *Syngman Rhee and American Involvement in Korea*, pp. 107-1 10. Rhee's note to me reveals not only his concern about Im but also his difficulty in finding adequate personnel.

In its entirety it reads as follows:

> *The enclosed copy of Ben's wire has upset me and I set aside everything this evening to write this letter, with the request that you take it up with Ben and*

> *have him agree not to send any more cables or letters without consulting you first. The fact is that he is too simple-minded and unsuspecting, so that he tells what he sees and hears without stopping to think what effect it will have on this end. Thus he spoils unwittingly what we have achieved by our "psychological warfare." We need someone in Washington who is clever enough not to play into the hands of those who are working against us. But I really don't know who can do it.*

The following instance is a rather peculiar incident, both in ghostwriting and in my relations with ambassador Im. In a sense I "used" him to advance a cause of my own. I had published a series of articles on the uses of public speaking in diplomacy and it occurred to me one day in 1956 that my effort to attract attention to this important field of study would be aided by commentary.from a diplomat himself. With assurance that ambassador Im would welcome anything that cast favorable light on his career, without his permission or even consulting with him about it, I drafted an article entitled "Speech: The Life of a Diplomat," which was published as by Im Pyong-jik, in February, 1957 issue of *The Quarterly Journal of Speech.* When I sent to Im a copy of the published article he was indeed gratified and quickly came to believe that somehow it was his own production. He sent copies of it to all the diplomats serving at the United Nations and to many others. In a Spanish translation of it, which he procured, it was widely circulated in Latin America. This incident surely reaches well beyond the normal functions of ghostwriting. I was confident that it would not be in anyway hurtful to Korea and that in some degree it might even be helpful. Ambassador Im and I never discussed it. But he treasured the article as one of his distinctive achievements.

At long distance, I ghosted a single standard speech for the Korean ambassadors to France (for Yi Song-su) and to Italy, for Kim Hun. Each of them explained to me that they were from time to time invited to speak to general audiences and needed to have ROKG policies depicted in terms appropriate to the nationality of the audiences. Similarly, I ghosted occasional speech drafts (only two, three, or four) for ambassadors, Yang Yu-ch'an and Chang Myon, in Washington. For Han P'yo-uk (Philip Han, a good friend) I wrote one of them, "Korea's View of Japan," delivered before the Cleveland, Ohio, Council on World Affairs, on February 6, 19.54. It was especially important because of both the topic and the audience. The introductory paragraph indicates why:

> *It is a great privilege for me to have this opportunity to speak to you from this rostrum this afternoon. The Cleveland Council on World Affairs is known and widely respected. It has come to stand for the principles of honest, searching, and scholarly inquiry. A speaker who is invited to your platform knows that much is expected of him. I was personally glad to be included in your list of speakers on your general theme--the Role of Japan in the Orient--for I feel that no consideration of this subject could be complete without including Korea's view of Japan.*

The importance of the topic was fully matched by its difficulty. What ambassador Han wished to do was to divert American policy away from advancement of Japan to alliance with Korea. And he had to show effectively that his analysis would be helpful to American (not only to Korean) interests and that it would be objectively true to the facts of U.S.-Asian relations. There was, he explained, an "Old Japan," which the United States had opened to the West and with which it had profitable trade. There was also, "A New Orient" that was unfolding rapidly.

"Both of these hypotheses," he went on, "add up to the conclusion that Korea should bulk larger in American thinking and planning about the Far East." Then he admitted, "I expect you very naturally and properly to be on guard against my inevitable tendency to see the situation in North Asia from the Korean point of view. I have tried to be on guard against it myself."

Following a rather full discussion of Korean-Japanese relations through their histories, he concluded by saying that Koreans want to look more to the future than to the past. In conclusion he urged: "Do all you can to Westernize the ethics, to democratize the politics, and to modernize the social system of Japan." But remember, "the situation of Korea is somewhat analogous to that of France. The French cannot forget the past history of the invasions by Germany, for they know that the reasons that led to these disasters in the past have not by any means been eradicated." He ended with the pledge that Korea would go more than half way to establish cordial and mutual relations with a New Japan.

Han P'yo-uk was (and remains) my kind of person. He and his wife Chong-nim both have earned doctorates from the University of Michigan. They are both intelligent and well informed. In temperament they are rational and hold well-balanced views. Their interests go well beyond the merely political, to delve into many aspects of culture.

Accordingly, I responded happily when Minister Han phoned to ask me to draft a speech for him to deliver at Marquette University, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He had been asked to define cultural values in Asia that pointed toward democracy and civil rights. His instruction to me was: "Make it wide-ranging and fundamental." From our many conversations, he knew that we held similar views of Far Eastern culture. Knowing well his convictions, I drafted the speech on the theme that "The fundamental fact about our part of the world is that we value qualities of the spirit far more than sheer power." Asian leaders, the speech went on, have been thinkers and teachers--such as Confucius, Mencius, Laozi, Zhuangzi, Zoroaster, and Gautama Buddha.

To illustrate the Korean tradition of fellowship and loyalty, the speech told how the Manager of the Oriental Company, in 1946, after its supplies from the north were cut off, borrowed money with which to continue to pay the salaries of its 200-plus Seoul employees: "We have an ancient proverb," the speech read, "which we honor--"Don't break the rice bowl." These men depend on my company. They are employed by it and they belong to our industrial family group. If I should discharge them, they would have no place to go, no job, no food for their children. This shows that we value human rights and values more than profits."

Similarly he refuted the common Western charge that in the Orient human life is cheap and of no account. He told of the celebration of birth, of marriage, of the sixtieth birthday. Such emphasis on individual growth, the speech explained, lies at the very heart of civil rights and democracy. Of course Asians do not always live up to their highest principals, but neither do Americans and other Westerners always live up to the Declaration of Independence or their claim that all men are equal.

In conclusion, the draft read, "In the great task of holding the front line in the battle of the Cold War, I do not believe that the peoples of the Far East will fail. We will not fail because we know that human values really count. We will stand firm because we value liberty and democracy more than we are impressed by brute force."

There is a reason why I am quoting rather fully from this speech. At Penn State over a span of months I engaged in a running dispute with an Indian professor who was doing graduate work in our department. For months he insisted that my ideas about Asia were almost but never quite right. When this speech by Minister Han was published in the 15 December 1957 issue of Vital Speeches, this Indian student rushed into my office and place the printed speech on my desk. "Read this," he exclaimed. "It is a statement by one of my fellow Asians that says exactly what I have been trying to tell you. And it says it so clearly that I don't think you can miss the point."

It was frustrating to learn that I could communicate my own ideas to him only when they to come not from me but from one of his fellow Orientals. But it is a lesson that I, and all others who seek to communicate across cultural barriers, needs to understand. Members of any special group never can believe that any outsider can possibly really understand them. Blacks believe that only another Black can comprehend their feelings. Women do not feel they are understood by men. Adolescents are sure that their parents are too "old fashioned" to know how they feel. In sociological terms, "insiders" and "outsiders" cannot fully communicate with one another. As a ghostwriter for Koreans I can secure full credence for their views only when the words seem to be their own. This is the problem of ghostwriting.

What about the ethics of ghostwriting? Is it ethical for the ghost who tries to represent his principal as being in some degree different than be truly is? Is it ethical for those who use documents by others as their own? The determining test for both is simple: do what you do in a manner that permits you to sleep well at night.

For my work with the Korean people, I have been rewarded with fine friendships, with two decades and more of interesting and vital experiences, and with a consequent broadening of my own education. And how has this work been regarded by others? In America, the CIA kept a file on my activities that expanded over the years into a thick file. It still remains virtually sealed, despite the Freedom of Information Act. On this file the CIA rendered its own verdict: "Nothing unpatriotic. Nothing detrimental." In Korea, in 1958 a member of Rhee's cabinet remarked sadly to me, "I'm sorry the people hate you so much." There is nothing surprising in this. Madame Francesca Rhee, too, the president's Austrian wife, was widely disliked and calumniated, before toward the end of her life, she came to be accorded high honor. "No people, of any country, would want their president to have a foreigner, of a different race, to be his wife or his confidant." History, with a longer view, accords its own verdict. Whatever it may be.

CHAPTER 6

"The way it was" in world affairs in 1946 is illustrated by an evening's conversation I had in a room of the Bando Hotel in Seoul as summer was merging into fall. A State Department advisor to General Hodge invited me to join him in his room for an evening of talk before I left Korea, hoping one last time to convert me to views he hoped Syngman Rhee would accept. By this time it had become clear to all concerned—the Department of State, the bulk of the American people, and Korea's leading politicians—even by those strongly opposed to Rhee—that he was the real power in South Korea. The problem was how to deal with him. He was the barrier that had to be surmounted for coalition to be achieved.

One solution was to isolate Dr. Rhee so that his influence would fade away. To this end, his access to the public radio was taken away. He had to give up his weekly speeches. For another, his home was surrounded by policemen who discouraged or denied entrance to it by visitors. For another, all of his mail was routed through the Army Postal Office so that both his incoming and outgoing mail could be censored. On October 1, 1946, after I returned home, Dr. Rhee wrote, instructing me to address all future letters to him in care of Major E. E. Steck, who would read them. Meanwhile, General Hodge was doing what he could to develop other political leaders who would accept a coalition—including Kim Koo, Kimm Kiusic, Lyuh Woon Heung, and Ahn Chai Hong. Another effort to control Rhee was to try to persuade him to abandon his "wild and impractical ideas." One last effort to do this was to persuade me, hoping I would persuade Rhee.

The evening in the Bando Hotel opened in good fellowship. I was informed that transportation was being tendered to me on the troop ship *William Victory*, which was headed for Seattle. A bottle of bourbon appeared, from which my host drank much more freely than I. He became very frank.

"What we have to do in Asia," he explained, "is to stand aside and permit Russian power to reach its natural limits of expansion." To clarify what this meant, he held his hand high above the table and spread his fingers apart. "Like this," he said. "If I drop some jello on the table, it can only spread out just so far. Then it must cease to expand." I knew what he meant. In the United States the expression for it was "trade space for time," while we waited for "the dust to settle in Asia." Then and only then, he went on, can we negotiate a lasting settlement. "Russia," he concluded, "will no more abide an

American base in Korea than we could a Soviet base in Cuba." When I objected that this meant letting all Korea slip into Soviet control, he snapped back, "What do you want, war?" More war was what the American public and the Washington administration were determined, at almost any cost, to avoid. To oppose Soviet policy was considered dangerous and reckless.

I thanked him for this clarification and left. This was indeed the policy of the United States. It was the basis for the Marshall mission to China to try to force Chiang Kai-shek to accept coalition with the forces of Mao Tze-tung. It was confirmed by a War Department study that told President Truman that Korea was of no use to the United States either for defense or offense. It led the Department of State to send its diplomatic offices in Asia a memorandum saying the United States no longer would support Chiang Kai-shek. It magnified to me what I must try to do if I continued longer to support Syngman Rhee and Korean independence.

On September 24, 1947, Andrei Gromyko told the Security Council of the United Nations that the presence of American and British troops in "non-enemy" countries was a threat to world peace. Korea was losing out on every front.

I wrote for the November 10 *New York Times* a letter proposing my solution for the Korean problem:

> *We should disband our American Military Government in Korea and set up a genuine Korean Government south of the 38th parallel in its place. We should leave troops there under the command of General John R. Hodge, as a bar to further Russian aggression against Korea. We should make every effort possible to us to force Russia to keep her promise of withdrawing from northern Korea, so the country can be re-united. We should sponsor the admission of Korea to the United Nations so it can plead its own case. We should at once exempt Korea from the restrictions applying to Japan. We should set up Korean currency on the international exchange, so that imports will be possible. And we should aid materially in rehabilitating the economy of south Korea, so that a decent prosperity can be developed there.*

On November 14 Dr. Rhee wrote to me that

> *your article in the New York Times was dispatched to Seoul newspapers by the U.P. and all your points came out fully in various dailies. Our people are tremendously interested in that report. They all said that this was the perfect program, just as we demanded it. I wish we had influence enough in the U.S.A. to put that statement in every newspaper.*

The news that came to me from Korea was not all political and not all bad. An October 1 letter from Mrs. Rhee indicated that household problems sometimes overshadowed political issues and also that the wives of the contending politicians maintained friendly relations, even if their husbands could not. "As you know," she wrote,

> *there is little recreation for us. We cannot go to the Korean movies and also not to the American movies. But Imust say the arrival of the families of the officers*

> *has broken the monotony. All the new styles were displayed at the reception General and Mrs. Lerch gave last Sunday, combined with a buffet supper. I gave a reception for Mrs. Lerch and the ladies in the throne room of the Chang Duk Palace. Unfortunately it rained, but in spite of that it was a lovely occasion.*

Politics, however, occupied center stage. In November an election was held to elect forty-five Assembly members for an interim advisory body. Rhee's and his associates' candidates won all the seats except the two that were filled by Communists on Cheju Island. Then General Hodge reversed the results by appointing another forty-five, all from a list given to him by Kimm Kiusic. Dr. Rhee angrily told General Hodge he would go to Washington, D.C., to protest this high-handed action. The Democratic Council raised $10,000 for his expenses, and General MacArthur provided transportation for him in a military plane. Dr. Rhee stopped off briefly in Honolulu and arrived in Washington on December 7. He took rooms in the Carlton Hotel and phoned to me in Syracuse to join him.

Syracuse University officials helped me to have the semester's classes completed ahead of schedule, and I arrived in Washington two weeks before Christmas, leaving my wife and two small sons to fare as best they could. Dr. Rhee's suite in the Carlton Hotel took on somewhat the aspect of an embassy. American foreign policy was undergoing fundamental changes. The nations that had stood together to win the war obviously were not standing together to win the peace. Direction of the American Military Government in Korea was shifting from the Pentagon to the Department of State. General John R. Hilldring, a friend of General Douglas MacArthur, was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Occupied Countries (Korea and Germany). He was well disposed to dealing with Syngman Rhee. The atmosphere, far from the suspicious and hostile tone in Korea, was friendly. Nevertheless, material changes were slow to develop. Established policies cannot be changed swiftly.

Dr. Rhee drew up a six-point program for presentation to Secretary Hilldring, and I wrote a 4,000-word document supporting it. Then I returned to Syracuse to spend Christmas with my family.

On December 30, I received a touching letter from Dr. Rhee:

> *Immediately after the first of the year it will be necessary to contact the new Congressmen and I wonder if you could possibly arrange to spend a month here and devote your entire time to that purpose.*
>
> *I hesitate to ask you to leave your college work, even for the period of a month, but I know you realize the urgency of this request. I want you to know that I appreciate the fact that you are spending your valuable spare time writing articles on the situation and I am hopeful that you will be able to arrange to devote a month's full time work to see the new Congressmen and help us in guiding every move we make.*
>
> *I wish you would let me know immediately what financial arrangement we can make so that you will be completely compensated for leaving the college for a month to work for us here in Washington.*

Across the bottom of the page, in his handwriting, was the postscript, "We need your advice in deciding several very important plans."

The chief problems that I knew about personally were: (1) how to restrain Kim Koo from precipitating war against the Military Government, as he seemed intent upon doing, while keeping the support of his Independence Party; (2) how to resist the Kimm Kiusic-Lyuh Woon Heung coalition movement, to which General Hodge was giving every support; and (3) how to obstruct the trusteeship policy without losing irretrievably the hoped-for recognition by the State Department. These were only the most immediately urgent problems at the top of an endless agenda. Troubles were the last thing south Korea was short of.

I could not reject Dr. Rhee's appeal. Syracuse University generously granted my request for a leave of absence, even though it was too late for them to make replacement plans. I once again left my family behind, when my sons were just of the age to most need a father's comradeship, and departed from Syracuse, not knowing that I would not return. I was pretty much drained of energy and very desirous for the normal, relatively relaxed life of a college professor. But this was a challenge I could not avoid. Neither could I accept it on the terms offered. Colleges, or at least ours in America, don't work that way. You don't take out one month of the second semester.

Anyway, I went to Washington. In Dr. Rhee's Carlton Hotel suite, we discussed, as analytically as we could, a range of problems that must be solved. One of them, the political problems of maintaining Dr. Rhee's supremacy and holding at bay the projected trusteeship, could be dealt with only by Rhee himself—and only by his being back in Korea. Other problems must be dealt with in Washington, and we concluded that I was the one who must attempt that. The import of supplies needed to correct deficiencies in the Korean economy was a question to be dealt with in Washington. So were changes in the badly muddled policies. Hodge's military government had no authority except to take available measures to curb hunger, disease, and disorder. Ahn Jai Hong, the civil affairs administrator could not be allowed to make any basic changes politically, economically, or educationally without, in effect, making him the executive of a non-existent government. I had to explain to Dr. Rhee that there was no way by which I could be away from my teaching in Syracuse "for a month."

I had never been paid for any of my work for Korea (except for the $200 for the *Case of Korea*), and neither Dr. Rhee nor I had any taste for discussing remuneration now. There was too much else between us: our affectionate regard for one another, our joint regard for the cause of Korean independence, and our common experience of doing all we could without thought of being paid for it. Hesitatingly, we arrived at the figure of $10,000 per year. We both knew that any salary at all was nebulous. Its only source was donations by Koreans, which could not dependably be converted into American dollars. And, in any case, continuation of such donations could not be assured. Beyond this was the question of how I could deal with American officials when I was only an American who happened to have Korean friends. The problem of my credentials was cared for by Rhee when he got back to Korea, but only after a wait of nine months. I found a house I could rent on Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., across the District line. My wife sold our house in Syracuse, and not without serious misgivings brought our two sons down to Washington. A member of the U.S. Foreign Service, who had served in our Berlin embassy until our entry into World War II, moved in with us for his board and room, thus helping us to pay for the house—but also considerably increasing the household burdens my wife had to bear.

As the new year advanced, I visited a few congressmen and found them willing listeners. My favorite beat, however, was the Department of State, where the greetings were much friendlier than they had been back in 1942-44. Perhaps the chief reason was that Secretary Hilldring radiated his own friendliness toward south Korea and Dr. Rhee. Another reason was the credentials given to me by the Korean People's Representative Assembly. With these credentials I became, as far as I know, uniquely, an unofficial ambassador from a foreign and unrecognized prospective government. With this document in my briefcase, I never was denied access to officials of State and War, or to such other governments as I approached. I well remember stepping into the office of the Canadian ambassador and introducing my role as "helping Dr. Rhee." "Helping!" he burst out, "Hell, you made him!" This was manifestly untrue, for Syngman Rhee had made himself years before I knew him. But there was enough sentiment of this sort around Washington to insure that doors were open to me.

My closest ties were with Secretary Hilldring. We became friends and he was always as helpful as he could be. When he found that our work was greatly hampered by our inability to convert Korean Won into American dollars, he sent me over to the national headquarters of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, where we always got dollars for the Won that the Adventist missionaries needed in Korea. This provided enough to pay my salary and that of my secretary, as well as the rent for our office and such incidentals as heat, light, postage, and purchase of two typewriters. I registered with the Department of Justice as a "foreign agent," as the law required, and made careful reports as to how much we spent and for what. As the years passed, by the postwar mid-'50s, after two or three more office workers were hired, our total annual budget mounted to $125,000. Marquis Child, for his daily column of commentary, misinterpreted this as my salary. When he was corrected with the right information, he published a correction and an apology in his column. As usual, the correction never kept up to the error, so that thereafter some important people were still believing that the Koreans were paying me far more than they could afford. Actually, during the Korean War I voluntarily cut my own salary in half—down to $6,000 annually—and during the thirteen years of my employment with Korea, it never exceeded $12,000. Our campaign was always squeezed by lack of funds.

It took four months, January into April, for Dr. Rhee to get back into Korea. There were no commercial planes or ships, so he had to depend upon the American military. General Hodge did all he could to obstruct Rhee's return. In early February, a seat on a Korea-bound military plane was assigned to him, for departure the next day. Then I got a phone call from an obviously agitated colonel in the Pentagon saying that this reservation had been canceled. The colonel could not tell me by whom or why. Weeks passed during which the Departments of State and War argued behind the scenes over whether Dr. Rhee's presence in Korea would be more helpful or hurtful to our policies there. Finally, through Secretary Hilldring's influence, Rhee was allowed to take passage on the first postwar commercial plane to fly into Peking. After being entertained there by Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Dr. Rhee was able to take a plane to Tokyo, and from there General MacArthur had him flown on to Seoul. While the question continued between the Departments of State and War over which should control Korea, and while the United States was making one more futile effort to reach agreement with the Soviet Union, Korea's troubles multiplied. Industry practically ceased. Inflation mounted to more than 2,000%. Vitally needed fertilizer for the rice paddies was unavailable. Political bitterness sharpened. Gordon Walker, the Korean reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor*, wrote that General Hodge was doing all he could to insure election of Kimm Kiusic as president when an election could be held.

What we in Washington could do was limited. Amid my visits to General Albert C. Wedemeyer in the Pentagon, Secretary Hilldring in the State Department, and various congressmen and senators, I continued as usual to write articles about "The Impasse in Korea," "Korean Powder Keg," "America's Most Disastrous Experiment," "A Positive Program for Korea," "America's Most Dangerous Game," and others. We named my office The Korean Pacific Press, which enabled me to obtain press credentials for the White House and the Congress to facilitate friendly relations with influential newsmen. I was invited to join a very select discussion group of some of Washington's top opinion-leaders, and shortly thereafter was invited to be its speaker, to let them know what-was-what about Korea. I muffed it. I was too tired to think straight and sounded like a zealot. I expanded our Korean Pacific Press staff, which prepared special materials and distributed them to schools, churches, women's clubs, and newspapers. I started a monthly magazine, *Korean Survey*, and built up its circulation to about 10,000, with translation later into French. Then came a letter from Dr. Rhee warning that my budget must be restrained. He enclosed a check for $500 "for postage and other urgent expenses," adding that "we are hard up for money for our work here." At the same time, in our weekly exchange of letters he kept emphasizing the need for our greatest efforts to win such broad public support that the push for trusteeship and coalition could be reversed. He was still under house arrest, and General Hodge was doing all he could to diminish his leadership. This was the lowest point in all my work for Korea. We needed to do more and more but had less and less with which to do it. In Seoul, in a burst of anger, General Hodge said to a group of American newsmen that "Oliver should be hanged" for the influence he thought I was exerting.

My spirits definitely needed a boost, and they got it from an unexpected source—from John R. Hilldring, Assistant Secretary of State. Hilldring took every occasion he could to elevate my status and to signal goodwill. Aside from insuring the funds we needed by the arrangement with the Seventh Day Adventist Church, the warmth of his greeting when I visited his office spread out and down through the State Department. One day he surprised us by walking over from his office to visit me in mine. In Washington, where everyone is alert to signs and indications, these things were noticed. Hidden behind the scenes or under the surface, something was happening, but we did not know what it was.

In some ways matters, for us, seemed much improved. Then Secretary Hilldring resigned. But his successor, Charles Saltzman, invited me to his office to meet the new head of the Far Eastern Division, Walton Butterworth, and the acting head for North Asian Affairs, John Allison, indicating a desire that we might work together amicably. The Congress, on the other hand, under pressure to reduce federal expenditures, defeated (by one vote) a proposed Korean Aid Bill. It was, however, passed after the administration urged that it be brought up again. I called, separately, on Gordon Hold and Ruth Seabury, both prominent church leaders, and they promised to help us all they could. So did Erwin Canham, editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*. In New York I called upon Roger Baldwin, Executive Director of the American Civil Liberties Union, and on his close friend in a nearby office, Norman Thomas, perennial Socialist candidate for the presidency. They invited me to share platforms with them, with the three of us speaking on Korea. They proved to be good friends, and I shared platforms and attended meetings with them several times.

Then suddenly and unexpectedly (at least by us) George Marshall, who shifted from Secretary of National Defense to Secretary of State, proposed to the Soviet Union a new meeting on Korea. When this was rejected, Marshall proposed "The Korea Question" to the General Assembly of the United Nations, and on September 17 it was placed on the agenda. Dr. Rhee needed to be cheered up. In a letter dated September 24, Mrs. Rhee wrote to me:

> *Dr. is down with a bad case of bronchitis and I have a little one. The house is unheated and an electric heater does its best. But the current is so weak the heater seldom gets warm. The only time we have it warm is when the sun shines into our room and we bask ourselves in all the pleasantly heating rays.*

We in Washington had "pleasantly heating rays," too. The trusteeship plan was now abandoned, and as for coalition, the State Department had no more taste for it than we had. It was thirteen years later that the highly regarded historian, Barbara Tuchman, wrote (speaking of China, but it might as well have been Korea) in the May 26, 1972, issue of *The New York Times* that the Department of State "pursued coalition doggedly and deludedly between the Nationalists and Communists in China" because our policy-makers "evolved a policy to fit the pictures in their heads rather than to fit the situation.... The Communists intended to use coalition as a base from which to expand and were confident they could make it a stage on the way to national power."

While we are looking ahead for verification that the course we had been pursuing was coming to be recognized as correct, I will insert a lengthy letter which General Hilldring wrote to me from his retirement home in Phoenix, Arizona. I had sent to him the manuscript of an article I wrote on "American Policies in Asia," asking him whether I was representing the policies fairly. In view of the growing attacks upon "foreign lobbies," and also for its inside view of how U.S. foreign policy was changing in 1947, his reply is historically significant. In the letter he graciously credited our "persistent and patient labors" with having "converted first one and then another official and reporter to deal honestly with Korea." This was gratifying praise, even though I well knew that our "persistent and patient labors" were only a small part of the world situation that caused the essential policy changes. The letter was written in late 1948, after the Korean election—and the article was published in 1949 under my name rather than that of Dr. Rhee, as was first intended. General Hilldring wrote:

> *Thank you for letting me read the advance draft of President Rhee's article. It is a warm story, and inspiring, and very much to the point. If it were published just as it is written, it would be an outstanding success. I am therefore reluctant to suggest any changes.*
>
> *But since you have asked me to comment, I shall do so. There are two*

things I should like to say. One of them, the first one, may be a good idea; the other, the second, I am less sure of.

One of the major purposes of the article is to show why America should help Korea financially, and a very good case is made. However, I think that one important element of the proof—important particularly in addressing an American audience—is omitted. I refer to the absence of any reference to what kind of a financial risk Korea is. The article says that it is in the U.S. self-interest to have a friendly people on the Asian mainland. Yes, of course. It also says that the support of Korea is in consonance with our policies of helping people to their feet in order that they may have the vigor to oppose Communism from within and without. Yes, that's right. But from the standpoint of the Yankee trader and from the standpoint of the groaning American taxpayer, what kind of risk is Korea?

The truth is that Korea is a very good risk indeed, and I think it would be well to say so. To begin with, Korea has no national debt. (This will surprise and impress most Americans.) Koreans will acquire large Japanese holdings in Korea without expense or indebtedness. Korea is probably the only country in the world that will acquire any sizable Japanese reparations. [I could not insert the argument that Secretary Hilldring requested, because Dr. Rhee was seeking far more reparations from Japan than the mere art and antiquities that were offered.] I have always been impressed by the fact that Koreans are vigorous, proud, and self-reliant people, who are not attracted to doles from their own government or any other. They simply want such assistance as will enable them to climb out of the economic ruin in which they find themselves today through no fault of their own. With such minimum assistance, the people of Korea will by their individual initiative and effort produce a decent living for themselves and their families and also produce a free and prosperous country in the process.

Some such statement should, I believe, bolster the case considerably.

My other suggestion has to do with the paragraph at the bottom of page ten. As I said earlier, I am not so sure of this one. In this short paragraph is embodied practically my own contribution to the birth of the new Republic of Korea. I may therefore be overly impressed with the difficulties involved in that phase of the development and too much disturbed by the stupidity I encountered in those days. However, here is what I read in Dr. Rhee's article. In dealing with the three-year impasse Dr. Rhee is temperate, generous, and exceedingly patient and uncritical. No American official, past or present, can take offense at what he says. My feeling is, however, that most Americans who read this will say to themselves "How could our people in Washington have been so slow, so damn dumb?"

This conclusion could be avoided very largely, and more credit could be gained by Dr. Rhee, if a short explanation were included in the story as to why Marshall was so slow in "cutting the Gordian knot."

You and I know that it wasn't many weeks after the Moscow Conference before nearly everyone who had had anything to do with the Korean Moscow Declaration deeply and honestly regretted it. But it is one thing to regret a

> *mistake and quite another to come forward and recommend that an international agreement be renounced in order to correct the mistake. The cold war was already on, which further tightened the conviction of most officials, particularly the career diplomats, that any abrogation by us of an agreement with Russia, would have disastrous consequences. In any case that was the dilemma of the U.S. Government.*
>
> *I, of course, know this very well. I lived with it for many months. I recall vividly the indoctrination I received on this point when I entered the State Department in April 1946. I was cautioned that I would be the target of dulcet importunities and of threats of dire consequences unless America renounced trusteeship for Korea. I was told that I must be prepared for this, and that I would be expected to stand up under it. Of course every one wanted to help Korea, but I must understand that such assistance couldn't be given at the expense of an open rift with the Soviet Union, etc., etc. You know the story as well as I do.*
>
> *It was in this diplomatic climate that the Korean Commission carried on its crusade in Washington, and it was the persistent and patient labors of Rhee, Oliver and Limb that converted first one and then another official and reporter to the view that the trusteeship agreement was a mistake—that to rectify it was more important than to persist in the error for fear of displeasing Russia.*
>
> *It was a great crusade, and even now my recollections of how first one and then another of the horrified dissenters were plowed under fills me with glee and delight. But this of course should not be told by Dr. Rhee. I do think, however, that he might with propriety and purpose point out in his article that in 1946 and '47, the U.S. Government could sponsor a just settlement of the Korean case only by the painful and perhaps hazardous process of renouncing an agreement only recently arrived at to which Russia was a party.*
>
> *Dr. Rhee might then say that while he recognized the dilemma in which the U.S. Government found itself, he was firmly convinced that if American officials really understood the issues they would move with vigor and courage in removing Korea's shackles. With this conviction, he and his deputies set to work, with one eye on the clock and the calendar, because time was of the essence, to get America to forsake an expedient course with respect to the Russian giant for a just and right attitude toward little Korea. He did it. He won America over.*
>
> *Of course after that—after Marshall's announcement of September, '47—everything fell into place quickly.*

The insertion of a letter of this length interferes with the narrative flow of events and diverts attention from the many difficulties with which we had to deal. But its inside and vital informative account of how the U.S. officials were set free from the error of basing policy on "the pictures within their heads" is of far too great historical value to leave it out. Its praise of "our great crusade" is not only gratifying; it sets straight the bitter and even vicious denunciations of our campaign by critics who have misread Dr. Rhee's motives and who have accused us of ignorance or of outright deception. In a larger sense it illuminates the inner workings of the Department of State in a period of crisis. It reveals the character and the role of General Hilldring as Assistant Secretary of State. It was for me a great gratification, coming, as it did, after the top American official in Korea had declared that "Oliver should be hanged." For all my hard work and personal sacrifices, this letter from John R. Hilldring was reward enough. He and I continued our friendship and correspondence until his death.

The "Question of Korea" was now in the hands of the United Nations. The difficulties and my role in dealing with them were not lessened but were of a different kind.

CHAPTER 7

With Korea now a United Nations problem, I hoped and expected that my own role in Korean affairs was ended. For the seven years since I had first met Syngman Rhee, my life had been immersed constantly in struggle, always learning more, always needing to know more than I knew, always attacking policies of my own government that I knew to be wrong, always fighting dragons with a pitifully weak sword, always neglecting my family and hoping that my wife and two small sons understood. Now all of this could end. We had won. The unworkable trusteeship and, I believed, the idea of coalition were cast off, as admitted mistakes.

It was not quite as simple as that. Russia would not allow an election to be held in North Korea. Old policies do not die abruptly. Many political leaders, both in America and around the world, who recognized the need to hold an election "in all parts of Korea that were accessible to" the U.N. still desired a coalition government in the South. This would be an accommodation with Soviet demands, thereby lessening the sharpness of the Cold War, and would pave the way, in words published by Owen Lattimore in *The New York Post* to "let South Korea fall, but not let it look as if we pushed it." It would give the U.S. military the opportunity it ardently wished to withdraw American troops from Korea, with responsibility shifted from us to the U.N. Dr. Rhee and the South Korean people needed my typewriter as a resource not less but in some ways even more.

When established, the Republic of Korea would have its own diplomatic service. I renamed my office in Washington The Korean Research and Information Office. No longer would I deal with the government as the Korean representative to whom "All persons are requested to give full faith to his acts and words, and need not look beyond these credentials." This by no means meant that my work was ended. I was editing a monthly periodical, *The Korean Survey*, which I sought to make as interesting and as informative as we could. My office was managed by Miss Charlotte Richmon as my secretary. She was intelligent, conscientious, had sound judgment, and was as devoted to Korea as I was myself. Along with the *Korean Survey* we also published six annual volumes entitled *The Korean Report*, which consisted of my summations of the voluminous annual reports made by the Korean cabinet ministers. We also published and distributed such pamphlets on Korea, which I wrote, as *The Republic of Korea Looks Ahead*, *50 Facts on Korea*, *Korea Today, Yesterday and Tomorrow*, a *Teachers' Packet on Korea*, and *Korea's Fight for Freedom: Selected Addresses by Korean Statesmen*, in two volumes.

From September 24, 1947, to July 14, 1952, I also wrote a weekly commentary on Asian affairs, which we distributed to some 250 American newspapers, entitled "Periscope on Asia." There was no time for rest.

When the United Nations took up the debate on "The Korean Question" in the fall of 1947, the Cold War was coming dangerously close to turning hot. Russia was blockading Berlin, where the United States, England, and France had been awarded custodial rights over three-fourths of the city. Around the world the nations had chosen sides in what became a direct confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union. Mao Tze-tung had conquered the bulk of China, and the Soviets were demanding that Nationalist China's seat on the Security Council of the U.N. be given to Communist China. To enforce this demand, the Soviet Union withdrew from the Security Council, threatening to dismember the United Nations. Taking any action opposed to Russian policies was deemed by many to be equivalent to starting World War III. Nevertheless, the Russian withdrawal also opened an opportunity, and Secretary of State Marshall was quick to seize it. He asked the Security Council, which was freed momentarily from the throttle of a Soviet veto, to accept the Korean problem and to transfer it at once to the General Assembly where no veto applied. Russia hastened back to its seat on the Security Council, but it was too late. The General Assembly now had jurisdiction. Korea became the centerpiece of world attention. Now not just in the United States but all over the world people had to be informed and, as best we could, be influenced. The flow of my articles again increased and their focus became global. For a favorite magazine of the liberals, *The Progressive*, I wrote for its October 1947 issue "High Stakes in Korea: All Asia Eyes Us." For the November issue of *The Standard*, a magazine of conscience, my article was "Crisis in Korea: Arena for World Politics." *Current History* wanted to know, and for its October issue I wrote "The Tug of War in Korea," explaining how the current American policy of coalition was a shortcut to handing all Korea over to Communism. The challenge posed in my "Crux in Korea," which was for the February 1948 *Christian Century*, was whether the free world was ready to make a determined stand in Korea to halt the spread of Communism, or whether it would try to appease Russia by granting it control of the whole Korean peninsula, which was known historically as "the strategic heart of Asia." For the readers of southeastern Asia, to whom since 1910 Korea had simply been a province of Japan, I wrote a long article for the February 28, 1948, issue of *The Manila Evening News Saturday Magazine* entitled "Understanding Korea."

To list the titles is easy, but writing the articles drained me not only of energy but of the knowledge I had to have. Dr. Rhee kept me informed as best he could with long letters. But I needed to have more than his perspective on events. For this I had a little longer to wait.

Russia refused entry into North Korea of the United Nations Commission that had been sent to hold an election that would restore Korea's 4,000-year-old sovereignty, and the General Assembly thereupon passed a resolution calling for the election to be held "in such parts of Korea as are accessible." This meant continuation of the division along the 38th parallel. To many Koreans and to many governments around the world this problem could be solved only by a coalition government that Russia would accept. To Dr. Rhee and, as it turned out, to the great majority of the Korean people, such a coalition government would mean, as it already was meaning in Eastern Europe, surrender to

Soviet domination. Kim Koo and Kimm Kiusic were leading a strongly organized effort to convince not only the Korean people but the United Nations that it was better to risk Communism for all Korea than to maintain the division into two separate and inimical parts. Dr. Rhee held that an election in south Korea would give the non-Communist majority a voice and a government of their own with which to strive for re-unification. The U.N. Commission on Korea, which would hold the election, was very nearly equally divided on the issue, with Canada, India, and Australia leaning toward insistence on a kind of government which Russia would permit North Korea to join. For months the issue remained in doubt. In February I flew up to Ottawa to present our case to Prime Minister St. Laurent. Finally, on May 10, the election was held through South Korea. The anti-Communists won overwhelmingly. A National Assembly took its seat and adopted a constitution. It called for the presidential form of government, but the Assembly sought to insure its own control by arranging that the president would be elected by the Assembly. When the two-hundred members of the Assembly voted on July 21, Dr. Rhee was elected president by 180 votes to 20. The inauguration of the new Republic of Korea and the president was set for August 15. I wanted to attend but General Hodge, resenting my criticisms of him, refused my entry into Korea. I should wait, he said, until the government is in place.

By no means was the transition easy. The National Assembly, having elected Dr. Rhee, considered itself to be his master. Despite the constitutionally established presidential system, the Assembly tried to act as a parliamentary system, with the president bound by its majority will. Disunity was built into the structure precisely while the administrative machinery had to be designed, while the entire government's personnel had to be recruited and trained, while taxes had to be imposed to pay the costs, while the economy was in shambles, and while the public was distraught by Communist disturbances in the South and by threats of invasion from the North. Around the world questions multiplied, and it was my duty to supply answers. *Current History* asked me for more detailed information than I had. I simply had to go to Korea.

Before I left, I received a telephoned invitation to come to The Pennsylvania State University in State College, a beautiful small town in the state's central mountains, to give a lecture on Korea to the Liberal Arts faculty. The hall was packed for the lecture and the audience was enthusiastic. The location of Penn State, only four hours by car, or half an hour by air, from Washington, D.C. was, for me, ideal. The next morning I received an offer to become a professor and head of the small Department of Speech. I accepted at once on two conditions: that I would receive support for converting the department into one of the largest and one of the best Speech departments in the nation, and that before accepting I have the opportunity to talk it over with President Rhee. With these two assurances, I flew to Seoul.

President Rhee asked me, instead, to come to Seoul to live, so that I could be with him all the time. But when I explained that my academic career meant a great deal to me and my family, he accepted my plan, with the understanding that I would continue to serve Korea as best I could. This condition I conveyed to the University and was assured that Penn State would be pleased to have me serve jointly in the two positions.

My fundamental need was to learn as rapidly and as fully as I could the circumstances in Korea. President Rhee did everything he could to facilitate this process.

As one of my first duties, he sent me to inspect the coal mines and the only electric power plant then in South Korea, in the mountains along the eastern end of the 38th parallel. The productivity of both was vital, but neither was being productive and President Rhee was getting contradictory reports from the Koreans and the American aid program (ECA), which were responsible for them. The Korean managers blamed the ECA, and the ECA advisers blamed the Koreans. I found ample blameworthy behavior from both, and also from the government in Seoul. The faults were easier identified than solved. Across the language and cultural barrier, neither group could understand the other, and ill will was rampant. The Korean miners took "vacations" from their work to protest their bad housing, lack of schools, low pay, and shortage of all manner of household supplies. The Korean manager of the electric plant took me to the quarters of the American advisers, which were infinitely superior to the shacks in which the miners were housed, and showed me a bed in which an elderly American lay in a drunken stupor. The American was a retired electrical engineer from Pittsburgh, a specialist in controlling the sludge that accumulates in boilers. This problem had closed the plant, and the engineer had been flown in to solve the problem. As soon as he arrived he started drinking and had kept it up ever since. It needed someone from "higher up" to get him sobered up and put to work. Solving the problems of the miners demanded more money from Seoul, with no money available.

Farther down the peninsula a fertilizer plant that was under construction was far behind schedule, again with Americans and Koreans blaming one another. Fertilizer was desperately needed for the war-depleted rice paddies, but was simply not available. The building of this plant required unavailable supplies, money to pay for them, and expert management necessary both to build the plant and to operate it. Aid funds were restricted to "first needs," which were to prevent hunger and disease and to control unrest. Pointing fingers of blame was all too easy, and the rampant ill will was widely reported in the world press. World reactions to the new government were sharply critical, and in Korea the people were in bewilderment, in anguish, and in anger, because of high taxes, high inflation, unemployment, and lack of everything from shoes to housing.

The circumstances were almost impossibly worsened by the streaming back into South Korea of some four millions of refugees, including the return of the million who had been taken to Japan for war work, another two millions who had been living in China and Manchuria, and a million or so North Koreans who "voted with their feet" against Communism by struggling afoot, at night, and through the mountains to escape from the North into the South. There were neither jobs nor homes, neither schools nor established communities, not even medical supplies and food for them. Half the swollen population in the South were driven by despair into hopelessness and the realization that independence had not brought them the happiness they had expected. The months I spent in Korea in 1949 were woefully educational.

I hastened back to my new home in State College to oil up my typewriter again. The monthly *Current History* wanted an article, which I produced for its October issue. Editors and others in America and around the world were wondering querulously why Korea was not prospering under its new freedom. Coalitionists now had fertile grounds for their continuing efforts to force South Korea into a United Front coalition with the North. Actually, living conditions in North Korea were at that time superior to those in the South. For one thing, its population had been decreased rather than considerably increased. For another, it had ample supplies of electricity from dams along the Yalu River that produced more electricity than in all France. It also had ample coal, iron, timber, and even gold from its mines and forests. And it had a solid industrial base which had been built by Japan to supply its Manchurian and Chinese armed forces. There was a vast amount of information needed by peoples and governments around the world so that they could understand why there were failures instead of successes. To supply this, as best I could, was my job.

As the fall term opened, I commenced reorganizing my department, winning approval for new courses, preparing myself for renewal of teaching, and hiring new staff. Meanwhile, much-needed defensive and informative articles began again to flow from my typewriter: "Korea's New Constitution," for the December issue of *Freedom and Union*; "Holding the Line for Freedom in Korea," for the January 1950 *New Leader*; "Syngman Rhee: Statesman of the New Korea," for *Church Management*, for March; "Korea and Japan," for London's *Eastern World*, for its April 1950 issue. Meanwhile, I was also getting reacquainted with my academic colleagues; editing the quarterly magazine of the Eastern Speech Association; presenting papers on Speech problems to state, regional, and national conventions; and enlarging my own education in Speech Communication—while preparing a new edition of *Effective Speaking* and *Persuasive Speaking: Principles and Methods*, in 1950. No wonder some of my colleagues couldn't believe that such hurried writings could be of value. Fortunately, reviewers did not agree with them, as is indicated in chapter 3.

"How could it be possible?" I am asked. And often I was to hear, "How I wish I could write as easily as you do!" I had to learn to be effective, to make every minute count. Our home was a mile from my office, and while I walked back and forth, I busied myself as I walked, planning what I should do or write. When I entered my office, always at 8:00 a.m., an hour or so before my staff, I hung up my hat and coat with one motion, sat down at my typewriter, and commenced to write. As other staff members drifted in later in the morning or afternoon, they would chat with one another, walk down the hall, then sit at their desks not yet sure what to do next. They were far from inferior people. They just had not believed what William James urged— that they could improve their abilities by thirty or fifty or sixty per cent merely by determining to do so. Talks to schools, churches, and similar local groups, along with writing my weekly "Periscope on Asia," and with reading and thinking to keep my mental reservoir flowing, consumed all the spare time I had. I was scarcely conscious of how much I was neglecting my family and my friends.

Does this all mean that I lived a joyless, machine-like life of all work and no play? I don't think so. I used such abilities as I have to the full. But my wife and I exchanged dinners and played bridge with a dozen or so close friends, entertained my staff and graduate students at parties in our home, and enjoyed evenings at plays, at movies, at symphonies. We took a long family trip around Europe and customarily spent Sunday afternoons driving through the countryside. I tried playing golf with staff members, and while I played execrably badly, we enjoyed pleasant sociability. We also carried on a low-stakes friendly poker game with once-a-week sessions. On campus I kept my office door open and welcomed at any time whatever interruption came along.

As I look back now over the years, knowing all the costs as well as the rewards, am I sorry for my immersion in my work? Not really. It is a question with many aspects, but

I mostly enjoyed the challenges and productions. My aim has been to obey the injunction of my mother—"Make two blades of grass to grow where one grew before." I have been blessed by good health and good metabolism. In general, I lived much as I wanted to, doing things I enjoyed. Like George Bernard Shaw, who was asked, "What would you like to have been if you could live your life over again?" I would be content with his answer: "To be myself, not as I was entirely, but as I might have been." I suspect that most people would similarly reply: "I'm pretty well satisfied with what I have been and done. In some instances I wish I had done better. But I did the best I could." What I most regret is my neglect of my family.

When the United States pulled its last troops out of Korea in July 1949, while simultaneously our Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, announced that Korea lay outside our line of defense in the Pacific, I wrote a series of "Periscope" warnings. For July 10, 1949: "In naming Molotov to head its drive through Asia, the Politburo has undeniably underlined the fact that conquest of the Far East is now the Number One item on its agenda." For July 18: "Events in Korea seem rushing toward a climax that may determine the relative positions of the United States and Russia in all the vast strategic and valuable area of Asia and the Far East." For September 3: "Korea will stand in the annals of the twentieth century as the place in which Communism was finally halted and turned back in Asia." And for January 23, 1950, a prophecy that, sadly, all too soon proved to be true: "It is still in Korea itself that the major struggle must be made."

My feeling of desperation was mounting, and my warnings were becoming ever more urgent. For the October 1949 *United Asia*, published in New Delhi, India, I wrote under the title, "Korea—A Bastion of Freedom in Asia": "Events clearly show that the flood tide [of Communism] in Asia will not simply die down; it has to be stopped. A line somewhere must be held. The Republic of Korea is striving to hold it, and in this struggle it feels itself an ally with freedom-loving people in every part of the world." For the *New Leader*, in its February 1950 issue:

> *The Cold War is essentially a war of nerves. In every country threatened by Communist aggression, the courage or weakness has swung the balance. Finland's tough leadership kept its nerve—and an amazing degree of independence; Norway, Denmark, and Italy, all on the front line of the Communist advance, had the nerve to say "No," and make it stick. But in Czechoslovakia the weary Benes and Masaryk gave in without a struggle, and one of the tragedies of China was the weakness of generals who refused to fight.... I think it can be said without qualification that the men who lead the Republic of Korea will scorn every Communist threat and resist every Communist attack. So long as flesh and blood can hold back Stalin's Asian juggernaut, Korea will stand firm.*

Then, as the 38th parallel division continued, and as the United States refused President Rhee's pleas for arms, and also refrained from extending its Asian defense line to include Korea, I wrote for the *New Leader* a sad conclusion: "Lost in Korea—A Last Opportunity for Statesmanship."

At this time I was doing almost as much lecturing as writing. After returning from my third trip to Korea, in late summer 1950, I signed up with the National Concert and

Lecture Bureau, managed from Rochester, New York, by Howard Higgins. A few months later I also signed a contract with the nation's largest and most prestigious lecture bureau, located in New York City—The W. Colston Leigh Lecture Bureau. Lecturing, as I came to know it, is not as glamorous and romantic as many may think it to be. But it did provide a satisfactory supplementary income. And its face-to-face direct contact with its audiences made it a more effective message-carrier than relatively impersonal writing. At any rate, I was already doing a great deal of speaking to groups both large and small and decided I might as well be paid for it.

There were three kinds of commercial lecturers. On the lowest tier were retired professors, retired ministers, and self-selected crusaders for such special causes as Henry George's single-tax theory, women's rights, anti-tobacco appeals, prohibition, and repeal of income taxes. They were virtually unpaid and spoke mostly to small audiences that already agreed with them. The National Lecture Bureau signed a few of them for fees of around $25-$50. They paid their own travel costs, and the lecture bureau took ten per cent of their fees as pay for its services. The top group consisted of "front-page" names, such as Eleanor Roosevelt, former presidents, and well-known business and political leaders. Their fees ran around $25,000 or more per lecture. In between was a rather wide range of poets, authors, and experts, for whom the bureau issued enticing leaflets or brochures. Mine, from the Higgins bureau, pronounced me "A Distinguished Author, Educator, Journalist and Diplomat, who discusses America's Pacific Policy, under the title of 'America's Back Door.'" It also identified me as "A vivid and powerful speaker—Colorful, interesting, and effective." From a list of similarly described speakers, program chairmen would normally select four or five whom they hoped would please their ticket-buyers for their annual lecture series.

I have also over the years done a lot of lectures on invitation from various colleges and professional conventions. Between this and the lecture bureaus there is a world of difference.

A speaker who is sought out and invited personally is always greeted and treated as an honored guest. He may be paid more than he is by the lecture bureaus, in my case fees ranging from $800 to $2,000, plus travel expenses. The guest lecturer is greeted by his host or by a committee, is hailed as "outstanding," and is shown every courtesy. He is introduced to his audiences as honoring them by coming.

Commercial lecturers have an entirely different experience. The commercial lecturer is selected by a local chairman who is expected to provide a speaker who will speak well or who has sensational experiences to relate. Auditors who have paid for their tickets are caustically critical of their chairman if the lecture does not turn out well. Knowing this, the program chairmen are fearful. They show it. They may greet the arriving speaker with abrupt comments, such as "Humph! I hope you do well." Or, occasionally, "You don't look like much." Or, "Our members are expecting a lot from you."

For one lecture in Wisconsin, my host greeted me with "Are you the speaker?" after which he scarcely spoke another word to me until the evening program commenced. Then he said to the audience, "I asked for an expert, but they sent me a boy!" (At that time I was slender and looked much younger than I was.) In Bradford, Pennsylvania, I wasn't met by anyone, but I sought out the program chairman, who was secretary of the YMCA. When I stepped into his office, he scarcely looked up but said, "Be at the hall before 7:30." When I got there, a small audience had assembled. He asked me to remain behind the curtain while he went out and apologized to the audience. "I know this has been a disappointing season," he said. "I've hired the cheapest speakers I could get, so we'll have enough money saved to do much better next year." Then he turned and motioned to me to come out. When the words are not as callous as these, the chairman's behavior is likely to be. He or, just as often, she is obviously nervous, obviously hopeful of escaping blame for having chosen this speaker. You feel like the "trained-dog act." After giving well over a hundred commercial lectures, I can recall just three that were actually pleasant. There may be lots of applause after the lecture is given, but there is seldom anything but apprehension before it is delivered.

The ones I remember with most pleasure were given to two large women's clubs, in Richmond, Virginia, and in Wheeling, West Virginia, and to a group in upstate Pennsylvania. In Richmond, my hostess was the wife of Walter Robertson, who at that time was Assistant Secretary of State for Asian Affairs; he and I were friends. Mrs. Robertson greeted me with a tea in her home, then most graciously drove me around interesting parts of Richmond. In Wheeling, the audience was large and enthusiastic, and my introduction was nicely complimentary. I can't recall the name of the town in Pennsylvania, but the hall was packed; television, radio, and newspaper reporters were on hand; and in the preceding day's newspaper, the headline announcing the lecture spread all across the front page. Such receptions were so far from being the rule that the few there were remain in the mind.

My contract with the National Lecture Bureau was by invitation. But that with the W. Colston Leigh Bureau was initiated by a letter from me. My credentials interested its management sufficiently that I was invited to come to an auditorium in New York City, where I was herded backstage with a dozen or so assorted aspiring speakers. Scattered around the auditorium were such program chairman as had responded to a similar invitation. One by one, we prospective lecturers were shepherded onto the platform, without any introductions, to give a five-minute sample of our oratory. It was about as difficult a situation as could be devised. Each of us received a smattering of polite applause when we finished. Afterwards, the bureau sent me a nicely complimentary letter and a contract. My relations with them for the next two years were always cordial.

My lecturing for W. Colston Leigh was always to larger audiences, for larger fees, and for more or less gracious receptions by the program chairmen. But many of the chairmen demonstrated a need for education in how to manage speaking situations. In Albuquerque, at the University of New Mexico, my lecture was part of a series entitled "Lectures Under the Stars." This was out-of-doors and might have been most pleasant. But that evening the sky was heavily clouded. Bright lights shone on the stage and into my eyes, but there were no lights on the audience. Consequently, I labored for an hour trying to stimulate and inform an audience I could not at all see. It was a harrowing experience. Other times the introductions were barriers between the speaker and the audience. The worst things an introduction could contain are such comments as "He is witty and humorous. You'll have to listen while you laugh." or "His eloquence will inspire you." Often I wished I had the power to emulate Mark Twain, who refused to be introduced but simply walked on-stage and commenced speaking. I had reason to recall an introduction that Wilson MacDonald, the unofficial poet laureate of Canada, told me he once received from a farmer in Nova Scotia: "I don't read puttry, and I don't like puttry. But here's a put, so let him go ahead." Another fluff made often by the introducer is to look down ostentatiously at his notes before pronouncing the lecturer's name. There are, all too seldom, good introductions. The best I ever received was at Chester, Pennsylvania, where the chairman said simply, "Our speaker is Dr. Oliver, an international scholar." A good introduction is not the rule but the exceptional happy accident.

Bad travel arrangements *are* likely to be the rule. Lecture schedules are not made to correspond with train, bus, or air schedules. If the meeting ends at 10:00 p.m., the last means of transport headed in your direction may have left at 8:30, with the next scheduled for 2:00 a.m. The weather may be perversely unseasonable, as it was on a day in April when I arrived dressed for spring in Brookings, South Dakota, after a late cold wave dropped temperatures down to near zero, pushed by a strong wind. In short, though the applause of an audience may seem sweet, professional lecturing is only for the strong of body and of heart. After two years of it, I gave it up. About a dozen of my lectures were published in *Vital Speeches of the Day*, where they had by far more readers than they had had auditors and, doubtless, had more effect.

Occasional incidents remain in the mind. For one, I was invited for a lecture in Columbus, Georgia, where the audience included a couple of my long-time friends. They brought with them their four-year-old daughter. After my lecture ended, I went down into the auditorium to visit with this family. The daughter came up to me, placed her arms around my legs, as high as she could reach, and with an adoring look said to me, "You talked too long." Then to her father, who had asked the first question in the discussion following the lecture: "You didn't need to have asked him that. You could have waited until after we got home."

Commercial lecturing is far from all peaches and cream. But it is a distinctive feature of our American society. And it surely has influence that makes it worthwhile.

CHAPTER 8

The spring of 1950, I dedicated to having fun. Despite all the work I had been doing, I'm convinced I am not a workaholic. Every day at the typewriter, with five to ten pages written, whether I felt like it or not—this was not work. I liked what I was doing. There was real satisfaction, even real pleasure, in seeing my ideas unfold and develop, taking shape on paper, right before my eyes. I never learned to type. In high school, I would pass by the room in which typing was taught with the feeling that "that is not for me." It seemed to me that was another world—one which I had no wish to enter. It was not so much that typing was for girls. My mother had taught us children that there is no such thing as "women's work" and "men's work." There is simply work. My aversion to the learning of typing was different—that it would lead directly into a life of subordination, of stenography, of putting on paper other people's thoughts, not my own. Instead, when my mother bought for me a second-hand typewriter, I set to work at once to "hunt and peck" on it in order to write out bits and pieces of my own. I shared in the many chores of the farm (chores that got us up at 4:00 or 4:30 in the mornings and kept us at work after school until dark, but it was always my brother Kenneth who took the lead in them while I seized every opportunity to slip away to books or the typewriter, always asking "why?" and always trying to put the answer down on paper. When other kids were having fun, so was I. Their fun was games. Mine was the game of writing something, almost anything. It solved my lust for creating, loose and formless and shallow though it was. Similarly, I nurtured my love for reading by reading what was easy, exciting, and could be done rapidly. At first fairy tales, later dime novels of Indian warfare on the plains, then *Tarzan of the Apes*—everything I could find that Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote.

This, I believe, is good for a youngster—to learn to enjoy reading and writing, always at a fast pace. Later, first in high school and then even more in college, as life comes to take on a different meaning, while purpose and taste both develop, as the child slowly and awkwardly evolves into a man, the writing and reading are habitual. By this time they have become a necessity—not a burden, not something to do because they are "assigned," but actually the mainstream of life.

So I can't really claim that, as 1950 began, I needed a long rest. But any one activity, whatever it is, palls if it is continued too long. Korea was still a "hot" center in world affairs. But I had written everything about it that I really wanted to say (or so it seemed to me then). My reservoir of knowledge and thought on that subject had just about gone dry. I was struggling to get my mind sharpened for dealing with problems of Speech Communication once again. So, together with two colleagues, I set about to plan and write a simple beginning textbook called *Communicative Speech.* We got it done quickly—and it was a very bad book, shallow and unoriginal. Nevertheless, probably because we three authors had a high sense of practicality, of knowing what had to be done, the book sold well and went on into three editions, each becoming better than the prior version. But this I found tiring, too, for it was hard writing what I did not sufficiently know. I had to work my way back into Speech.

I wanted to have time with my family, I loved driving our car leisurely around the country, and I really enjoyed the stimulation I found in public speaking. These three wants, I thought, could be combined into one. I wrote to President Rhee to tell him I wanted to be out of touch for a few months, just to wander with my wife and two sons across the United States, finding audiences and giving speeches on Korea. He was pretty nearly worn out himself from the heavy and tangled duties of the presidency, so he readily understood and told me to go ahead with those plans. My family was more than ready—they were eager. But it was not to be.

During the weeks of late May and early June, I was faced by the inevitable duties of teaching and administering a department. I had to prepare for the dean a report on the year that was closing and another report on plans for the year ahead. Our department was enlivened and expanding, so I had to accomplish the important tasks of finding both graduate students and new faculty members. As a teacher, there were exams to be given, term papers to be read, and grades to be determined—all normal, but combined to make this the busiest part of the school year. My wife seized the opportunity to join a tour of Europe that would last until the end of July. My older son, Robert, went to a summer camp to enjoy what he at that time loved best—the out-of-doors. Son Dennis, too young to be off on his own, stayed home with me. I toyed with forming a combined travel and speaking schedule, with letters to write to procure speech dates at appropriate times and places.

Then it was that the war in Korea began. Fully as I had expected it, the North Korean assault across the line, just thirty-five miles from Seoul, at four o'clock in the morning, on Sunday, June 25 (June 24 in Korea), was a shattering blow. Korea had been at the center of the Cold War, the only place where Russia and the United States confronted one another face-to-face alone. Now it was the place where the Cold War became explosively hot. Shortly it became, in newspaper jargon, World War II\ | F(1,2). As war always does, it changed multiple plans. All thought of a leisurely trip cross-country was dropped.

When news of the war reached us, mid-day Sunday (such being the vagaries of international time), I left Dennis with friends and drove down to Washington to join Ambassador Chang Myun and Commissioner Ben Limb at the Korean Commission office, which was serving also for a time as the Korean Embassy. We three sat together, sharing anxiety, as radio news came in of the swift drive of the North Korea juggernaut toward Seoul. Our calls to the White House brought a little, but only a little, comfort. What would the United States and the United Nations do? It was being discussed, we were told. Meanwhile, there was nothing to say. We would simply have to wait until a decision was made.

Suddenly, in mid-July, the thought occurred to me that I could and should write a book to explain to the troubled American public why we were at war, so far away, in a part of the world we had so recently been told was outside our own vital interest. The making of this book might well receive special attention from those people who are convinced that no book that is written quickly can have any merit. For this one was produced almost overnight.

The reason for it was that it was needed. The significance of the war, why we were in it, how it had come about—all this needed to be explained. The correct title, almost unsought, sprang into my mind: WHY WAR CAME IN KOREA. I pulled out the articles I had been writing and had filed away. I drew up a table of contents. Then I called AT&T Information in New York and asked for the number of the MacMillan Company. I must have mumbled the name, speaking too hurriedly. At any rate, when I explained headlong into the phone why such a book needed to be written and why I was the one to write it, the editor I had on the line said, "I definitely am interested. But are you sure you have the right number? My name is Declan X. McMullen. Don't you want the Macmillan Company? But if that doesn't work out, please call me again." So I tried once more and got one of the Macmillan editors, who said, "Yes, we would be interested in publishing such a book, but not if it were done hurriedly. We would want assurance that it had depth and substance. We might look at it a year or two from now."

This didn't appeal to me. As I saw it, the need for such a book was urgent. I called McMullen back again. By this time it was close to noon. He wanted to see me as soon as possible. Dennis and I had a quick lunch; then we got into the car and I drove faster than the law allowed to New York. We got to McMullen's office just before it closed. McMullen and I looked at the table of contents and discussed the way I would develop it. Then he handed me a contract to sign and pleaded for haste in the writing. I drove back to State College, arriving home just after 11:00 p.m. I got Dennis to bed, sat down at my typewriter, and wrote the first sentence of chapter one: "When I was last in Kaesong, a city of 100,000, just south of Korea's fateful 38th Parallel line, one of the merchants said to me, 'We go to bed with fear and we live through the days with our eyes on the hills.'"

Getting started this easily was a new experience for me. Always, the first sentence, the first paragraph, and indeed the first chapter are the hardest for me. They have vital functions to serve. They set the tone for the book; they clarify its purpose; they indicate the style. They are like starting a conversation. They point toward the kind of readers that are being addressed. But this one, uniquely for me, started easily. This had to mean that I was fully ready to write it.

The next two paragraphs went further. They suggested the book's scope:

> *That date [June 25] brought the Communist Empire and the free democracies to grips for the first time. Always before, a clash had been avoided. When Finland was invaded, the democracies stood aside. The Soviet engulfment of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania was only deplored. … The crass division of Poland between Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, however hotly debated and denounced in the United States, was a sin presumed to be partially expiated by later Russian resistance to the German invasion. … The western democracies had neither the will nor the method to deal with the veiled*

> *and indirect aggression.*
>
> *The case of Korea, however, was different. The Communist Empire made it different by launching a direct attack. The challenge had taken a form the democracies could and must meet.*

Before I went to bed, the chapter was completed. I took it downtown to the collection box for the 6:00 a.m. mail that went into New York.

Mr. McMullen, I later learned, was as busy in New York as I was in State College. He persuaded the director of the Fordham University Press for it to become the primary publisher for the book. He contracted with a printing company in Brooklyn, for it to make printing the book its first priority. He began working with major booksellers concerning plans for promotion and sales. He ordered paper for a 10,000-copy first run. And he talked with the book-review editors of *The New York Times* and other papers to insure that they would secure capable book reviewers and would place the reviews favorably. He turned out to be a first-rate production manager. And every day, as manuscript reached him, he rushed it to the printer and had a copyreader correct the galley proof so that it could at once be set into pages.

I set for myself the goal of writing a chapter every day, utilizing my previously published articles so far as seemed suitable. My copying was never word for word, for, using as I did the hunt-and-peck system, it was much easier to write original material than to copy. In all the years since my first writing began, I never have learned to type while looking at a passage to be copied. I always have to keep my eyes on the keyboard while typing, even though my fingers reach automatically for the right keys.

Chapter two, written the next day, sketched in the broad Asian background. I knew pretty much what the readers would have in mind. In the forefront of their minds would be the Republican charge that the Democrats had "lost China." Meanwhile, the political attention of all Americans was dominated by Senator Joseph McCarthy's sensational charges that both the State Department and the top Army command levels were infiltrated with Communist agents and spies. This kind of muddled thinking had to be corrected. To replace it, a factual account of Asian circumstances had to be presented as the relevant context for the war. The theme for chapter two was stated forthrightly: "The Soviet Union was far more free to deal with the situation in Asia than was the United States. The basic reason is that Russia's policy was the simple one of stimulating and increasing the discontent, whereas ours was the problem of solving it." What was needed, I believed, was not academic argument and documentation, but dramatization, to attract and hold the attention and interest of readers who needed all possible clarification. I tried using an "Alice-in-Wonderland" device that I had earlier used in one of my "Periscope" columns:

> *"The truth is," said Alice, "that people 'go Communist' simply because they are pulled so hard they cannot help themselves."*
>
> *"Pish and tush!" exclaimed Humpty-Dumpty. "Pushing and pulling is no way for adults to behave. If they have feet, their feet are for standing; and if they have understanding, there are some things they cannot be pushed into even if there is too little pulling the other way or by someone else." Humpty-Dumpty looked proud, as though he had said more in one sentence to explain*

China and Korea, and Greece, and Czechoslovakia, and Finland than Alice had been able to do in the last half-hour.

"The situation on Earth," Alice said, now thankful indeed that her rabbit hole had led her so far and so safely underground, "is not at all like that here in Wonderland. On Earth there are Big Powers and Little Nations. And the Little Nations have had their feet stepped on so hard and so often that now they are quite, quite too tender for standing on."

"Unless a nation has feet," said Humpty-Dumpty disdainfully, "it is no Nation at all. Let it stand, and understand, and stand alone. Or else it may as well crawl into the pocket of a Big Power where it can sit and light."

"Satellite, you mean," said Alice, "and that is just what many of them have become. But being pocketed, you know, deprives one dreadfully of the power to move about at one's own free will."

"The trouble is," said Alice before Humpty-Dumpty could think of what to say next, "the Big Powers control the channels of trade, and own the raw materials and the manufacturing plants, and have the armies and the navies and the airplanes. That," she explained, "is why they are Big. It has very little, really, to do with size."

"And the next lesson to understand," said Alice, "is what happens when one of the Big Powers acts like a Power, and the other one begins to act as though it were getting tender feet. Then no matter how Big it is, it begins to act like a Little Nation."

Chapter three dealt seriously with the preceding period of colonial penetration into Asia, and with the grievances left behind as colonialism collapsed. The next chapter dealt with ways in which our diplomacy in Asia had created problems we then had to try to solve. By this time Mr. McMullen had surprised me by sending back my earlier chapters already set in type, indicating his complete trust in the book and that it would be completed on the schedule I had set. I commenced a new section of the book, the presentation to the American public of the Korean people as being worthy of our affectionate regard and support.

This was a challenge, for American servicemen committed to the war in Korea were writing discouraging letters to the folks back home. "The prettiest sight in Korea," one soldier wrote, "is the receding shore line as a ship pulls out." In another letter: "Take all the worst features of every country in the world, put them together, and you have Korea." When the first American soldiers landed in Korea, they were light-hearted, for they expected that as soon as the advancing Communists saw an American flag before them, they would turn and run. It didn't work that way. They were told that the "incident" in Korea was not war but a police-action, and that "Victory is not our aim." Ever since the end of World War II, our armed forces had not been trained for the battlefield, but merely for maintaining security and order. Not surprisingly, in Korea they were promptly defeated and driven back to a mere holding line around the southernmost city of Pusan. Before the war had more than begun, the American public was ready to pull out and forget it. To create a fellow-feeling by Americans for Koreans, I thought, was my first challenge.

One way to do this, I thought, was to quote some Korean proverbs, so I did:

Pinch yourself and you will know the pain another feels when pinched.
The water downstream will not be clear if the water upstream is muddied.
If you love your own children, love also those of others.
You cannot catch even one rabbit if you chase two at once.
Where there are no tigers, wildcats will be very self-important.
To make a mountain you must carry every load of earth.
A finger prick will demand attention, though the worms be eating the heart unknown.
Even the hedgehog thinks her young are smooth.

What was difficult to say in prose, I tried to say in verse:

Koreans are not Chinese men,
Russian or American;
Koreans are not Japanese,
Never Japanese!
Koreans are a prideful race,
An ancient and a gracious race;
Korean kings have ruled for aye,
Koryu, Silla, Yi.
Watch Koreans' careworn faces;
Calm, impassive, knowing faces;
Eyes alight with spirit bold,
Stirred by tales oft-told.
The old South Gate is standing still,
The ancient wall winds o'er the hill;
Korean strength still works the land
They staunchly understand.
Though now the dawn with troubled skies
O'er Seoul and rice paddy lies,
When yet ten thousand years have passed,
Korean faith will last.

"When reunited," I prophesied, "Korea will represent the most hopeful potential of any nation in Asia. It is one of the rich areas of the earth's surface." I argued for restoration of the Korean government, as I had argued for so long that it be recognized. I reminded readers that the Korean War broke out because Korea was divided, and that it was not Koreans but Russians and Americans who were the doers of that. I reminded readers of the multiple failures of our American Military Government for three years in Korea. In twenty pages I summarized the life and achievements of President Syngman Rhee, and in another twenty pages the gains of the two-year span of the South Korean Republic. A quick review of Korean-Japanese relations closed the book.

The typeset pages reached me daily, and within a month after I first conceived the idea of writing the book a bound copy of it was in my hands. I know of no other book, anywhere, that was completed so fast. Scholars may be dubious of its merit simply for this reason. In Korea it was received with delight. Vice Minister for National Defense, Lt.

General Kim Chong Kop (retired) translated it at once into Korean and sent me a copy of the 10,000-copy Korean-language version, with this note inscribed in it:

> *My pleasant surprise to find that Dr. Oliver, not even a native Korean, gained such an extraordinarily accurate picture of Korea and her many problems made me willing to translate this book. I wish that many people in the world, including Koreans themselves, should understand Korea better in the future.*

It was greeted by well over a hundred reviews in American newspapers And *The New York Times* listed it among the fifty best books of the year and among the seven best histories. The book was promptly republished in London, by Putnam Company, under a title of its choice: *The Truth about Korea*. The editor of the Putnam Company wrote to me that this turned out to be their best-selling book in the field of political affairs. This was the fruit of my "having fun" in the first part of 1950.

The summer of 1950 was well advanced, and by the time I was ready to start work again, the new school year commenced.

CHAPTER 9

As part of the remaking of our departmental curriculum, I taught two new graduate seminars. One was entitled "Modern Theories of Speech Communication," and consisted of readings and discussion of the significance of speech communication within such disciplines as history, psychology, sociology, politics, psychiatry, anthropology, and philosophy. The other was called "The Speaking of the Great Dictators." It dealt with what seemed a very puzzling problem. Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Militaristic Japan, and Communist China were governed by Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo, and Mao Tze-tung, all of them brutal tyrants who oppressed their people and deprived them of their basic human and civic rights. Yet despite this oppression, in all four countries the people manifestly liked their oppressors and enthusiastically supported the very regimes that oppressed them. How could this be? There had to be a kind of persuasion that was not based on *per suasio* (by sweetness). There had to be unifying factors in human relations that were derived from discipline, force, deprivation, and even cruelty. I wanted our students to delve into the wide range of humanities to learn how control really works: not just by rewards, but also by oppression. Of course this entailed both extensive and intensive reading on my part before I could ask it of students. "Brain washing" finally emerged as one explanation. Ed Hunter, an associate of mine in Washington, gave it its name. The point is that books which seemed to be written hastily were really the fruit of slow growth.

It is this kind of study that led me, ten and fifteen years later, to write such books as *Culture and Communication*, *The Healthy Mind in Communion and Communication*, *Conversation: The Development and Expression of Personality*, *Making Your Ideas Effective*, *Leadership in Asia*, and *Becoming an Informed Citizen*—books that seemed generically alien to my own Speech Communication field. It is relevant to point out, too, that my *History of Public Speaking in America*, derived from forty and more years of reading, thinking, teaching, and writing about the influence of speaking in the shaping of American history. Similarly, *The Influence of Rhetoric in the Shaping of Great Britain: From the Roman Invasion to the Early Nineteenth Century* and *Public Speaking in the Reshaping of Great Britain* originated in my undergraduate and M.A. majors and in my doctoral dissertation, fortified by a great deal of reading and thinking during the subsequent four decades. The production of my many books has not been because "I write easily," as many have told me they believe, nor because I am content with shallow and facile understanding.

Even books that have been written hastily, within the space of a year, have been developed by intensive work over a span of many years. There is no other way. As Hendrik Willem van Loon advised me when I was a young student aspiring to become a writer, it requires a "slow process, painfully slow process, and a little natural ability."

I was also puzzling over a circumstance that was gradually coming into my attention, namely that in the diplomacy of Eastern and Western nations misunderstandings were sometimes because the spokesmen from the two hemispheres did not think alike. They were interested in different subjects. They held different value systems. Their modes of reasoning were different. In private conversations, the names that came readily to eastern lips were different from the ones western diplomats and I thought of. While I would speak of Plato and Aristotle and Quintilian, their thoughts reflected views of Confucius and Mencius, or Chuang Chu or Han Fei-Tzu. Gradually this became for me a difference that ought to be explored. In the late 1950s I started a graduate seminar on Ancient Asian Rhetoric and began to read seriously the philosophers of the classic periods in India and China. I was not deterred by my lack of these languages. After all, I had many friends who felt at home with the works of Plato and Aristotle and Quintilian even though they were innocent of any knowledge of Greek and Latin. I took some comfort from an observation by Ralph Waldo Emerson (who was at home in half a dozen languages), who remarked concerning the need for language study: "Why swim the Charles River when there is a bridge across it?"

Of course Emerson believed it would be better, as he did, to take the trouble to learn the languages. So do I. If our profession is to make significant contributions to the understanding of Asian rhetorics, it will require that our emerging scholars be at home in the major Asian languages. No one could possibly learn them all. And while the languages are being mastered, so must the cultures. This is a heritage that I hope to leave to the field of Speech Communication: Go East, young man! And, of course, young woman!

For such an excursion, much is required. We have to shed a great deal of what we have learned. We have to learn to see what is there, not what we have been taught to look for. As Walter Lippman put it in his youthful (and best) book, *Public Opinion*, "For the most part, we do not first see, then define, we define then see." More formally, Émile Durkheim wrote in his *Rules of Sociological Method*, "All education is a continuous effort to impose on the child ways of seeing, feeling, and acting which he would not have arrived at spontaneously." Whatever I may have achieved in my lifetime owes a great deal to my having been left much alone in Pacific University and in the University of Wisconsin to pursue my own education, free of the shackles of assignment and examination. Even so, I have had to struggle for the ability to see with my own eyes, not with those of others; to think my own thoughts, not those I have been told it is proper to think. Much of formal education is mis-education, of putting on of blinders, as we do on horses, so that our students are taught to look where we tell them to look, and to see what we tell them to see.

In my own teaching, and in my direction of the Department in Penn State, my effort has been to impress this lesson on the teaching staff and to make it the guiding light for our students. My failures in this have far exceeded my small measure of success. But there have been results—as is evidenced in the high quality of individuality in our graduates who are notable for their intellectual leadership in colleges and universities in all sections of the United States. I hope there never may be found an "Oliver disciple." But I hope there may be more than a few who say to themselves, "That is where I found myself."

At any rate, while the Korean War was following its disastrous course, and while President Rhee was having grievous troubles in his presidency, these matters occupied the forefront of my thinking. Nevertheless, I took opportunity to explore and think about much else. This is the principal joy of the academic life.

To the many people I meet who exclaim, "I could write a book!" about delightful experiences in travel, or humorous instances on the job, my response is, "Yes, you *could* indeed write a book!" But not by thinking lazily about how nice it would be to have your own name on the title page. Not by waiting until the urge to write becomes overpowering. Not by expecting that inspiration will energize you until the right words, rightly arranged, come pouring out. The reality is fundamentally different. To write with nothing special to say is like the scampering of a squirrel over a tin roof. First, fill the reservoir with knowledge and thought. Even if all you intend is a humorous recital of personal incidents, start making a list of them. Think how you want to arrange them. Try out various ways of putting them down on paper until you have found your right style. Then schedule a certain time sequence for writing: every day for an hour, or two hours, or six hours, at a given time. Then determine how many pages you will write *every* day, whether you feel like it or not. What you write sometimes may turn out to be mere trash. But if that's the best you can do at the moment, write it anyway. And throw it away. The waste basket is handy. But be clear about reality: you can't write unless you do write—systematically, regularly, on schedule, with no exceptions. Hard? Of course it is. So hard you don't want to undertake it? Then don't. But don't fool yourself by thinking you will, or could, be a writer; not, that is, unless you are willing to do it the hard way. And don't fool yourself by thinking, "He does it because for him it's easy." Or, contemplating one of his books, "If I chose to do so, I could write it much better than it is." Instead, no matter how many distractions you have, sit down—and write.

And what have I learned in my own educational endeavor? Facts, of course, quite many facts. But most of all, that people are different. Everyone lives in one or several cultures of his own. Coal miners have their own culture. So have academicians. So have Christian fundamentalists. Generally we think of cultures as larger units: Americans, Asians, Blacks, Catholics, etc. Peoples in separate cultures are concerned about different matters, and they have different ways of thinking about them. What seems important to us is not necessarily important to everyone. Our logic may not be theirs, and our very faith in rationality may conflict with theirs in irrationality. What we consider to be proof of a particular proposition, they may consider to be irrelevant. This is one of the hard things to learn. Culture is what we take for granted. Culture is what is true, what is right. It is hard to remember that people of a different culture need not be wrong. Since this is what I learned, it is what I tried to teach.

Life on a college campus is pleasant. It is a good way to live. One is surrounded by congenial people. They believe in meditation. They incline to believe it is not only important to *do*, but to *be*. The perspective no doubt becomes warped, for it is easy to become less a participant than a spectator of affairs. But my return to academia was only partial and only temporary. The war in Korea reached out and drew me in.

In June of 1951 Andrei Gromyko remarked casually that perhaps the time had come for it to end. The response from our side was immediate and insistent. For twenty-four hours the official radio in General MacArthur's headquarters beamed repetitiously toward Pyongyang, in North Korea: "Let us talk! Let us talk! Let us talk!" When the North Koreans finally acknowledged the invitation, we suggested that negotiations be held on board a hospital ship anchored off the coast. After this was rejected, we suggested that meetings be held at Kaesong, thereby blocking the natural north-south invasion route.

President Rhee radioed for me to come. World War I had ended in armistice talks that lasted two weeks, World War II in several hours of discussion on a railway car. Surely the Korean truce talks would last for only hours, at most. Actually, they took two years, but this we could not know. President Rhee's message was brief: Come at once. Take a leave of absence from your university, for planning the reconstruction from the war ruins will take a long time. Bring your family, to stay in Japan. I put my family on a ship in San Francisco and enplaned for Pusan, where the government was temporarily housed.

It was evident that haste was not the order of the day—not, that is, for the truce negotiations. Thus far they were dragging through wearisome arguments about arrangements in Panmunjom, a site near Kaesong: how many negotiators from each side, who would sit where, who would preside, what should the security be, should the translations of the three languages—Korean, Chinese, and English—be simultaneous or subsequent, and so on repetitiously and monotonously debated. I went over to Yokohama to greet my family as the ship arrived and got them installed in a house provided for them by the Korean Mission. Then back to Pusan, where my office was in the presidential compound overlooking the city, and my living quarters were in a small hotel downtown, where a dozen U.S. Army colonels were also housed.

Ever since the Communist assault against South Korea, Pusan had been drenched in emotions. At first there was the frantic period of the Pusan Perimeter, when only the immediate surroundings of Pusan were all of South Korea that remained free. Then came the period of exultation, after the landing of allied forces at Inchon forced a rapid retreat of all Communist troops back across the 38th parallel line, then fear again after the entry of China into the war and the Communist drive southward. The inhabitants, without adequate housing, or food, or water, settled down grimly to wait out the war. President Rhee set me to work writing speeches which he delivered by radio to American audiences, trying to maintain their support for "the war nobody loved." Meanwhile I visited the various ministries, doing what I could to help.

The problems that were absorbing almost all of President Rhee's time were domestic, and I was inescapably drawn into it. When I had tried in 1949 to advise him on cabinet appointments, he had gently but firmly told me, "Dr. Oliver, you know you don't know anything about Korean politics." I had to agree, and I understood that my role did not stretch to domestic political concerns. Nevertheless, now in the summer of 1952 domestic and international politics became so intertwined that I was inevitably drawn into them. The presidential election for a second term would be held in August of 1952.

When I arrived in Pusan in June, I found Dr. Rhee engaged in a vital struggle with the National Assembly. Under the constitution, it was the Assembly that elected the President. It was obvious that Dr. Rhee would not be re-elected. The Assembly acted as though South Korea was under the parliamentary system, in which the Prime Minister is directly subject to its will. Dr. Rhee had persistently acted as President: As in the United States, he needed legislative approval for his policies, but he himself was the policy-maker. In the midst of the Korean War—when Rhee's goals were in opposition to those of the US-UN—the Assembly, the Americans, and the politicians who profited from relations with the U.S. all very strongly wanted Rhee to be replaced. Their candidate was John Myun Chang. Rhee recalled Chang from his position as ambassador in Washington and named him as prime minister, or chairman of the cabinet, charging him to do all he could to whip the Assembly into support for his re-election. Instead, Chang joined with Assembly leaders in working to defeat Rhee.

President Rhee regarded his re-election as absolutely necessary if any chance remained to get the allies to insist with him on a peace that would re-unify Korea. I tried to persuade him to try to deal with the Assembly as American presidents deal with Congress. That is, try to win the support of members by threatening their defeat in the polls, or try to bribe them with expenditures in their electoral districts and also by appointing to office some of their supporters or family members. "That's the American way," Dr. Rhee told me. "We do it the Korean way." In part, this meant leading a palace revolution. He demanded that the Assembly adopt a constitutional amendment that transferred election of the president from the Assembly to the general voters. When the Assembly threatened to end its session rather than vote as he requested, President Rhee declared martial law and used his soldiers to bar assemblymen from leaving. Meanwhile, he activated his political following to arouse public demand for the popular election of their chief executive. Monster rallies supporting him were held throughout the South, and every provincial assembly adopted a resolution favoring his re-election. Meanwhile, I was working on his biography, *Syngman Rhee: The Man Behind the Myth*. In my questioning him for this book, he said to me, "You must understand that I am governed by convictions, not by circumstances." Then he added grimly, "Of course this often gets me in trouble." In the ensuing popular election he won by five million votes against 800,000.

The trouble became international. James Reston, the top reporter for *The New York Times*, came over to interview Rhee, and they invited me to sit in. Reston told him, "You know, Mr. President, that your objection to the 38th parallel truce and your use of force over the Assembly are causing you to be very unpopular in the United States." President Rhee snapped back, "I am not in a popularity contest."

Nevertheless, it was precisely his growing unpopularity globally that was his chief handicap. My primary job was to win back for him the popularity he had lost. Meanwhile, there were other needs, other problems.

"Our cities, homes, and factories can and must be rebuilt. These are urgent tasks, but they are not vital to our existence as a free people. What we must safeguard at all costs is the Inner Citadel." The speaker was the Minister of Education, Dr. George Nak Joon Paik, when I met with him.

"And what is the Inner Citadel?" I asked.

Very earnestly he replied, "The Inner Citadel is the integrity of our people. It is their minds and their morals, their understanding and their sense of duty, their spiritual resilience. It is their sense of what we are fighting for, and their faith that it can be attained. While this conviction is locked in the hearts and souls of our people, nothing can defeat them. But if ever this Inner Citadel is cracked, Korea may fall into the same apathy of defeatism that swept China into Communist control."

His words impressed me deeply. I wrote them in the letter that I wrote to my wife and sons in Tokyo, as I did every night while memory was hot.

Minister Paik was doing all he could to preserve the Inner Citadel. I passed by schools for every elementary and middle-school level, held in the open air on hillsides around Pusan. There were some college classes, too, but most students of this age were engaged in military duties. The faces of the students as I saw them were eager and animated. Their teachers were mostly ill-trained, and they had very few books. But they were eager to learn. Their living quarters downtown were shockingly bad. Some lived in warehouses, with each family having a few square feet marked off by chalk on the floor. Many lived in shacks made of scrap metal, wood, and pasteboard, erected wherever a few feet of space could be found. The city water system consisted of a single pump in the middle of a main street, to which long lines of people came all day and all night, with pots and jugs in hand. Beggars were everywhere, and their need was so obvious that I could not accept the frequent advice, "Don't give them anything; it just encourages them." While people starved in the streets, I sat with the colonels at tables stocked with beefsteaks, vegetables, and potatoes. Even *our* provender, however, was not all good—Spam, powdered eggs, artificial butter, and the like. Inside our hotel the comment, addressed to the waiters, was , "*Scoshi* potatoes, *taksan* steak." (Few potatoes, lots of steak.) But somehow good spirits generally prevailed. Outside in the streets the problem was not choice, but how not to starve.

My daily work consisted largely of gathering data for President Rhee from the ministries, then writing reports on what was being done and what most urgently needed doing. Beyond this, my principal unofficial duty was trying to maintain good relations between President Rhee and the top Allied brass. This was far from easy. The policies and priorities of the Koreans and the Americans were dangerously different.

Fundamentally, the Republic of Korea was not considered an ally, but a supplicant. Dr. Rhee's government was not consulted, but was partially and often belatedly told what was being decided or done. The Republic of Korea had an observer at the truce talks but could not participate in the discussions of allied policy formulation. Neither would the allied command agree to Rhee's urgent requests that Koreans be recruited, trained, and equipped as fighting units, instead of being used merely as porters and laborers for the U.N. troops. These conditions improved after General James A. Van Fleet was given command of ground forces, and at last a Korean Army was formed. But still the conduct of the war was for U.N.-U.S. war aims, not for Korean goals. Dr. Rhee was adamant that the war must accomplish the reunification of Korea, as the U.N. repeatedly had promised. President Truman was equally adamant that nothing should be done in Korea that might lead to war with the Soviet Union and China. Both views, of course, were honorable and correct—and irreconcilable. Neither view would or could yield to the other. Angry ill feelings exploded, and my major function was not to reconcile them, for this was impossible, but to hold them in check sufficiently so that essential coordination could go on. I managed to establish good working relations with the essential people, including Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, and especially cordial relations with sequential Assistant Secretaries of State for Asia Affairs Walter Robertson and John Hilldring, and on the military side with General James A. Van Fleet and General John Coulter. I had an abundance of friends on the Korean side, of course. The most valuable of them at this juncture were Chung Il-Kwon, who served successively as Lt. General, Chief of Staff of the ROK Armed Forces, prime minister, and Speaker of the National Assembly; Shin Sung Mo, Minister of Defense and then acting prime minister; Pyun Yung t'ae, Foreign Minister and then prime minister; and Walter Jheung, who held no office but knew his way around in all the ministries and was a fount of information. Of course, my intimate relationship with President and Madame Rhee was my most valuable asset as a behind-the-scenes negotiator.

As the Panmunjom truce talks finally, after two years, seemed to be drawing to a close, with the Communist regime obviously to remain in power in the North, President Rhee became bellicose in his opposition to it. First he set loose 25,000 Communist prisoners of war, who were about to be forced against their will to return to China and North Korea. Then he flatly refused to sign the projected truce. He demanded supplies and ammunition for the ROK Army so that it could drive northward alone. General Mark W. Clark wrote in his memoirs, *From the Danube to the Yalu*, that "tough old Syngman Rhee was ready to take on anyone, friend or foe, who stood in the way of his strategic concept. I had to admire him. Personally I liked the man, but I still found him as exasperating an ally as anyone could have." This of course was while the Republic of Korea was being treated not as an ally but as a satellite. Senator Arthur Vandenburg stated a generally held belief when he said that he regretted "to see President Rhee at any sort of odds with either the United Nations or Washington.... Certainly he had been a great patriot. Frankly, however, I don't think he should expect to inherit the civilian control north of the 38th parallel unless a northern referendum establishes this design." Winston Churchill, eager to get Great Britain out of Korea and back to rebuilding its own strength at home, exclaimed, "We shall not reconquer North Korea for Syngman Rhee!"

The challenge that I confronted was to try to change this view, which had pretty much become a global conviction. President Rhee had no wish to have North Korea captured to become his domain. What he did wish, most ardently, was for the United States and the United Nations to fulfill the intention both had clearly and repeatedly stated: to reunite Korea (which the United States and the Soviet Union had divided), under one government, with the "partial" election of 1948 completed by a U.N.-supervised vote in the north. The difference of this goal from the view Churchill held was immense. But Rhee's vehemently outspoken insistence on regaining the north gave credence to the mistaken interpretation that he felt North Korea should be "his."

General Van Fleet, who had won notable victories in the last months of the war, while he was in command of all the ground forces, worked with Rhee closely, knew him well, and was his unqualified admirer. After the war ended, he wrote an article for *Life* magazine, expressing a view of Rhee that was much like mine, calling President Rhee "one of the greatest thinkers, scholars, statesmen and patriots of our time," and declaring that his value to the U.N. in the war effort "was worth his weight in diamonds." Unlike the later situation in Vietnam, where support by both the southern government and the southern people disintegrated, Rhee's government continued to function smoothly and the South Koreans stood steadfast, even during the Pusan Perimeter months, when a Communist victory seemed inevitable.

Throughout the war, President Rhee, then in his eighties, was remarkably energetic. In effect he had two wars to fight—one against the Communists, in which the United

States was by far the major and indispensable ally, and the other one, against the war aims of the United States and the United Nations. President Truman's aim never was to rescue South Korea from the Communist assault, but, more broadly, to halt the military expansion of the Communist empire. This was his basic policy, as stated in his "Greece and Turkey declaration": Communism must be restrained within its boundaries. What he intended was to force the Communist invaders back across the 38th parallel line. He finally expanded this aim by authorizing MacArthur to reconquer North Korea only after it was apparent that North Korea's armed forces were incapable of defending themselves. Then, in October 1950, the Red Chinese army entered the war, and Truman resumed his earlier policy of merely maintaining the prior boundary.

While the war was in its most desperate phase, after the Chinese entry pushed the U.N. forces into precipitate retreat, President Rhee flew up to Seoul and then by helicopter to the front lines, where he gave an inspiring speech to Korean troops about to enter into battle. He took me with him. On the return flight, half-way to Pusan, a fierce storm with heavy rain and gale-force wind overtook us. The pilot turned back towards the Seoul Airport but was unable to breast the storm. Fuel was getting low. Over the intercom the pilot explained the situation, saying his best chance was to get to a small air field on the east coast, where there was an American Marine base. He added somberly that the storm was headed that way and that he could land only if he got there ahead of it. His fuel supply was nearly exhausted. Passengers on the plane besides President Rhee and me included General Coulter, U.S. Ambassador John Muccio, the Korean Minister of Defense, and several aides. To keep our spirits high, President Rhee began telling jokes, inducing us to join in. With light hearts, we reached the Marine base in time.

It was past dinner time, but a cold lunch was hastily prepared for us. Then we were ushered into a large tent that was unheated and dripping water. Once again President Rhee undertook to keep spirits cheerful. A guitar was borrowed from a Marine, and General Coulter strummed familiar tunes. President Rhee began to sing the words of well-known Korean and American folk songs, and invited us to commence a sing-a-long. By midnight a train arrived on the Pusan-Taegu line, and we were driven in jeeps some thirty miles over muddy, mountainous roads to it. There, wet, cold, and hungry, we found warmth, shelter, and beds in which to sleep. Dr. Rhee was by far the oldest one in the party, but it was he who kept our spirits high. And the next morning I found him in his office, ready for work.

Those who came to know President Rhee not only admired him but felt for him a depth of genuine affection as well. But the difference between his policies and those of the U.N.-U.S. was a gulf that could not be bridged. Feelings on both sides were getting so heated they were hard to control. The ritualistic politeness that marks normal diplomatic exchanges became frayed.

Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson, who had been notably a friend of ours in the Department of State, flew over from Washington to try to win Rhee back to accord with the ongoing policies. At a reception in the American embassy, he drew me aside and said hotly, "I've had all I'm going to stand from Syngman Rhee. You've got to get him back under control. If not, I'm going to resign and you'll lose your best friend in the State Department." What had him roiled was a comment Rhee made over the state radio about Robertson: "He has broken his word! The U.S. plans to sell us out to the

Communists."

What had happened was that President Truman had authorized the U.S. delegation to the truce talks to make ten more concessions to the Communists, some of them major, and all indicative of an urgent desire for a settlement. The general nature of the concessions is indicated by the first of them, which promised that the U.N. Commission would keep "persons on the side of Syngman Rhee or Chiang Kai-shek" away from the conference site when the truce would be signed. The first President Rhee knew of this list was when it was handed to him after having been presented to the Communists in a secret session from which the Korean observer had been excluded. He boiled over in anger. He gave me a strong statement and asked me to put it into form for a news release. Then he made a recording of it for the radio news, adding a few impromptu emendations. In his anger he used Walter Robertson's name, since it was Robertson who had come from Washington to consult with him about the truce.

As early as June 6, Eisenhower wrote to Rhee indicating he had decided to accept the Communist terms, with assurance that the terms would leave the Republic of Korea in possession of "substantially the same territory which the Republic administered before the aggression." Secretary Dulles wrote to Rhee that he himself would fly over to Seoul to discuss the problems. On July 30, in a letter to my wife, I explained how the situation looked to us in Kyung Mu Dai:

> *President Rhee is feeling "down," these days, fearing that he has abandoned too much of his bargaining position and that Korea is not going to come out of the political conference very well. I think it is important for his mood and attitude to be good when he talks with Dulles and the rest of the delegation. I'm confident he will rise to the occasion very well.*
>
> *At the same time, the talks won't go too well. Dulles feels the ROK is getting a very good "deal" from the United States, especially in the forthcoming programs to make it a "showplace of democracy in the Far East." Rhee feels this sort of thing is of little account so long as the country is left divided. Dulles will think Rhee ungrateful and each will think the other unrealistic. However, I feel confident that overall cordiality will prevail, even if there develop rather sharp differences of opinion.*
>
> *I had an hour's talk this morning with Ambassador Briggs (plus five minutes with his Counselor Calhoun), both very friendly. Briggs and Calhoun both made a strong point of their view that my work with President Rhee is proper in every sense—that it is entirely right that I should help him to present his position in the best possible form and in the best possible light; and that the U.S. profits greatly from having an American of sound patriotism in intimate association with President Rhee. I am sure Briggs told me this "on instruction" and that it represents the State Department view of me.*

This assurance I put in the letter to calm the fears of my wife that by helping Rhee I was injuring the United States. I was indeed becoming the target of sharp aspersions by some commentators, including the powerful Drew Pearson and Marquis Childs. Mary was getting some questioning and querulous looks and comments from acquaintances on campus. She told me that I had become "the most hated man on campus" as a presumed aide to an anti-American dictator. All was far from smooth in Seoul, on the Penn State campus, and even in my own home. Feelings in the White House were no better. Eisenhower was incensed by Rhee's charge that the United States was refusing to honor its pledged word. Ambassador Briggs told me that Rhee must be restrained from telling the world that he could not trust the dependability of American promises. Rhee felt so strongly that failure to carry through what the U.S.-U.N. had undertaken—to reunify Korea—would be viewed worldwide as abject surrender to Communism that he could not conceive of doubt that this was a commitment. My letter continued:

> *I have tried to talk him out of using such terms, but he apparently feels that much is to be gained by getting this view publicized prior to his talks with Dulles. I anticipate some very hectic sessions.*

Dulles arrived in Seoul on August 5 and went at once to Kyung Mu Dai. The ambiguity of my position was uncomfortable. I had been in President Rhee's office talking with him about Korean-American relations, but when Dulles and his sizable delegation arrived, I had to leave. Officially, I was neither American nor Korean. I slipped away and in low spirits got into a jeep to return to my downtown hotel. But I was stopped at the gate. A phone call had arrived saying that President Rhee wanted to see me at once. I hurried back to Kyung Mu Dai and found Rhee and Dulles waiting to see me. Dulles was very cordial. He said with a quizzical gleam in his eye that he had been hearing a great deal about me for a long time and that he was very glad to meet me. He said it was good for the U.S. to have me working intimately with President Rhee. He said the U.N. Commission would hold a political conference on Korea in Geneva and that he would ask "Milton" (Eisenhower) to release me so that I could attend it. He then asked what I taught at Penn State, and when I replied, "Speech," he laughed. He jested for a few minutes about a meeting he had with Nehru and then turned serious. He said more to me than to President Rhee, in words I put down in the letter that evening to my wife:

> *We are trying to create a new basis for the relations of Korea with the rest of the world. You know—we have always met with one of the other big nations and have decided what to do about Korea and then have simply informed Korea of the decisions. But we're not doing that any more. My own coming out here is of tremendous importance. This is the first time in all history anything like this ever has been done—for the Secretary of State of a major power to go all the way across the world to talk with the President of a small nation, and to try to bring its policies into accord with the small nation's. Whatever we may decide in this matter is of small importance. The big thing is that we came at all.*
>
> *President Rhee spoke up to say, "It's the first time in fifty years." I corrected him, agreeing with Dulles, "It's the first time in all history." Then I said to Mr. Dulles, "You and President Eisenhower are really creating a revolution in your methods of dealing with Asia, and it will have very important consequences."*
>
> *"Yes," he agreed, "we are going to do that."*

I am not proud of having "shifted sides," even in this small way. But my purpose is to report what happened, not what should have. Anyway, I had been treated virtually as an equal by the President of South Korea and the Secretary of State of the United States as they met to solve a vital impasse between them. I returned to the Bando Hotel feeling that harmony was possible. But I had scarcely reached my room when the euphoria was blasted. President Rhee phoned me in a mood of desperation. The United Nations was not going to fight on to free North Korea, he knew, and anything else, he said, was "window dressing." At the Foreign Ministry, American and Korean delegates were discussing terms for a ROK-USA military agreement. He asked me to go to it and to insure that we got an American promise to renew the war if a truce were signed.

The treaty draft the Americans had brought with them provided for the stationing of American troops in and around Korea, which meant, they said, that if South Korea was attacked, the war would involve the United States "automatically and immediately." Pyun Yung t'ae, the Foreign Minister; Ben Limb; Kim Young-shik; and I, after two hours of argument with the American delegation finally agreed that they had to word the treaty in accord with the U.S. Constitutional requirement that only Congress could declare war. Then we got a minor change of wording to strengthen the American pledge, and we also got an agreement that the treaty would be initialed by Rhee and Dulles, so that it would go into effect without waiting for congressional approval—and we felt good about that.

I was selected by the group to be its spokesman. When we returned to Kyung Mu Dai, I told Rhee happily what we had accomplished. He listened coldly, then asked, "Does it guarantee military action to drive the Communists out of North Korea?" When we told him no, that is impossible, he exploded in anger, calling us failures, and said the treaty was of no value without that. Pyun left to attend a reception. Kim and I tried our best to convince Dr. Rhee that we had gotten the best we could. Ben Limb spoke up to agree with Rhee that such a provision was "absolutely necessary," and said that we had not even attempted to get that provision inserted.

My troubles with President Rhee very soon extended to Secretary Robertson. I told Robertson that in Rhee's eyes the treaty was only dust thrown in the eyes of the world. Robertson interrupted me angrily. He said that he admired Dr. Rhee and had been ready to return to the State Department to fight for Korea as no American official had ever done. But this was too much. If what Rhee wanted to do was to go it alone, that was his privilege: "But he will be absolutely alone, without a friend in the world, and without any military, economic, or political help of any kind, if that is what he wishes. But he has got to stop making these unreasonable demands." Robertson expressed friendship and appreciation for me, but as we shook hands and I was leaving, he said, "For God's sake, make Rhee see some reason if at all possible."

The next afternoon I wrote out a joint statement for Rhee and Dulles to sign and took it to Kyung Mu Dai. Rhee greeted me in the same spirit as we had parted that morning. "Dr. Oliver," he said, "however much I tell you patiently over and over that we must have reunification, you don't understand it. All these other things don't matter a damn." When I showed him the statement I had written, his eyes lighted up. "This is good," he said. "Will Dulles sign it?" I said I didn't know, but that it didn't say anything Dulles and Robertson had not been saying. Dulles might not agree to make the statement public. President Rhee replied that whether it was publicized or not wouldn't matter. It would be enough if Dulles signed it. What the statement said in effect was that if the truce left

Korea divided, the United States would convene a political conference in Geneva to try by every political means to win Communist agreement to reunification.

That afternoon, August 7, Rhee and Dulles held their third and final meeting, to which Dulles brought his own draft statement for their signatures. They asked me to sit in with them. I was about as near to a nervous collapse as I ever expect to get. My plan was that after this meeting failed, I would resign and fly back to State College with its campus calm.

I felt a deep undertone of sadness and also of irony in the situation. Of all the statesmen of the world, these two were most akin in their views of the danger of Communism and of how to deal with it. Both were courageous men, with a gambler's instinct to "go for broke" in doing what they believed had to be done. Dulles was known for "going to the brink" in the risks he took in dealing with the Communist leaders. And Rhee was demonstrating the same quality in his challenges to his own powerful allies. Both men were willing to undergo denunciation for reaching even beyond their grasp in pursuing goals their minds and consciences defined as what was right. Both had an appealing warmth in their belief that eventually it is right that makes might. And here they were, locked in an unescapable disagreement. President Rhee was locked into his course by his duty to serve the needs of his countrymen, Dulles in his duty to his own president and to the United Nations, in refusing to taking risks that might lead to another world war.

Both men showed the heavy strain of the roles they had to play. Dulles's left eye twitched frequently, and his face drooped with weariness. Rhee's frustration engulfed him and broke out in bursts of anger he could not contain. Before leaving Washington Dulles had met with the leaders of the nations that had cooperated in the United Nations to support the Korea War. He knew their determination now was to get out.

To start this meeting, Secretary Dulles said, "Mr. President, I hope you may agree with the conclusions we have reached."

"You know my views," President Rhee replied. "Let's discuss them."

"There is nothing to discuss. The United Nations has decided what to do. This cannot be changed."

Dr. Rhee jumped up, his face reddened, and said angrily, "Then why did you come? If you did not mean to discuss the truce terms with me, there is no need for you to be here. You could have cabled the terms to me just as well."

Dulles spoke up conciliatorily, "We do not mean to ignore you. We want your approval of the truce. That is why I have come."

After a few moments of silence, Dulles said, "The U.N. and the U.S. completely agree with you. We, too, want Korea to be reunited under its own free and democratic government. Our aim is precisely the same as yours. The only difference is that you want to accomplish it by war. We want to accomplish it by peaceful means. Why do you insist on more fighting?"

President Rhee replied soberly, "I am in full agreement with your views. No country has suffered so much from this war as Korea has, and if our goal can be achieved in peace, no people will be happier than ours. The only question I want to ask is this: If you cannot accomplish our joint purpose by peaceful means, what then?"

This question of "What then?" hung in the air. Dulles had no reply. Rhee's voice sharpened with scorn. "How can you expect that the Communists will give you at the conference table what you cannot or will not take from them on the battlefield?" It was a question for which Dulles had no answer.

President Rhee tried again. "What do you intend to do if the political conference fails?" Dulles then spoke up: "We do not intend it to fail. Failure is not the American way. We will keep on with peaceful means until the goal is achieved."

The meeting lasted well over an hour, with long periods of silence. At times, one or another of them would arise, walk to the window, and look out. Both felt the heavy weight of failure. Both knew there was no more to say. Both were caught in roles they were forced to play. Both knew they could not issue a joint statement, for there was nothing on which they could agree. President Rhee agreed that he would not "impede the truce," though he could not sign it. They parted in friendship and mutual respect.

Three days later, on August 10, President Rhee released a statement that he allowed me to compose:

> *I am opposed to the signing of the truce because I am convinced that it will be the prelude to more war, not less; to more suffering and ruin; to further Communist advances by war and by subversion. I pray that my judgment of its effects may turn out to be wrong. We will not disturb the armistice while a political conference attempts to solve peacefully the problem of the liberation and reunification of Korea.*

In America an election was held, won by Dwight David "Ike" Eisenhower, and on January 20, 1953, Ike replaced Truman as President. By this time I was newly back from Korea and Dr. Milton Eisenhower, Ike's brother, was President of Pennsylvania State University. He asked me to leave the Speech Department to become his Special Assistant for International Affairs, and I did so for one semester. Ike had promised during the closing days of the presidential campaign that "I will go to Korea." When he did so, in early December, Secretary of State Dulles (at Dr. Rhee's request) asked Milton Eisenhower to grant me a few days of leave, so that I could be in Seoul with Rhee while Ike was there.

On Ike's arrival he at once paid a brief courtesy call on Rhee, then went to General Van Fleet's headquarters, for discussions with commanding generals, and visited American troops along the front line. President Rhee was advised that Eisenhower would leave at 2:00 p.m. and would have no time for a further visit with him. Rhee, infuriated, sent back word that he would call his cabinet into special session and would sit with it awaiting Ike's arrival for a discussion of Korean views on the war. If Ike did not come, Rhee added, he would have to inform the press that Ike refused to talk with him. Two o'clock arrived, then another two hours passed. All that President Rhee knew was that Ike had not departed. Finally, at four o'clock, Eisenhower arrived at Kyung Mu Dai and sat with the cabinet to hear its views. With no further word, he left. From his ship in Pusan harbor, while he prepared for a restful return home, he released a statement saying he had been to Korea and that he would bring the war to a speedy close.

I returned home, too, and gave an interview to *The New York Times*, telling what had really happened in Korea. Milton Eisenhower read the interview and on December 23 wrote a letter about it to Senator Vandenburg (preserved in Box 60 of the Seeley Mudd Library of Princeton University, among the John Foster Dulles papers). It read as follows:

> *Dear Arthur,*
>
> *As I told you some time ago, Dr. Robert T. Oliver, Head of our Speech Department, has for some years been assistant to President Rhee, and was with Rhee when the General made his trip there.*
>
> *Doctor Oliver has given the New York Times an interview of his views on the Korean situation. I think this is precisely the same as the Rhee view. It occurs to me that you, Sherman Adams, and perhaps Foster Dulles might be interested in reading the interview, parts of which I do not by any means endorse.*
>
> *Sincerely,*
> *Milton*
> *Eisenhower*

It is evident that my endeavors were having an effect. Of this letter, I of course had no knowledge until years later, when it was found and shared with me by Dr. Martin J. Medhurst, Director of the Center for Presidential Studies, Texas A & M University, while he was doing research for the first of his two books on President Dwight Eisenhower.

President Rhee was worn out and left for his cottage down on the southern coast, on Masan Bay. I, too, left to return to the place we call "Happy Valley," a month before fall classes would begin at Penn State. The war was over. Diplomacy would have to do what it could. I would have to pull myself together for the fall semester that would soon begin. And I had, somehow, to re-establish relations with my family, my campus associates, and my friends.

CHAPTER 10

My experiences led me, naturally into inquiries concerning the role of speech and discussion in international affairs. By now, I had broadened my conclusions concerning the manifold uses of speech. Some of them I was writing about; some influenced what I was teaching. These factors have been written about by others, and it appears relevant to insert at this point what they have concluded.

The witnesses called to state their case are Dr. James R. Andrews of Indiana State University, Dr. Goodwin Berquist of Ohio State University, and Dr. Agnes Maris, of Rhode Island University. All three had been doctorate students under my supervision many years ago. They know me well. All three are also notable in the speech-communication profession, so they are well known. Their scholarship and their leadership give cogency to their testimonials. I may not agree completely with all they say, but in the remainder of this chapter they speak for themselves. I shall then undertake to evaluate what I believe to be some of their interpretations.

Dr. James Andrews, a distinguished scholar, teacher, administrator, and research-scholar in the field of British public address, prepared the following paper for a program of the 1989 Convention of the National Speech Communication Association. He will now speak for himself:

* * * * *

"When I was at Penn State, Robert T. Oliver, who was then Head of the Department, liked to tell us graduate students the story of the English novelist Anthony Trollope. Trollope, you may recall, worked during the day as a minor postal official (sic); at night, he set aside a specific period of time to write. One night, when he finished a novel, he found that he still had two hours left in his regularly allotted writing time. So, he picked up a blank sheet of paper and wrote on the top of it, 'Chapter 1,' and went on writing for the next two hours. Now I'm afraid I never have quite mastered this kind of iron discipline—I'm more apt to sing, dance, and click my heels upon completion of a writing project than I am calmly to set about beginning the next one in the same sitting. But, the point is clear: sustained, disciplined hard work, the development of a habit of mind and action that consistently confronts the tough intellectual challenge of research and writing is fundamental to productive scholarship. It is that heritage of scholarship, as much as the specific research contributions, that I believe we celebrate, a heritage exemplified by Robert T. Oliver, indeed by all of those whom we gather to honor today.

"As a graduate student, with papers to write, public speaking classes to teach and dissertation research to carry out, I thought I was a very busy person. I longed for the day when my Ph.D. was finished and I could enter the more leisurely world of the scholar-teacher. I couldn't begin to appreciate then the literally breath-taking scope of Professor Oliver's activities: Robert Oliver, while heading a major department, teaching graduate seminars, serving as President of our national association, editing a journal, and acting as a consultant to the Korean government at a time when the affairs of that nation occupied the center of the world stage, still produced articles, speeches, and books—impressive in quality and in quantity—that addressed a wide variety of concerns important to the student of public address.

"In our journals Robert Oliver expounded on the rhetoric of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, and he produced his *History of Public Speaking in America*. In articles in the *Speech Teacher* he assessed the teaching of Speech around the world Growing from his monumental Ph.D. dissertation on Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt, Professor Oliver maintained a life-long interest in British public address; students in my British public address class are reading this semester his two most recent books on the history of public speaking in Great Britain. But it is his contributions to scholarship in international and diplomatic speech that I want to address more specifically.

"It needs to be said that Professor Oliver's work in this area is the result of both scholarly investigation and practical involvement. By the time he had written *Culture and Communication* in 1962, Dr. Oliver had traveled twelve times to the Orient, once to Australia and three times to Europe and the Middle East. He had served as a consultant at international conferences. Not only had he advised the government of Korea concerning its relations with the United States and the United Nations, he had also, in this time, written four books on Korea and a biography of Syngman Rhee. And he had launched an ambitious research program focused on *rhetorical* thought, 'which is to say,' he wrote,

> *the way in which a people views any problem in terms of its own purposes and its own estimate of the nature of its chosen audience. What is ultimately true about a given subject is, in international relations, often of less instant import than what must be done and said in order to be persuasive in relation to it. The rhetorical approach, then, concerns the manner in which one set of spokesmen from one community try to influence the reactions of another set from a different cultural entity. What is important to us concerning Communism, or Confucianism, and Taoism, and Hinduism is, first of all, their rhetorical characteristics. By what modes do they strive to persuade; and by what means may they be persuaded?*

"In the 1950s and 60s, Professor Oliver was engaged in teasing out of the fundamental premises of cultural modes of thought, the rhetorical implications for those who would communicate across cultures. In studies published in our journals, he discussed, for example, the Taoist propensity to *'em pathize* rather than *rationalize* their way to sound conclusions'; he contrasted the Western goal of individual achievement with the Buddhist desire to merge 'our individuality into the infinite richness of indivisible totality,' and with the Shinto view that ' the supreme task of life is not "the pursuit of happiness," but the fulfilling of obligations'; he explained the ancient forms of Confucianism and the Wang, Legalist, and Sirhok Schools that injected 'a new spirit of practical realism into the ancient forms.' In doing so, Professor Oliver sought consistently to suggest that such insights had practical ramifications for communication behavior, arguing that we need 'to learn to look for the values and standards of value of the people among whom we move—if not to adopt them, at least to understand, to appreciate, to learn to deal with them.'

"Intertwined with his interest in cultural aspects of public address was Professor Oliver's concern for the speech of international diplomacy. In writing of 'The Role of Speech in Diplomacy,' 'Speech in International Affairs,' 'The Rhetoric of Power in Diplomatic Conferences,' 'The Varied Rhetorics of International Relations,' 'The Speech of Diplomacy as a Field for Research,' Professor Oliver sought to unravel and explicate the 'intolerable difficulties' to which the speech of diplomacy is subject, especially in the modern technological world in which propaganda and diplomacy are inextricably linked. He carefully exposed the rhetorical problems arising from the fact that diplomats were 'agents, not principals' and thus differentiated from our traditional conception of the speaker. He examined the role of deception, the use of technical vocabulary, the effects of intentional and unintentional ambiguity, the relationship of substance and form in the speech of diplomacy, arguing that 'Diplomacy has been converted largely into a struggle for the minds. of men.'

"In *Culture and Communication* Robert Oliver opined that 'The problem is that the entire human race, for the first time in all history, has been drawn together in one community, sharing one destiny, confronted with the danger of complete destruction—yet has not achieved a sense of communion or a methodology of creating such a feeling of oneness.' The two research roads that he was traveling converge with Professor Oliver's observation that 'The difficulty...lies in two primary causes of divisiveness. The first is the fact of national sovereignty, which prevents political unity, encourages military antagonisms, and breeds suspicion and hostility. The second lies in deep-seated cultural differences, which result in confusion of understanding even when purposes are similar, and which further lead to unrealized or misunderstood differences rooted in contrary value systems.'

"Dr. Oliver's study and practice of public address as it pertained to international relations led him to a conclusion that has become a widely accepted premise for research and teaching in this field. 'The great over-riding fact that we need to accept,' he wrote, 'is that there is no such thing as *a rhetoric* which is common to all; instead there are *many rhetorics*. People in separate cultures and separate nations are concerned about *different* problems; and they have *different* systems of thinking about them.... What we need most of all is a re-education—not just an enlarged, or more systematic, or more thorough education, but an actual substitution of a world view for the parochial view within which we have been nurtured.'

"In the rhetorical investigation of diplomatic speech and the search for the rhetorical implications in cultural reality, Robert Oliver has laid significant ground work for the ongoing study of intercultural communication and international public address. And, aside from such a major scholarly contribution, Professor Oliver's work suggests the ways in which our profession can help in devising a methodology for creating a feeling of oneness.

"Our 'heritage,' of course, implies that which has been passed down to us from preceding generations. And while it may be true that there are, throughout our profession, Professor Oliver's academic children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, and while it is also true that his personal example, his insights and his exhortations, have instructed and inspired those who follow him, it is *not* true that he is of a generation that has been succeeded. In just the last few years he has published three books, the latest, published this year, being one that surely will have special significance for students of international and intercultural communication, *Leadership in Asia: Persuasive Communication in the Making of Nations, 1850-1950*.

"Recently, Professor Oliver wrote, that 'Many a time history is directed by right words, rightly spoken, at right times.' That observation has a double meaning on this occasion. His own words, rightly spoken at right times, have profoundly influenced the study of public address. Furthermore, they remind us as students of public address that, again in Professor Oliver's words, 'discourse which defines issues and circumstances and points a way toward available solutions to problems is one of the significant shaping forces of history.' Public address scholars now and in the future have important work to do and a rich tradition to live up to as they do that work. Thank you, Professor Oliver, for your important contribution to that tradition."

* * * * *

Dr. Goodwin Berquist, a historian and co-author of a brilliant history of Western rhetoric, responded to an invitation from the editor of *The Rhetoric Review* to write an article for its Fall 1990 issue, which follows:

"The Rhetorical Travels of Robert T. Oliver

"In the past half century, Robert T. Oliver has published over fifty books and literally hundreds of articles. And now in his eighties, *he is continuing to do so*. In addition to this prolific record of publication, Oliver has delivered countless speeches and lectures throughout the United States as well as in Asia and Australia. Here is no ivory-tower specialist intent on unearthing arcane bits of wisdom, but a practical man of action concerned with the communication problems of everyday life. Oliver is a scholar-adventurer whose curiosity embraces whole cultures. A most unusual subject I think you will agree.

"In order to appreciate the contributions Oliver has made to our field, we need to know something about his background, along with the problems that captured his attention.

"Preparation

"Robert Oliver was born in 1909 in the American Northwest. He received a bachelor's degree from Pacific University and an MA from the University of Oregon, both in the field of English literature. Then he traveled to the Mid-West to pursue doctoral study in Speech at the University of Wisconsin. It was at Madison, in fact, that Oliver learned the 'real value of hard work'; his teacher, he told me many years later, was Dr. Harry Hayden Clark, professor of American Literature.

"As a college professor, Oliver taught undergraduate and graduate students at a variety of institutions: Clark Junior College, Bradley, Bucknell, Syracuse, and lastly, Penn State.

"During the Second World War, he served temporarily in Washington, DC, as Director of the Food Conservation Program. One day in September of 1942, he had lunch with a distinguished-looking, Oriental gentleman: Dr. Syngman Rhee, graduate of George Washington, Harvard, and Princeton who was later to become first president of the Republic of Korea. For eighteen years thereafter, Oliver served as counselor, publicist, and speech writer for the Korean government. He also advised the Korean delegation to the United Nations, both during and after the Korean War, and he was employed to help devise Korean policies toward Japan, India, China, and the United States. In 1959 Oliver received the presidential medal, the Korean government's highest civilian award, for these varied services.

"Oliver is also an experienced editor. In 1946 he served as acting director of the Syracuse University Press—and later edited *Today's Speech*—the professional journal of the Speech Association of the Eastern States. For a number of years he also managed the affairs of the Korean Pacific Press and edited numerous works involving both speech communication and Korea.

"Within the speech communication profession, Oliver is perhaps best known as the long-time head of the department at Penn Sate, and as president of his regional association and the nationwide Speech Communication Association.

"All these myriad activities would seem a great plenty, but there is more. In 1957 Oliver was employed as a summer Speech consultant to the Australian Ministry of Education; in this capacity he traveled over 25,000 miles by air, speaking throughout the continent.

"Later, Oliver became Research Professor of International Speech at Penn State, and, recently, he was appointed a Fellow of the East/West Center at the University of Hawaii, where he now spends part of each year in research and writing about Asia.

"Ports of Call

'I am now engaged,' Oliver told a central Pennsylvania audience in 1961, 'in making a book out of books—that is, in writing a history of American public address: not because I have greater knowledge or truer insights than others in the same field, but because the job very much needs to be done and I think I have found a way of doing it. Often this is the greatest contribution a writer can make to a book of knowledge...namely, that he sees how to organize, or patternize, or synthesize the material so that it can be welded into usable and suggestive form.' ('Writers Are People,' *Vital Speeches of the Day*, July 1961, 575).

"Faced with the corpus of Oliver's printed works, my challenge is similar. How does one make sense out of so many books and articles, speeches and lectures? Or to return to our travel metaphor, what were Oliver's major ports of call?

"The first one is easy: **basic communication skills** as befits a practical rhetorician. In 1942, in the midst of the Second World War, Oliver published the first college textbook ever written in the field of persuasion, *The Psychology of Persuasive Speech*. In the years since, he has authored or coauthored eight other widely used basic texts, including *Developing Ideas for Essays and Speeches* (with H. W. Robbins).

"Oliver's second concern involves the **history of oratory and public speaking in the English-speaking world**. As early as 1936 and 37, he authored essays on Clay, Calhoun, and Webster for the *Quarterly Journal of Speech*, to be followed in later years by critiques of William H. Seward and Woodrow Wilson. In 1940 he published 'A Rhetorician's Criticism of Historiography' in which he posed the following syllogism:

> *"To be well written, history must properly interpret all of the forces which shape the development of the human race. Oratory is one of those forces which has played an important part. Therefore, to be well written, history must properly interpret the historical significance of oratory. (Eastern Public Speaking Conference, 1940, 172)*
>
> *"Oliver's thesis was that 'historians have failed to portray accurately the currents and eddies, the progressions and retrogressions, of human history because they have not adequately considered one of the large motivating forces—the influence of public speech' (162).*

"Oliver's first attempt to correct this omission, to clearly demonstrate rhetoric's force in history, involved the publication of his doctoral dissertation *Four Who Spoke Out*, by Syracuse University Press in 1946 (a work which is still in print, incidentally, through Books for Libraries Press). Here is a highly readable assessment of four outstanding British orators, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt, active in the half century between 1766 and 1806. Oliver's literary heritage is abundantly clear as he paints a memorable landscape of English tradition and culture before turning to three target audiences (parliament, king, and people), the character of each speaker, and the rhetorical strengths and weaknesses of each.

"What rivets our attention here is the author's fast-paced style of writing, together with his skillful selection of quotation and detail. This is not a dry, historical chronicle. Nor is it an in-depth neo-Aristotelian case study of a single speaker. Instead the focus is upon the rhetoric of a period as a force in history, upon public discourse in the past to better understand the present. It is at once clear that Oliver has a commanding grasp of the golden age of British eloquence.

"It is also clear that Oliver possessed, early in his academic career, the ability to synthesize a very diverse body of material in meaningful fashion: speeches, letters, writings, personal revelations, contemporary diaries and journals, biographies and contemporary historical accounts as well as later histories and biographies. *Four Who Spoke Out* is readable, pithy, judgmental—a remarkable achievement for a young scholar less than ten years past his doctorate.

"A quarter century was to pass before Oliver published his remarkable *History of Public Speaking in America* This is the only work I have ever used as a textbook in over thirty-five years of teaching that students unanimously applauded: 'We don't care how you change the course [in the history of American public address], so long as you don't change the text!' they said.

"Conventional histories of oratory, often published in multi-volume sets at about the town of the century, tend to be anthologies, collections of individual speeches, which focus on masterpieces of oratory. Typically there is no effort made to capture the spirit of the age during which the speech was delivered, nor to assess the impact of rhetoric as a whole on culture. Instead each entry is preceded by a brief note identifying date, place, and audience. It is as if the compiler assumed the period when a speech was given was second nature to the reader, that the speech somehow 'spoke for itself.' Nor is there normally much serious criticism appended, only praise. The fact that a particular speech was included in the collection seems to establish its merit in the mind of the compiler.

"We would of course expect much more from the author of *Four Who Spoke Out*. And we are not disappointed. Consider for example Oliver's chapter headings in his *History of Public Speaking in America* (Boston: Allyn and Bacon, 1965):

I. Groping Toward Independence (1609-1765)
II. Better to Live Free (1761-1788)
III. The Great Debates that Forged the Nation (1788-1850)
IV. Individualism in the Fabric of Democracy (1820-1860)
V. The Great Triad: Webster, Clay and Calhoun (1812-1852)
VI. Spokesmen for the Old South (1830-1874)
VII. The Antislavery Crusade (1831-1865)
VIII. Practical Politics and the Higher Law: Douglas, Seward, and Lincoln (1850-1865)
IX. Restriction, Reconstruction and Reconciliation (1865-1886)
X. The Expanding Influence of the Pulpit (1800-1920)
XI. Forensic Eloquence (1800-1900)
XII. The Professional: Advocate and Lecturer (1826-1920)
XIII. The Renewal of Rhetoric (1890-1914)

"While these headings necessarily overlap one another in time, there are many topics of interest here. Like the skilled biographer, Oliver is a genius at selection and synthesis of detail. The reader comes away disappointed that the text has ended, for our appetites have been whetted for more. In this reviewer's judgment, this is one of those rare volumes that should never go out of print.

"Oliver's thesis is succinctly put at the outset: 'Man speaking is the prototype American democrat. How he speaks, why, and with what results, are matters worthy of our constant concern' (xviii).

"In addition to most of the thirty-nine orators analyzed in Brigance and Hockmuth's standard *History and Criticism of American Public Address*, Oliver exposes us to such hitherto neglected speakers as Theodore Weld, Ohio's dynamic abolitionist leader; Frederick Douglass, certainly the most influential African-American orator before Booker T. Washington; John Quincy Adams, the ex-President whose advocacy of the right of petition before an often-hostile House of Representatives was both courageous and eloquent; plus a host of Confederate opinion leaders such as Robert B. Rhett, Judah P. Benjamin, Alexander Stephens, and of course, Jefferson Davis. Oliver's treatment of religious rhetoric includes the influential nineteenth-century evangelist Charles D. Finney and the twentieth-century's Billy Sunday, an ex-baseball player who made the gospel appealing by recourse to sensationalism and entertainment. It was Sunday who served as the real-life model for Sinclair Lewis' *Elmer Gantry*. Whereas Brigance and Hochmuth identified only one woman orator of note in America before World War II, Oliver found half a dozen, including Elizabeth Cady Stanton (who advocated women's suffrage as early as 1848) and Frances Willard, the remarkable temperance lecturer.

"What Oliver provides is an ever-changing panorama of rhetoric in the service of democracy, not a series of dry case studies lacking in flesh and blood. If I could recommend but one book on American oratory to the curious layman, it would surely be this one.

"Oliver's return to the field of British public address occurred a generation later when he published first *The Influence of Rhetoric in the Shaping of Great Britain: From the Roman Invasion to the Early Nineteenth Century* (1986) and then *Public Speaking in the Re-Shaping of Great Britain* (1987). (Both volumes were published by the University of Delaware Press at Newark, Delaware.)

"Oliver's motive in undertaking these two volumes is made clear on page 23 of *The Influence of Rhetoric*: 'I look to the British Isles as a major source from which my own nation has drawn many of its characteristics. I confess to being at least a temperate Anglophile. Much of my professional life has been spent in consideration of how persuasive discourse exerts civic and moral influence. The first book I ever planned to write, almost a half century ago, was a history of public speaking in Great Britain. The project has remained teasingly with me as a debt waiting to be paid.'

"Despite his early background in literature, Oliver notes that 'the speeches discussed are not assessed for their literary qualities but for their social and political effects' (23). To put the matter in its simplest terms, Oliver is an insatiable student of rhetoric and culture. 'Many a time,' he notes in the same volume, 'history is directed by right words, rightly spoken, at right times.'

> *"The need to make choices is inevitable. Various possibilities are considered. Available alternatives are examined. Rarely does a particular choice appear so luminously clear, or so inevitably right, as to shut out all doubt as to what is to be done. The course of human affairs is dynamic. Actions are to be performed. What to do is a matter for judgment, often poised between opportunity and disaster. Present action is demanded even when its results are uncertain. Voices are raised to suggest one action or another. Who speaks, and how, and with what effects are matters of fundamental historical concern. As Macaulay understood, government is 75 percent talk. What persuasive strategies really mean in history is a cardinal concern. They are vastly more than what many critics call 'mere talk' or 'empty rhetoric.' (11)*

Faced for many years with the demand for immediate governmental response in the affairs of Korea, Oliver thinks of persuasive speech as a practitioner-under-fire rather than as an armchair speculator.

"He is as well concerned about the generic role of symbols in human behavior: 'Humans alone, among all creatures, have the ability to *symbolize meaning*. What we alone can do is to pick out of the booming, buzzing environment around us items to which we ascribe our own interpretation, upon which we act, and by means of which we seek to stimulate, or limit, or guide the conduct of our associates. In this sense, we live in a *pseudo environment*, a selective linguistic universe, for better or for worse. What we select, and what we transmit to others, makes our own great world of difference' (11-12).

"Oliver is the first to admit a debt to others in the evolution of his thinking. What is distinctive about his views is their breadth rather than their originality. His two volumes on public speaking in Great Britain constitute a narrative history whose centerpiece is the influence of rhetoric on human affairs.

"Perhaps the simplest way to convey the scope and slant of Oliver's thinking is to identify his revealing chapter headings. In *The Influence of Rhetoric*, he begins by focusing the reader's attention on 'Rhetoric and History—Functions of Persuasion.' Then he proceeds as follows:

1. Culture Shaping—The Rhetorical Contribution
2. Drawing Together—The Role of Talk
3. A New Idea Emerges—The Balance of Interests
4. New Problems, New Solutions—The Professionalizing of Rhetoric
5. Crisis and Confrontation—Determining the Mastery
6. Muddling Through—Royalty Restrained
7. Elitism—The Rhetoric of Privilege
8. The People Find a Voice—The Elder William Pitt
9. Concern for the Little Man—Religion and Reform
10. The Rights of Englishmen—Debating the American War
11. Imperialism on Trial—The Indictment of British Rule Over India
12. The Specter of Jacobinism—Effects on the Discussable
13. The Problems of Ireland—A Rhetorical Battleground
14. Scotland—A Rhetorical Highland

"I think the reader will agree these headings invite us to explore further and we will not be disappointed: Oliver has lost none of his ability to spin an entrancing story in the twenty-five years since his *History of Public Speaking in America*.

"Given his broad purpose, Oliver's work is sweeping rather than innovative and sometimes he errs as do we all. For example on page 120 of *The Influence of Rhetoric*, paragraph 3, he incorrectly states that there is a twelve-year gap between the Short and Long Parliaments of Charles I. As it so happened, the gap was between the Parliament of 1628 and the Short Parliament of early 1640.

"Oliver's second volume has chapter headings equally appealing. Here he begins with an essay on 'Rhetoric, Science, Religion and Democracy' and then proceeds as follows:

1. A Challenge to Rhetoric: Confronting the Idea of Democracy
2. The Old versus the New: Devising Forms for Democracy
3. The Focus of Argument: What Direction Should Government Take?
4. Uncertain Rhetoric: What to Do about Ireland and the Colonies?
5. Challenge to the Church: Reinterpretations of Faith
6. The Central Triad: Victoria, Disraeli, and Gladstone
7. After the Watershed: Dreaming about Democracy
8. Torchbearers of a New Revolution: Peaceful but Radical Change

9. Speaking Up for Women: Bridging the Gender Gap
10. Britain's Solemn Hour: The Role of Churchill's Oratory

Epilogue: The Role of Rhetoric in Reshaping History: Changing and Expanding

"While it is impossible in a review of this scope to deal at length with any one figure, one can perhaps grasp Oliver's approach by examining a part of his analysis of Winston Churchill's wartime rhetoric. In *Public Speaking in the Reshaping of Great Britain*, he writes: 'In the old fashioned sense of the word, Winston Churchill during World War II was an orator, not, in the new fashion, a discussant.

> *His speeches were not spontaneous but they were carefully prepared, not conversational but formal even ornate in style. He did not identify himself with his listeners but deliberately spoke to not with them. His mode was that of a father figure. Too independent to be a party regular, he was also too solitary, too moody, too self-centered to engage in carefree comradeship with his political associates. He was like a majestic eagle soaring above its environment, demanding and receiving admiration and respect, yet to be viewed warily because of his ability to pounce. And like an eagle, he pounced with power and with style. (191)*

"This is the view of a fluent critic, certain of himself and of his subject matter. While Chauncey Goodrich carefully analyzed a portion of British eloquence in the 1850s, and several of Oliver's peers compiled British speech anthologies, this is the very first comprehensive effort of any scholar, British or American, to examine British oral rhetoric from the Romans to Clement Atlee.

"During his long, productive career as a writer and speaker, Oliver made two other ports of call. His long-term commitment to the Korean government led him to focus his attention on ***Asian rhetoric*** in theory as well as practice. Not surprisingly, he began with Korea. From the 1940s to the 1970s, Oliver wrote seven books on Korea and well over a hundred articles. (We have no way of knowing how many speeches he prepared for Dr. Rhee and other key figures involved in Korean affairs, though the writer recalls once listening to a poorly delivered but substantively sound speech given by General James Van Fleet; (Oliver was the author.) As Oliver wrote to Dr. Rhee in March of 1949, 'My interest in Korea has always been that of a crusader, fighting for a cause' (*Syngman Rhee and American Involvement in Korea, 1942-1960: A Personal Narrative* [Seoul: Panmun Book Co., Ltd., 1978, 225]).

"We are not specifically concerned here with Oliver's role as a speech writer and a publicist, a paid advocate for a foreign power, but this experience does help us to understand two important things about him: (1) his extensive experience as a practical rhetorician in the pressured atmosphere of a beleaguered country in time of war, and (2) his fascination with both ancient and modern culture in Asia.

"In 1962 Oliver published his *Culture and Communication: The Problem of Penetrating National and Cultural Boundaries* (Springfield, IL, Charles C. Thomas). This work represents his early attempts to understand the role of rhetoric in international relations. According to James Andrews of Indiana University, Oliver embarked upon 'an ambitious research program focused on *rhetorical* thought' (Robert T. Oliver: The Heritage of International Speech Communication,' address presented at the November, 1989, convention of the Speech Communication Association, San Francisco, California, 3). He set out to explore 'the way in which a people views any problem in terms of its own purposes and its own estimate of the nature of its chosen audience. What is ultimately true about a given subject is, in international relations, often of less instant import than what must be done and said in order to be persuasive in relation to it. The rhetorical approach, then, concerns the manner in which one set of spokesmen from one community try to influence the reactions of another set from a different cultural entity. What is important *to us* concerning Communism, or Confucianism, and Taoism, and Hinduism is, first of all, their rhetorical characteristics. By what modes do they strive to persuade; and by what means may they be persuaded (*Culture and Communication*, xii-xiii)?

"The key to understanding Oliver is to understand his practical involvement in international speech communication. His is not the view of the isolated academician, removed from the scene of diplomacy, but of one who struggled for years to establish cross-cultural understanding. Nations do not always choose to tell the truth to one another, Oliver notes; sometimes they rationalize, presenting a socially acceptable explanation to their listeners rather than the real reason for this behavior. As early as 1942, in *The Psychology of Persuasive Speech* (New York: Longmans, Green and Co.) Oliver had argued that there are three 'avenues of motivation available to all of us within a democracy': rational appeal, emotional appeal, and a 'process of pseudo-reason, which has been termed rationalization' (163). However reluctant Oliver's fellow academics were to accept the inclusion of rationalization in this trilogy, Oliver himself had no doubt about its efficacy. He could recall all too clearly Neville Chamberlain's popular assurance in 1938 that he had successfully negotiated 'peace in our time' with Adolph Hitler.

"In 1971 Oliver published the results of his investigation of ancient rhetoric in Asia—*Communication and Culture in Ancient India and China* (Syracuse University Press). No visitor who has spent much time in the Orient can be unaware of the enormous influence of ancient Indian and Chinese culture on every nation on that continent.

"In 1965 the Pennsylvania State University designated Oliver as 'Research Professor of International Speech,' an appointment which provided him with the opportunity 'to devote virtually all of my time' to the study of rhetoric and culture in Asia: 'the terrain of ancient Asian rhetoric proved to be wholly unexplored,' he reported (*Communication and Culture*, xi). 'Rhetoric always is authentic only in its cultural matrix. Everywhere and always it is intrinsic as well as extrinsic. It is real only as it is an emergent from the philosophy and practice of its theorists and its practitioners. Rhetoric inevitably shares and stimulates the vitality of the society of which it is a dynamic part' (*Communication and Culture*, ix).

"As Otis Walter of the University of Pittsburgh noted, 'one cannot find in ancient Oriental rhetoric much that would be of help in bringing about social change' (*QJS*, October 1972, 349). In India, as Oliver notes, 'What was most valued in human personality was what in the West has most commonly been deemed an ineffective personality; namely the lack of any striking evidence of individuality' (121). 'Neither India nor China,' Oliver observes, 'has ever had a public platform comparable with that of America or of those European nations inclined toward democracy' (1).

"Oliver's 1971 work sought to trace the strands of rhetoric through the religious and philosophical schools of Eastern thought. In Asia, rhetoric is not treated as a separate area for study; rather it manifests itself in the advice of ancient wise men on how to lead a good life. Although Buddha, Confucius, and Mencius receive special consideration, Oliver's focus is more broadly upon the rhetorical strands within a culture than upon specific rhetoricians. Largely this is due to the sustained impact of tradition many centuries after a philosophy is first articulated. What *Communication and Culture in Ancient India and China* does, as Walter notes, is clearly demonstrate 'that rhetoric in one culture is different than rhetoric in other cultures...the study of these [Asian] rhetorics might help Western rhetoric shake off its provinciality' (349-50).

"Oliver's most recent work on Asia returns to the practical. In 1989 he published *Leadership in Asia: Persuasive Communication in the Making of Nations, 1850-1950* (Newark: University of Delaware Press). And he is, even now, preparing a 200-year history of Korea. Such is the way of this intensively active scholar-rhetorician.

"Oliver's fourth and final port of call involves ***rhetoric and culture*** in the Western rather than the cross-cultural sense. Three of his books come quickly to mind in this sphere: *Conversation: The Development and Expression of Personality, Becoming an Informed Citizen*, and *The Healthy Mind in Communion and Communication* (with Dominick A. Barbara), all published before 1965. Oliver's focus in this last-mentioned work is on the nature of personality and he states his thesis thus: 'The healthy mind achieves and maintains its healthfulness primarily by avoiding turning inward in self-contemplation. Purposive thinking, purposive listening, purposive speaking all depend on communion and communication. As an individual becomes whole by being a part—a part rather than apart—he becomes a closely intertwined portion of the larger organization of his society. Thereby he both gives and gets his principal strengths. Society cannot be better than the sum of its parts. And no man except as he is a friend to society, can take from it the elements with which to build his own personality in a way that will be lastingly satisfying' (Springfield, IL: Charles C. Thomas, 160).

"Robert T. Oliver defies classification. He is of course an experienced teacher and a major scholar in the field of rhetoric and communication. But he is also an editor, a diplomatic analyst, and a stimulating speaker and lecturer. His interests include practical problem-solving at home and abroad as well as academic theory-building. And his curiosity and energy know no bounds.

For decades now he has tackled assignments no one else would dare undertake...and he has reported what he has found in a wonderfully readable, lively style. Here is a dauntless traveler ever interested in exploring new ideas, new lands, new people, a unique colleague who reminds one of Robert Kennedy's favorite quotation:

> *Some men see things as they are and ask why. I dream things that never were and say why not."*

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Agnes Doody Maris has spent her professional years at the University of Rhode Island, where she is or has been Chairman of the Department of Speech Communication, Chairman of the Faculty Senate, and Chairman of the Commission on Undergraduate Education. In 1980 she received the Rhode Island University Award for Teaching Excellence and in 1990 its Executive MBA Teaching Excellence Award. In 1993 the National Speech Communication Association selected her as its speaker on teaching. In the discussion that followed her presentation, the first question asked was "Did you have a mentor, someone who taught you about teaching?" This was her reply:

"Yes! My senior professor at Penn State University, Dr. Oliver, taught me a thing or two.

"My first semester there I was taking a course with him and also was involved with the campaign for Adlai Stevenson. I spent more time at campaign headquarters than I did in the library, and Dr. Oliver sent me the message. I flunked the course. He then took two hours telling me he couldn't have flunked a nicer girl, setting me straight as to what was expected of me, what I needed to do to perform, what I had to do if I were going to survive at Penn State. Then he treated the matter of my failing his course as one that was now behind us, and he then helped me succeed.

"He never thereafter mentioned my academic delinquency and always treated me as someone worthwhile, someone who could and would make it, getting me to stretch beyond what I felt my limits were. I learned a great deal from him—how to treat students as members of the human race and how to get students to do things they never thought they could do. Yes, he was my mentor. He was terrific!"

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Readers might well expect that I would point out that these three accounts are exaggerated and that their commendation should be properly diminished. After all, these are among my former students and are my friends. Obviously, they have overlooked my faults and limitations. I am grateful for the generosity of their estimates. Eulogies are not expected to be well-balanced. "Speak no ill of the dead"—nor of those in their advanced years. There is reason for this. Flaws and shortcomings are all too evident. As Anthony in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, reminds us, "The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones." If praise is over-blown, it may help to mitigate the inevitable unjust estimates which for all of us are inevitable. ("No one who writes many books can write a good one," etc.)

One of Dr. Berquist's comments does, I think, need re-examination to clarify what he really meant. When he wrote that I have been "unoriginal" and that my work is "sweeping rather than innovative," this should be read in the context of his conclusion: "For decades now he has tackled assignments that no one else would dare undertake." In developing his "Eight Ports of Call," Dr. Berquist makes it clear that he agrees with reviewers who repeatedly classify my books as "The first in their field." To me this is being original and innovative. In my own evaluation, I have first of all been innovative—a pioneer, finding and opening new doors of inquiry. Like Daniel Boone in Kentucky, I have led the way, leaving it for others to develop the towns and the industries and the institutions. My function has been as a generalist rather than a specialist. The two genera may not understand one another, but they are both necessary and each depends on the other. Digging narrowly for "arcane bits of wisdom" is not my forte. I have always tried, rather, to take broad views and to discover and explain how things inter-relate. This, I think, Dr. Berquist well understood and made clear.

As for Dr. Maris's high estimate of my teaching, I can easily and properly mitigate that. Like all professors I have had my share of praise from former students. But for many of them, I have failed. My best teaching was with students who really didn't need it—who wanted to learn, who knew how to learn, and who were capable of doing their own learning. Mostly, what they needed was for their teachers to stay out of their way. This is what I tried to do, while setting an example of hard work and of self-confident industry and inquiry, as best I could. The great mass of students is different. What they want is not education but a college degree. Their aim is to get it with as little work and as little disturbance of their established train of thought as possible. For them, I would make efforts to arouse their curiosity and impel them to set high goals for themselves. But as realization came quickly (perhaps too quickly) that they had no such intention, I lost interest in them. I had no wish to be a participant in futility. What these students must think of the courses they took from me must be "He didn't teach us much."

CHAPTER 11

When I was back at Penn State in the fall of 1953; it was pleasant to find that despite my sharp criticism of President Eisenhower in my *New York Times* interview, our university president, Milton Eisenhower, Ike's brother, was not angry with me. We met casually on campus, and he invited me to sit on a bench with him for a friendly chat. He reminisced a bit about his first federal job, as Vice-Consul in Edinburgh, Scotland, and we exchanged pleasantries about the Korean-American Society, which at my request he had founded while I was serving as his special assistant. He had taken me in to New York to meet with the three Rockefeller brothers—Nelson, David, and John—to discuss their involvement in the Society. John was already deeply engaged in sponsoring the Japan Society, and Nelson was very active in politics. They agreed that David would do all he could to get the Korean-American Society off to a good start, and that Milton Eisenhower should be president of its board of directors. Sitting on our campus bench, we were mutually complimentary about that. I was then well advanced in writing my biography of Syngman Rhee, and I asked him if he thought it was time for it. He replied that biographies generally are best written after their subjects had died, when a balanced view would be more likely. I said that there was currently a great deal of blistering criticism of Dr. Rhee and that it would be especially helpful to have some corrective of this view to calm the objections of American taxpayers to the aid program, ECA, which was undertaking to rebuild South Korea from the ruins of the war. He agreed that this seemed a good reason for getting the book published soon.

As far back as our days in Washington, in 1944-47, I had begun to question Dr. Rhee about his experiences, and he had given me access to an old trunk in his attic, where he kept notes on what he had been doing during and after his student days in America, especially while he was earning his doctorate in political science at Princeton University. Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton, Rhee's notes read, wrote for him an introduction for him to use in securing engagements to speak to church groups about missionary achievements in Korea. They told too of invitations to sing-along evenings at the Wilson home, in which he joined in the singing with Wilson and his daughters. When one of the daughters was married in Honolulu, Rhee noted that he was the only one on the continent who was invited to attend the wedding—which he could not afford to do. Later, while Wilson was President of the United States and was having troubles with

Japan, he quoted from Rhee's doctoral dissertation on American foreign policy in the Pacific. Wilson used to introduce Rhee on campus as "a future president of Korea." All such insightful materials from the trunk I combined with information that I sought in talks with the Rhees. I wanted my biography to be friendly but also to be as fully revealing as possible. The title I chose was *Syngman Rhee: The Man Behind the Myth*. My views of how the job should be done were stated in the preface:

> *Biography is a challenge no one should face lightly. A life is too sacred to be carelessly reviewed. No one should attempt to chronicle the strengths and the weaknesses, the character and the temperament, the achievements and the failures, the ideals and the ambitions of one of his fellows without giving the effect long and careful thought. The outwardness of a man worth writing about is a living portion of the history of the race, and unless he is portrayed rightly the blemish is suffered by us all….*
>
> *The inwardness of such a man is especially difficult to penetrate. The feelings, the motives, and the convictions of a public man are so distorted and concealed by the cause he represents that few can expect to penetrate behind the veil. Since he lives in the center of international controversies, all that is written about him in the daily press tends to obscure rather than to reveal the intrinsic nature of the man himself.*

My aim distinctly was to portray Rhee as I knew him. I tried, of course, to interpret him favorably. But I knew that my book would be read and reviewed by critics who were convinced that Rhee was an arrogant dictator, too egotistic to see problems realistically. And I knew I had to anticipate and deal with the harshness of their judgments. As a concise statement of what in essence he stood for, I wrote the following summary:

> *While the life of Syngman Rhee is complex (like all lives) and unique in his essence and achievements (so that his equal is not likely to appear in Korea soon if ever again), the general pattern of his development adheres to a simple and vital formula. He is an archetype of the new man who has begun to appear in our century, an integration of the cultures of the East and the West. One of his greatest values and perhaps the chief foundation of his effective leadership is that he successfully synthesizes his excellent education in the ancient cultures of the Orient with his advanced studies in American and European history and philosophy. At a time when the two disparate hemispheres have been united in a common destiny, he has stood in the center, able with equal ease to see the central meanings of both.*

My job, as I viewed it, was to present a reliable portrayal of Rhee from my relationship with him and to do it with sufficient simplicity, clarity, and interestingness to attract readers who knew little and cared little about Dr. Rhee beyond denunciations they read of him in the daily news.

Publication occurred while I was in Geneva, at the Korea-Vietnam Conference the next spring. It was well reviewed in *The New York Times* and elsewhere. Five reprintings of it followed quickly. It was also reprinted in England, and was promptly translated into Chinese, Korean, and Japanese. Reporters covering the conference were impressed, which made my duty of trying to influence them much easier. Two I became particularly intimate with were Marguerite (Maggie) Higgins, who had done a good job of covering the Korean War for the New York *Herald Tribune*, and John Beale, head of *Time* magazine's European bureau. He and I had many common interests, for he was currently working on his biography of John Foster Dulles. The conference itself, in weeks of futile talk from April 28 to June 15, accomplished nothing, as was commonly expected. What it did do (and was intended to do) was to divert attention from the failure of the United States and the United Nations to accomplish their stated aim of reuniting Korea under its own freely elected government. The conference concluded with a statement issued by the United Nations delegation, which could have been dictated by President Rhee at the time of his meeting with Dulles: "It is clear that the Communists will not accept impartial and effective supervision of free elections.... We believe, therefore, it is better to face the fact of our disagreement than to raise false hopes and mislead the peoples of the world into believing that there is agreement when there is none."

President Rhee came to the United States after the failure of the Geneva Conference, invited to make an address to the Congress, to meet with President Eisenhower in the White House, and to make a series of speeches in half a dozen cities as he returned across the continent on his way home. I met him at the airport and visited with him in Blair House, to discuss these speeches. He readily turned over to me his speech drafts for public audiences, remarking that I could change them as I wished. But, despite my repeated pleas, he would not allow me to look at his manuscript of the speech to Congress. "You always want to draw my claws," he said. "But I intend this speech to be completely my own."

The speech, when he gave it, drew thirty-three prolonged bursts of applause. There was no doubt of the admiration the congressmen felt for President Rhee's courage and patriotism. But there was only silence when he urged that to safeguard world peace the war in Korea should begin again, to defeat the global aims of Communism. When I visited him next in his office in Seoul, he rose as I entered the office and remarked, "Dr. Oliver, that speech was the biggest mistake I ever made in my life." This was by way of his apology for not having allowed me to revise it. It was also a clear indication of his basic humility and of appreciation for the assistance he had received.

It was a bridge over the breach in the cordiality and affection of our relations that developed during differences between us on Korean-American relations during the latter stages of the war and during the frustration and anxiety he felt about the truce. Actually, there were three "Korean Wars." The fighting phase was the center of attention, naturally. During it, American warplanes dropped more bombs on Korea than on all of Europe during World War II. Two million soldiers (on both sides) were killed, and more than a million South Korean civilians. But the other two wars were almost as significant and had depths of feeling akin to that in the fighting phase. The second war was diplomatic, chiefly about the war aims of Korea and the United Nations. The third was economic and was also fiercely fought.

Both the diplomatic and economic wars were between Korea and the United States. I had no taste for helping him against my own country. When I saw him in his office after the Geneva Conference, I exclaimed, "I resign." He looked puzzled and rejected my resignation. His need for help was legitimate.

My exclamatory "I resign" expressed a combination of deep feelings. I realized that my neglect of my wife and sons while I was doing my Korean work was eating away our family relations. I was excessively tired. And there was another work on Speech (the history of American public address) that I was eager to get started on. Besides, the "third war," on economics, was becoming heated, and about economics I knew virtually nothing. President Rhee now had a diplomatic corps, supported by a sizable bureaucracy. Really, I felt, he had no further need for me. Back at home in State College, on July 20 I wrote him a long letter explaining the varied reasons why I should resign. When he refused to even discuss it, I wrote at length again on August 31, suggesting that my annual salary be reduced to $3,500 and that my duties be limited to editing *The Korean Survey*, to managing the Washington office, still known as The Korean Pacific Press, and to preparing the materials we mailed out to women's clubs, schools, etc. Within a few days, from various of the diplomatic offices, I received requests for urgently needed ghost-written speeches and other documents. I then suggested a lowering of my salary to $5,000, for which I would also continue ghost-writing. For this I got the following reply from him, dated September 11, explaining a comment he had made in San Francisco, on his way back to Korea, that he had "no American advisers":

> *When I said that we had no advisers, I certainly didn't refer to you. Have you noticed how many people have been going around saying that they are advisers to the President of the Republic of Korea? At first I didn't mind, but later the situation reached a serious point and sometimes it was hurtful so I had to do something about it.... Of course it would have been helpful if I had specifically stated that with the exception of Dr. Oliver I have no advisers. But even without saying this, I thought you would understand.*

I could easily think of half a dozen or more names that he meant. His letter continued:

> *Now about your personal feelings regarding your relations with us. I wish you could relieve yourself from your duties at Penn State so that you could devote all your time to our cause, but I am not asking you to do this because I know your sentiments regarding your work as a professor and scholar. However, I am saying this only because I want you to know that our feelings have not changed.... We wanted and still want you to help us in our work because we know you are a man of principle and your convictions are helpful both to Korea and the United States.*

After receiving such a letter, of course neither resignation nor reduction of my duties was possible. I was getting much concerned about news stories that President Rhee was detrimental to harmony in the Far East because of what seemed to be his determined "hate Japan" policies and statements. Such stories were also threatening the American aid program for Korea. On September 29 I wrote to President Rhee urging a change of emphasis in his statements about Japan. The emphasis should not be on "punish Japan" but on "build Korea." My letter concluded: "If you should wish me to try drafting a speech or a statement by President Rhee on this theme, I'd be glad to try to do my best. It is a serious question, for Korea's future destiny is very much at stake!"

He authorized me to write an article for him, which I did, and published it in the December 1954 issue of *The Korean Survey*, for I knew it was read by the right people. "Following my return from the United States," the article began,

> *I have been doing some hard thinking. I was treated so graciously, with every evidence of American admiration for the stand our people have made against Communist aggression, that I feel my personal ties with America are stronger than ever. I am not sure my ideas are equally well understood. In a nutshell, I believe that Russia and its satellites must be stopped short and driven back from the areas unlawfully held, and that Japan must not again be allowed to dominate its neighbors. To me this seems the only sound approach to Asian and world policy if freedom is to be preserved.*

His article concluded:

> *One last word I should like to add. The Republic of Korea owes its very existence to the generous and far-sighted statesmanship of the United States. More than this—without strong American leadership it is unlikely that the freedom of any nation can be preserved. What is decided in Washington, accordingly, is of the utmost importance to every nation on earth that wants to remain free from Communist domination. Americans, therefore, should not be surprised if we in other lands devote a great deal of thought and discussion to what the United States should do. We are all in the same boat. Uncle Sam is the pilot. But if the boat should sink because of poor navigation, all of us will go down together. It is our business to do everything in our power to help in steering a right course.*

The third war in Korea was the war against ruin. American economists estimated that the war damage in South Korea amounted to about three billion dollars. Spread over a span of years, America's economic aid to South Korea amounted to around two billion dollars.

President Rhee was in the paradoxical position of receiving generous and indispensable American aid while complaining strongly about how it was spent. During the summers of 1955-58 that I spent in Korea, I did what I could to develop friendly relations between the Koreans and the American aid personnel. It wasn't easy. The lack of a common language made coordination of their efforts exceedingly difficult. Unfriendly feelings were aggravated by unavoidably differential feelings and attitudes. The first priority in expending the funds was to build quality housing and recreational facilities for the Americans, while the Koreans were living in squalor. The American advisers received large salaries plus "hardship" bonuses, while their Korean counterparts were receiving a fifth or a tenth as much. Americans, after the day's work ended, could go for entertainment to top-flight resorts, from which Koreans were excluded. Americans could purchase valuable artifacts and antiques in the post-exchange shops for a standard price of seventy-five cents per item, whereas Koreans were not allowed in those shops. Friendly contacts between the two groups were discouraged. What some Americans mostly wanted from their Korean associates were sexual favors from their daughters. It is no wonder that friendly relations between the two groups were rare.

My most basic function for years had been to implant and nourish American interest in Korea. What was happening was that such interest was rapidly deteriorating for two reasons. The first was President Rhee's long record of opposing American policies for dealing with Korea. First Rhee had denounced the two policies that the United States stressed prior to the Korean War—trusteeship and coalition. And now a second and wholly different cause had arisen for American loss of sympathy for Korea—the diversion of its concern to Vietnam. There were ample reasons for my weariness!

During all the 1950s I continued to write articles about Korea at the rate of approximately one a month. A few citations are indicative of their nature and their influence. Some of them were historical, including "Syngman Rhee and the United Nations," in *Pacific Spectator*'s Autumn 1953 issue; "Brief for Korea," in the July 1954 *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science; "Psychological Warfare in Korea—Old and New," in *Vital Speeches*, September 15, 1956, then reprinted in *United Asia*, April 1957; "Korean Culture and Democracy," in *Free World Forum*, Winter 1959-60; and two encyclopedia articles, *Worldmark*, 1960, and *Colliers*, 1962; "The American Stakes in Korea," U.S. National War College Publications, 1958, No. 653. Some were on special topics, such as "A Visit to a Korean Prison," *Prison World*, March-April 1952; and "A Study in Devotion," *Reader's Digest*, July 1956. My three-part article "Young Nation Appraised" was published in the Pacific edition of *Stars and Stripes* on August 10, 12, and 13, 1955, and was also circulated by United Press International. In March 1959 President Rhee summoned me to Korea to present to me Korea's highest civilian award, The Presidential Medal.

The conclusion of my work for Korea came in a climactic tragedy for Dr. Syngman Rhee. The election of 1959, when he was 83 years old, was stupidly and widely corrupted by the vice-presidential candidate, Lee Ki-poong. It resulted in a student revolution, which drove Dr. Rhee from office and into exile in Hawaii, where he died in 1965. Lee, together with his wife and son, committed suicide as their apology to the nation. Rhee's own re-election was assured, since his principal rival died of cancer just before the election. Nevertheless, he was held to be responsible for corruption of the election, since he was president, and he was required to resign.

The corruption of the election brought Rhee's remarkable career to an end in disgrace. For me, it was release from years of over-work. I was sad for how it happened, but joyful from being released from my Korean duties. Now I could stay home summers and would have time to be with my family.

Of course, by no means did I ever "leave Speech." Far from it. My life was deeply committed to doing everything, anything, I could to help improve the field and to build at Penn State a worthy Department. I even entertained the lofty ambition of doing something to initiate the study of Speech globally--as it had been, in the very center of the curriculum, in Medieval and Renaissance Europe.

When I cam to Penn State in September, 1949, agriculture and the mechanical arts were its principal concern. Speech trailed near the bottom. Milton Eisenhower cam in as

President, determined to shake Penn State out of its mediocrity into greatness. As a starter, he raised money to establish twenty-six "Star Professorships." I was determined to get one of them for Speech; and this proved possible, for many departments did not welcome having a "star" on their staffs. I went to the 1950 annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Speech Association with Carroll Arnold on my mind. he was chairman of the Speech Department at Cornell University and was already winning national attention as a rising rhetorician. Fortunately for us, Cornell was adhering to the Ivy League practice of diminishing or even eliminating the teaching of Speech. I invited Carroll Arnold to my room for a drink and a chat. I asked him if he would come to Penn State to be the Department Head. He said, "By no means." My next question was, "Will you come as a Professor if I can get a suitable salary?" To this he was entirely agreeable. My next task was to convince my Dean that he was indeed stellar. I proposed hiring him at a salary well above my own, and I got for him one of the "Star Professorships."

This appointment was the start of winning for our department the respect of the campus and the attention of the field of Speech. We established the policy of hiring no staff member who was not in some respects better than any of us. I asked the Philosophy Department (widely considered to be the most "intellectual" on the campus) to join with Speech in hiring an internationally known rhetorician as a year-long Visiting Professor, and we got Chaim Perlman, from Belgium. We called to a meeting leading philosophers and rhetoricians from around the nation and with their help persuaded the Penn State Press to create a new journal, Philosophy and Rhetoric. We build a departmental staff that was universally, on campus and around the country, recognized for its high quality. No longer was our department dismissed as mediocre. Both Carroll Arnold and I were nominated in 1961 for the Vice-Presidency of the Speech Association of America, leading automatically to the presidency. I won--doubtless because of my many publications, plus active work in the State, Eastern, and National associations. Carroll, his wife Bie, my wife and I were close friends. He worked closely with me in building the quality of our department; and the four of us travelled extensively together, to Australia and New Zealand, to England, and across the united States. He was an exceptional human being.

While Speech was "fighting for its life" in the Eastern states, Penn State's Department of Speech was strongly supported. We had our critics on campus, along with many supporters. After a Harvard Curricular Study recommended that primary attention be given to the teaching communication, suggestions arose in the University Senate that the role of Speech be re-examined. I suggested that a committee be established, and nominated as its chairman the most vocal critic of Speech on the campus. This committee spent a year studying the curriculum, and recommended that the beginning course in Speech be required of all students. In addition, the University Senate voted that a Committee from our Department enforce the rule that no student could graduate from any Department without certification of competence in speaking.

Activities of this kind were occupying my mind and energies along with my work for Korea. By no means did I ever "leave" the Speech profession. Both Speech and Korea were, for me, very much full-time jobs. When I became too weary to continue with both, i remained in Speech. It is this field that demands the best development of all the abilities one has. and it is this kind of work that is its own reward.

CHAPTER 12

Unfortunately, the release from my extra duties happened too late to save my marriage. My wife and I took a two-week tour of Mexico, hoping that this would bring us back together. But we had been psychically apart for too long. Both our sons were graduated from college and were largely on their own. Mary very much wanted to have a life of her own. She taught sociology for a year at Penn State, but she realized that to become a real faculty member she would have to have a Ph.D. degree. This she could have earned in the Sociology Department at Penn State. But she and I were friends with all the professors there, and she knew her degree would be discredited by suspicion that she got it through this friendship. So she told me, "Now it is my turn to leave home to do what I must," and took off for two years of graduate study in Temple University in Philadelphia. It became evident that she would be remaining there for at least another year, and after that, as she pointed out, she would be free to seek the best job she could, wherever it might be. We decided on an amicable divorce. We had been married for thirty-three years, and neither of us believed in divorce. But the companionship in our marriage had ceased to exist. We parted in order that each of us would have the chance to do during the remainder of our lives whatever we wished. She went to Washington and took a federal job in social work. And she died a dozen years later, at the age of seventy-two. She was a splendid woman and gave me loving and most helpful support.

It was during this troubled time that I wrote my shortest book, and the one that is most searchingly personal: *Becoming An Informed Citizen.* Late in 1963, one of my publishers, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, wrote to ask me for a brief book that would help people to find their way through the "knowledge explosion" which was bombarding us all with more information than we are able to digest, with the result that our age of rapidly expanding knowledge was also becoming the age of troubled and unsettled minds. The request came as a challenge for me to examine my own sense of failure and uncertainty. I knew that for many people, if not indeed for everyone, there comes a "midlife crisis," a time for deep self-questioning whether one's life is being properly lived. The failure of my marriage and the sharp understanding that my relations with my two sons (and indeed with my brothers and sisters and my half-sister, Edie, who was ten years my junior) were far from intimate. At a time when I should or could have been richly satisfied with my successes, I was actually deeply troubled by my failures. I knew what I had done right: to labor very hard to help where help was needed and produce answers of various kinds of questions that had to be asked. But in trying always to help others, had I neglected my own most personal and intimate responsibilities? Could I provide for Holt, Rinehart and Winston an explanation that would satisfy their very impersonal and general question with answers for my own problems? This, at least, is what I tried to do. It was my shortest book and my most pointed one. The invitation to write it came at precisely the right stage in my life.

As had happened when I sat down to write *Why War Came in Korea,* I wrote this one swiftly, and in that sense easily, because it emerged from years of thinking about what I was doing.

When you stop to think about yourself, you encounter many puzzling questions that you very much want to answer truly. What are you really like? What are your most genuine interests, your real abilities? What can and what should you do to find or make opportunities that will both satisfy your own needs and make your own best service to society? Back in ancient Athens, Socrates was telling people that the most important and also the most difficult necessity was to *understand themselves.*

Our first duty, it has seemed to me, is to become what we are capable of being. At birth we are provided with a set of undeveloped capabilities. Many worry about whether they have as high an intelligence, or as much artistic taste, or as finely-balanced judgment as their associates have. This is probably the wrong question. It is more fruitful to ask yourself whether you are making proper use of your own capacities.

What we most need to understand is the expandability of the qualities we do have. How can we set about determining this? It has seemed to me that there are three kinds of inquiries to pursue. First, each of us is a unique individual within his own self, with our own wants, needs, and desires. Secondly, just as truly, each of us is also a member of a community—of family, and of all of our associations. We are a cog in the social machine, a member of a group or a profession, of a team. This aspect of life makes inevitable a whole set of duties and responsibilities, or challenges and rewards. The individual is not only "I"; he is also and always an unavoidable part of "we." Thirdly, each of us also lives a life of the mind that is without boundaries of space or of time, as wide-ranging as the globe and as far-flung as all eternity. It is this third persona that lives not only in her or his own skin and own community but also in infinity—past, present, and future. Where and how do you and the world meet? What do you take in and what do you miss or exclude?

My own reason for living, I have thought, has been to learn to think both independently and cooperatively. My successes have been mostly in the former, my failures mostly in the latter. I had been too much concerned with what "I" think, too little with what "we" think. This, I determined, was the right theme for this new book: to try to make us all be concerned citizens. As for myself, so far as I can tell, I have never wavered in my effort to be a concerned member of a team, of the enlarged community, of my professions—all three of them. But I have not tried hard enough to be concerned with my own most intimately personal responsibilities. In responding to the challenge posed by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, this is what I would seek to remedy in the remaining part of my life. I could not undo what had gone before. But I could seek to guide what remained of my life with new and better insight.

I had no thought except to marry again, for I regarded marriage as the comfortable and proper way to live. After experimentally dating three or four widows who yearned for re-marriage, I most fortunately stumbled upon the right choice. Margaret Knoll Spangler was Assistant Librarian of Penn State's Pattee Libraries, and of course she and I knew one another casually. We met accidentally at the Penn State Airport, after my divorce. It was a Sunday, and I planned to sit in the plane reading *The New York Times*. When I arrived at the airport, I at once boarded the commuter plane that was to take us to Pittsburgh. In the waiting room, as I passed through, I noticed Mrs. Spangler having a farewell chat with family members. When she boarded the plane, she and I were almost the only passengers. I shifted the *Times* aside and invited her to sit with me, so that we could chat. "What does Mr. Spangler do?" I asked. "Oh, he has been dead for more than twenty years," she said. She added that he had been killed during the Allied landing on the Normandy beaches. We had time to find out that we both liked to travel and enjoyed playing bridge. I noticed also that she was very beautiful, her face unwrinkled, with only slight cosmetics, her fingernails uncolored, her hair white and unusually attractive, that she was an excellent conversationalist, with a good sense of humor, and she was well poised and was unobtrusively self-confident. Not less, I found her sensitive to my interests and noted that hers coincided largely with mine. That was a lot to notice in a brief meeting, and led me to want to know more.

In the Pittsburgh Airport we both had an hour or so before catching our planes, and spent the time getting better acquainted. I was on my way to Manhattan, Kansas, for a week of lecturing, she to Chicago for a library convention, then on to Michigan to visit with an old friend. I told her that I would go on from Kansas to Colorado, to a dude ranch, where I would be for a week visiting with my brother Kenneth.

During the week at the dude ranch, Kenneth wrote daily post cards to his wife. I felt a deep pang of regret that I had no one, really, to write to. Then I thought of Margaret Knoll Spangler. We had found mutual attraction in our brief visit together and, on impulse, I wrote a card to her inviting her to have dinner with me after we both got home. A day or two later I wrote her another card, saying it would be good to see her again.

I got back to State College in late afternoon and telephoned to ask Margaret if I might come over for a visit that evening. "No," she said, "some family members are here for dinner." I stayed on the line. "That's good," I said. "I'd like to meet your family. I'll be over after dinner." And I hung up. Around 7:30, I hurried over to her house and found that the family had postponed their dessert, an apple pie, to share it with me. The evening proved to be very pleasant.

So did the next evening, and the others after that. I had to leave for a lecture in New York and then for another in Ohio, en route to join my family for a reunion on the Olympic Peninsula. It seemed very natural to make evening phone calls to Margaret and to write her daily letters. When I got home, we resumed our evening meetings. I asked her to marry me. She was startled to get such a question after so little acquaintance but agreed to consider it. She asked her ninety-two-year-old father, who lived with her, what he thought. His reply: "I haven't heard anything bad about him." Since he knew virtually everyone in town, had co-founded the local bank, and was still active on its board of directors, this seemed confirmation enough. Our marriage took place on October 1. We had met on the preceding June 26. We knew one another sufficiently well. We were both deeply in love, and our marriage, which lasted twenty-seven years until her death, was a prolonged honeymoon. I had learned what was essential about being a good husband; I never afterward went anywhere for any reason without taking her with me. Ours was a marriage made in haste, with wonderful happiness all the way.

During the years since 1960, when I had full time for my departmental work in Penn State, I had continued to write, at the usual rate of a book a year: *Culture and Communication*; *The Healthy Mind*; *Conversation*; and *Becoming an Informed Citizen*. But my mind was turning anxiously to a more ambitious project. Ever since my time in Bucknell, back in the early 1940s, I kept thinking of the book that I felt most deeply that I wanted to write and ought to write, namely, a history of American public address. I kept trying, as the years passed, to do it: reading, thinking, writing trial pages, trying to find the right style and the right balance of contents. It always seemed beyond my reach. The range of knowledge required was interminable. Trying to find the right role of each speaker and how he fitted into the context of American history was too daunting a prospect for me to undertake it. There was no prior history to serve as a guide. There was a two-volume (subsequently three-volumes) set of individual studies of individual speakers, each treated in isolation from the others by different writers, with no effort to fit them into the continuous context of American history. The question principally considered for each was to describe his rhetorical aim and methods. When the publisher I chose, Allyn and Bacon, queried selected advisers, they were told, "No one knows American Public Address well enough to write a history of it."

When the Allyn and Bacon Editor passed this comment along to me without a reaction, I felt not discouraged but challenged. Other disciplines had histories—literature, philosophy, chemistry—and there were general histories aplenty. Why should Speech Communication alone be so impoverished intellectually that it had no one able to do what every other discipline had done for it? I knew it could be done and I was confident I could do it. But I knew the task had enormous dimensions. I kept putting it off, fearing that I could never get it completed. But while my wife Mary and I were getting closer and closer to divorce, I needed something to occupy my mind, and writing so challenging a work as this seemed a good way of doing it. Our divorce became final in 1964, and I got my history completed in 1965. It went through five reprintings before finally going out of print and then being republished by Greenwood Press. It remains one of the three or four of my books in which I take greatest pride.

When Margaret and I married, she resigned from her librarian job, and I determined to acquire a schedule that would allow us to spend most of our time together. I resigned my position as department head. About then I received an inquiry from the University of Hawaii, asking if I would consider a position as Research Professor. With this in mind, I also resigned as Professor at Penn State. A committee of our staff members called on the Dean, and he called me into his office. "What is it that you want?" he asked. "To be a Research Professor with ample time, as Professor of International Speech, for research and writing," I replied. "This I can give you," he said— along with a substantial boost in salary. I happily accepted and remained at Penn State for five more years. In 1970, I was sixty years of age, and Margaret and I had plans for living in Sedona, Arizona, in a house we would build there, and for considerable cruising to various parts of the world. So, once again, I resigned.

This time I meant to make it stick, and did so for three years of hiking in the red-rock canyons and climbing the buttes. Margaret kept urging me to write the inside story of

Korean-American relations as I knew them, and finally I did so. The book, *Syngman Rhee and American Involvement in Korea, 1942-60: A Personal Narrative*, was detailed and unique, for it contained information not otherwise available. It was published in Seoul by Panmun Books, the largest English-language publisher in Korea, in 1978. By this time I knew there was one more book that I had to write—*Communication and Culture in Ancient India and China*. I had to write it because there was not anywhere a book on ancient Asian rhetoric, and I felt that rhetoricians in the western world simply had to know about it. It very likely never would be written unless I did it. I did not know the Asian languages, but there were many translations of the works of the great philosophers. I felt that I could at least "open up" that field of study and trusted that scholars afterward would learn the major Asian languages and delve further. I had already spent five years and more in teaching my seminar in ancient Asian rhetorics. Now I devoted another five years to their study, and in 1970 Syracuse University Press published my *Communication and Culture in Ancient India and China*. As I have previously pointed out in Chapter 4, it proved to be well received. After that I continued to write articles but had no plans for more books.

However, I discovered that writing, for me, had become more than a habit; it was virtually a necessity. From Sedona we moved to San Diego, one of the beautiful cities, and we enjoyed its beaches, its zoo, its restaurants, and its theatres and symphony. So far as I was concerned, my career was over. I sought for several years to get access to the thick file the FBI kept on my Korean years. Access to it continued to be refused, despite the "Freedom of Information Act," on the plea of national security. But the FBI did place its own cachet on the file: "Nothing unpatriotic. Nothing detrimental."

As matters turned out, I was not about to abandon my faithful old manual typewriter. It was easy to convince myself, at the age of seventy-four, that I had a duty to write a history of British public address. I knew I could do it, for I knew the subject matter sufficiently well. English cultural history was my major field of study for both the A.B. and M.A. degrees, and it had been the field of research and writing for my doctoral dissertation. Reading in English history had been one of my lifetime enjoyments. I figured I could do the job in four years and hoped to live long enough to get it done. Not only, I felt, could I do it, but I must. There was no such history, and I felt it was a disgrace for Speech Communication not to have one. The writing of it did indeed require very nearly the four years, during which time we moved from San Diego to a river-front home in Chestertown, Maryland.

The two volumes of this history were published by the University of Delaware Press. A review of them written for the *Journal of Religion*, by Dr. James J. Murphy of the Davis campus of the University of California, seems a fair enough evaluation. "This book," he wrote, "offers a broad-brush sketch of the use of persuasive speech in Britain over a period of two thousand years. Not intended as a comprehensive survey, its author fastens on highlighted episodes or on specific speakers who had particular impact on their societies. He concludes the book with the statement that its central theme is that 'freedom in and provisions for discussion evolved as a fundamental cultural characteristic of the British personality and of the British society.'" Another reviewer, Dr. Mary L. Kahl, of Stonehill College, declared, "Taking as his theme the power of rhetoric as a force shaping history, Robert T. Oliver has undertaken an almost Herculean effort to chronicle the influence of public discussion and dialogue in the making of the

British nation."

With these two volumes completed, my wife and I spent a winter in Hawaii and liked it so much that I went to the East-West Center, a federal study center for dealing with Asian affairs, and applied for a fellowship. It was granted and I looked forward to another winter of study and leisure. But I soon found that there is no free lunch. I was expected to show some production in return for my stipend. This necessity coincided with my curiosity as to whether public speaking served a role in Asia comparable to its influence in America and in Great Britain. As best I could, I answered this question in *Leadership in Asia*. The reviewer for the *Quarterly Journal of Speech*, Dr. J. Vernon Jensen, of the University of Minnesota, found that the various leaders I examined, some twenty of them, ranging from Okuma Toshimichi in Japan, Mao Tzu-chung and Chou En-lai in China, Nehru and Ghandi in India, and Syngman Rhee and Kim Il-sung in Korea, had "varied backgrounds, differing capabilities, and varied rhetorical styles, but persuasive skill was central to their credibility, power, and success." The review ends with emphasis on a cardinal part of my interest and aims:

> *This volume reminds anew that our profession is deeply indebted to Professor Oliver's industry and insight and that he is a premier bridge between East and West. His interest in, understanding of, and empathy with Asian culture have left us a rich legacy which will be appreciated for generations to come and help to develop a sense of global inter-relatedness so desperately needed.*

A reviewer from another discipline, that of modern Asian history, Professor Yur-Bok Lee, of North Dakota State University, writing in *The International History Review*, correctly described my method of writing:

> *Although this study is not based on original research but on the findings and research of scholars on the subjects involved, it is nevertheless an original and innovative book; the book is unique inasmuch as the author employed a new mode of interpreting modern Asian history.... If the book were published in a paperback edition, I would use it as a required reading in my Modern East Asian History course.*

Again at the East-West Center, on a third-year appointment, I determined to undertake a task that was very much needed and was not being done by anyone else: a history in English of the modernization of Korea. I agreed heartily with a Korean historian, Professor Sin Yong Ha's judgment that "One of the most important research subjects in the modern history of nations of the world must be on how the *ancien regime* was dismantled and how a new modern system was established in its place." For years I had wondered that Korean modernization had lagged behind that in Japan and China. What were the forces that held it back? What impulses were activated to drive it forward? Who were the influential figures and how did they operate? As I read more and more and discussed the problem with my Korean associates, a remarkable conclusion emerged—namely, that Korea was impelled into modernity by the power of public speaking! If this conclusion was verified, I thought, what a fitting way to manifest the unifying character of my own life work. And what a way to make manifest the fundamental importance of my academic profession, Speech Communication.

This was a challenge too relevant to be ignored. With all the resources of the East-West Center, and of the University of Hawaii available, what more did I need? One more aid was essential, and this was provided for me by the East-West Center—a research assistant who could help me to cross the linguistic bridge into Asian-language historic resources. I commenced the work when I was just past eighty years of age. Of course I already had considerable knowledge of recent Korean history. Now I had a specific key to what I was looking for. I worked hard on it for two full years—winters in Honolulu and the rest of the years in our Maryland home. When the job was ended and published by the University of Delaware Press as *A History of the Korean People in Modern Times: 1850 to the Present*, it seemed to me to have been worth the doing. And competent critics, fortunately, agreed.

In keeping with the documentary nature of this "accounting," I shall let them speak for themselves. They all, fittingly, are professors of Asian history.

The first review to appear, written by Professor John H. Boyle, of the History Department of California State University at Chico (and himself author of histories of Japan and China), was in the April 15, 1993, issue of *The Library Journal*:

> *With this first-rate study, Oliver brings the dramatic story of the divided peninsula right into the Nineties. General histories of Korea run the gamut from tedious to obdurately unreadable; the exceptions (like Shannon McCune's Korea: Land of Broken Calm, 1966) are often badly outdated. Oliver has been writing books about Korea for nearly a half century; he is both a painstaking scholar of Korean history and a first-hand observer—he probably had easier access to the Korean War-era ruler Syngman Rhee than the members of Rhee's own cabinet. His history is especially welcome because it reflects his own informed appreciation of Korea's cultural heritage, its language and literature, social and religious values, and the powerful drive of the Korean people to succeed. Recommended for the general reader interested in modern Asia and, with its superb bibliography, highly recommended as a textbook.*

The next review, in November 1993, by Professor J. C. Perry of Tufts University, was in *Choice*, the journal in which the Library Association recommends the best books for library purchase:

> *Oliver's somewhat eclectic book has the merit of adding to the still scanty collection of comprehensive studies of modern Korean history, although the monographic studies needed to form the foundation for a thoroughly satisfactory survey are still lacking. As Oliver points out, historians have not yet reached consensus on the accomplishments and significance of the colonial period (1910-1945). The author (Pennsylvania State Univ.) is prodigiously prolific. (Some two dozen books, including a history of American public speaking.) In Korean studies, Oliver is probably best known for his laudatory portrait of Syngman Rhee, whom he served as advisor (1942-1960). Considering the scope of this history, Oliver draws*

> *appropriately for the most part from secondary sources, but the bibliography consists for the most part of English-language works. Oliver adds insight, as he says, drawn from his own personal experience in Korea. The book has no maps or illustrations, which is a pity because it is presumably aimed at the general reader who wants some explanation for contemporary Korea's remarkable economic and political success.*

In *History*, June 1994, Professor Keith Pratt, History Department of Durham University in England, has a rather lengthy review of the book. His tone is generous, despite numerous factual and typographical errors that he found. I might explain that he reviewed the first printing, not the second, in which at least some of the errors are corrected. I might add that while completing the book and correcting the proof, I suffered a stroke, followed by shingles and vertigo, from all of which I am now much recovered. His review speaks for itself and I am grateful for it:

> *It is no easy task to write a successful history of modern Korea, relating the present to the past, representing the views of the post-1949 northern regime as objectively as those of the southern, and assessing the merits and failings of successive South Korean presidencies without voicing current political or national prejudice. Furthermore, while Robert Oliver approaches the task with an evident love of the country and its people and a desire to see things through their eyes, he is clearly under no illusion about the need to acknowledge national shortcomings, especially in the leadership. His achievement is to have written a book that not only combines these features, but also strikes a good balance in catering for the interest of both the general reader and the modern history student. There are irritations: basic facts should have been checked and errors corrected—Matteo Ricci was not Portuguese (p. 35); James Grayson is not English (p. 24); the Chinese emperor in 1873 was not "T'sung-chih" (sic); there are five years, not six, between British general elections (p. 252). The footnotes, while good, are insufficient, especially in bibliographical references, and the bibliography itself omits important titles such as Rutt's study of James Scarth Gale and his History of the Korean People, and Grayson's Korea: A Religious History. Typographical errors abound, even in the recording of dates, which can therefore mislead the unwary. Not everybody will like the author's inclination towards sweeping assertions, such as "Whatever else 'modernization' implies, its most essential component is democracy." But it is an indication of the book's overall quality that such things do not seriously annoy. Instead, one can acknowledge Oliver's easy style and his self-confidence and skill in reconciling the contrasting requirements referred to above, not necessarily made any the easier by his own experience as counselor to Syngman Rhee. His approach is imaginative: the obvious and prosaic place to have introduced Korean cultural characteristics might have been near the beginning, but as a preface to the history of Japanese colonialism in Korea the effect of this discussion is all the more pointed when it occurs in chapter 6. Whether his concluding belief that the reunification of the peninsula "will not be much longer delayed" is equally imaginative remains to be seen.*

My work on Korea is summed up by Dr. Martina Deuchler, an Asian studies Professor in the Washington State University, notable for her books on the history of Korea, in a note she wrote for volume 58 of the Oxford University Press *Bulletin of the School of Oriental and Asian Studies* she identifies me as"uniquely qualified" and concludes her review of my history: "Undoubtedly this work will one day serve a future generation of historians as a source of insights and inspiration."

And how might I sum up my work in Speech Communication? It has brought me many warm friendships and approval from many leaders in the field. There is cordial ppreciation of my pioneering ventures in opening up various new areas of study. I have my own satisfactions in having worked in a humanistic study worthy of a lifetime commitment.

In a broader summing up of my life, I have arrived at the age of eight-eight in good health and with a mind that is still reasonably curious and active. I am in my third decade of retirement, still finding new work to do, and still enjoying every day. I still receive valued awards, such as that in 1996 for the Eastern Communication Association, naming me as its first Teaching Fellow; and from the Clark College in 1994 of the President's Award for Excellence. How much I am looking ahead is testified by my marriage, on May 7, 1995, to my third wife, Pauline Jones Shivery, which brings to both of us daily happiness. There is no knowing what may be coming next. So I end this "accounting," not with Farewell, but with *Au Revoir.*

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For information contact: Jerry L. Allen
Graduate School
University of New Haven, West Haven, CT 06516
(203) 932-7132
Fax (203) 932-7232

Email: allen@charger.newhaven.edu